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HARRY ALEXANDER MACFADDEN

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RAMBLES IN THE FAR WEST.

BY

HARRY ALEXANDER MACFADDEN.

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Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania.

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FOREWORD.

The matter contained in the following pages descriptive of the tour made by the members of the National Editorial Association of the United States in the summer of 1905 through the Middle West, West, Southwest and Pacific Coast of the United States, was originally published in the form of letters, by the author, in the Democratic Standard, at Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania.

Many of our friends of the Association, and others, who were much interested, but were unable to read all the letters, urged that they be collected and published in book form, so that they might be more generally read and circulated—hence this book.

The general mass of our citizens have but vague and indefinite ideas of the great resources, vast extent, unlimited possibilities and golden opportunities of our great land beyond the Missisippis River. If any of our readers shall obtain any pleasure, satisfaction, profit and better knowledge of the Greatest Republic on the face of the earth by the perusal of these pages we will be well repaid for our labor.

Since these letters went into print the awful earthquake disaster occurred at San Francisco; therefore the parts relating to that city and the illustrations thereof will have peculiar interest and value.

We desire to acknowledge our appreciation of the courtesies extended us, in the matter of securing illustrations, by the Southern Pacific, Denver and Rio Grande, Rock Island, Santa Fe, Union Pacific and the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroads, and the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company.

HARRY ALEXANDER MACFADDEN.

Hollidaysburg, Pa., July 10th, 1906.

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RAMBLES IN THE FAR WEST.

CHAPTER I.

THE BEGINNING OF THE JOURNEY.

THE National Editorial Association of the United States, at its session last year at St. Louis, Missouri, made a wise decision when it accepted the invitation, so generously extended, of the Press Association and Citizens' Committee to hold its meeting of 1905 at the city of Guthrie, Oklahoma Territory. The Executive Committee of the Association fixed the dates of the 20th annual convention for June 7th, 8th and 9th, 1905 There had been so much disscussion in the press for several years about the vast resources and possibilities of Oklahoma and Indian Territories, and the desires of these two territories for entry into the Union as a single state, that all the editors were anxious to go upon the ground and view the situation over in person.

The Pennsylvania editors being desirous of seeing new things, through the courtesy and consideration of Mr. A. S. Crane, General Passenger Agent, and Mr. F. H. Tristram, Assistant General Passenger Agent of the Wabash Railway, were enabled to view in the best style the wonders of engineering on that wonderful railroad from Pittsburg to St. Louis. It cost the Wabash over $50,000,000 to build its railroad into Pittsburg, and miles of solid rock had to be

cut through before the city could be reached. In the first 20 miles west out of that city are 18 tunnels, and in the first 60 miles 62 bridges are crossed by that road.

The Wabash Railroad is one of the best constructed and most ably and safely conducted railroads in the whole country. Its equipment of cars and locomotives are of the most modern style and first-class in all respects. The management of the Wabash is wide-awake and progressive, and that system is destined to soon become one of the most powerful and complete organizations in the country. The editors thoroughly enjoyed their trip over the Wabash from Pittsburg to St. Louis.

The editors from Maine to Florida, and from the Middle West and all other parts of our great country, with their wives, daughters and sweethearts, made their rendezvous at St. Louis on June 5th preparatory to making a wholesale "rush" into the Territory. Through the kindness of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway Company, and the especial and able supervision of Mr. George Morton, the General Passenger Agent, and Mr. A. C. Miner, the Traveling Passenger Agent, the editors were provided two handsome and perfectly equipped special trains to transport all the editors and their girls, old and young, to Guthrie. The name of the railway which has been such a potent factor in developing the Southwest, has become known to its friends and the public generally as the "Katy," so that when the scribes first heard that name they thought some little girl was being discussed, instead of a full grown and powerful railroad. The Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway has become one of the most popular highways for reaching Texas, Old Mexico, California and the Southwest from St.

Louis, and the equipment of cars and fast trains is first-class in every respect.

The two special trains with their burden of brains, wit and beauty left the Union Depot, St. Louis, at one o'clock Tuesday afternoon, June 6th, for Guthrie, arriving there shortly after noon the following day. The majority of the delegates had never been in the "Woolly West" before, and from the time the special train left St. Louis the trip was full of interest and surprises for them. They opened their eyes in wonder when they saw the great and mighty "Father of Waters" at St. Louis, the grand Mississippi River, with its torrents sweeping to the sea. A short distance West of St. Louis the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad crosses the mighty Missouri River, which truly deserves its name, "The Big Muddy River," for it was bank-full of the yellowest, muddy, clayey water we have ever seen. The river, it is said, carries acres and acres of land from the north down south to enrich the fields lying along its course and the course of the Mississippi, thus truly making one man's loss another's gain.

The railroad followed the north bank of the Missouri River unfolding to the eastern eyes a panorama of vast level rich and fertile fields filled with corn, wheat and potatoes—the Nation's food—such as we had never dreamed. Yet when the shadows of evening began to fall and the boundaries of Kansas were reached and passed the traveler looked out upon a marvelous sight of wheat fields and corn rows glistening in the rays of the setting sun—vast, big beyond comprehension—apparently stretching in one unbroken line from horizon to horizon, having on its bosom more than enough to have fed all of Pharoh's countless

armies. The rising of the next day's sun found the tourists speeding through the rich and fertile fields of the Indian Territory, which "blossomed as a rose," producing all kinds of grains and fruits in the richest profusion. A few hours later the party had passed into the borders of its bright and beautiful sister, Oklahoma Territory, where the verdure of the fields was of the brightest sempiternal green, and the wheat, in all its golden glory, was waiting for the harvester to shore its full and forceful grains to build up the bone and sinew of the nation. The vast pastures of green and succulent grass were dotted with thousands of sleek, fat cattle, such as make the juicy and toothsome porterhouse steaks, and none of Pharoh's lean and hungry kine were in those herds. The cattle of both the Indian and Oklahoma Territories are already famous for their sleekness and fine beef. They are most sought for in the great cattle markets of the west. The large herds of these two territories are continually augmented by fresh herds of yearlings and two-year-olds, which are brought up from the plains of Texas; as many as 100,000 a year, and fattened on the juicy grasses of the valleys of these two territories. Oklahoma means "The Land of the Fair God." Truly it is a fair land.

CHAPTER II.

GUTHRIE—THE CONVENTION CITY.

AT the city of Guthrie the editors were given a surprise of what western hospitality means. Guthrie, the captal of what is destined to be one of the greatest and wealthiest states of the West, is a city of 30,000 people, but did not have sufficient hotel accommodations for the some 700 people in the editorial party, so the best citizens of the city—the merchants, doctors, lawyers, bankers and preachers, with graceful and spontaneous generosity, opened their homes and took the editors into the bosoms of their families and entertained them most royally during the convention. Many pleasant friendships were thus formed which will remain through the rush of years to come.

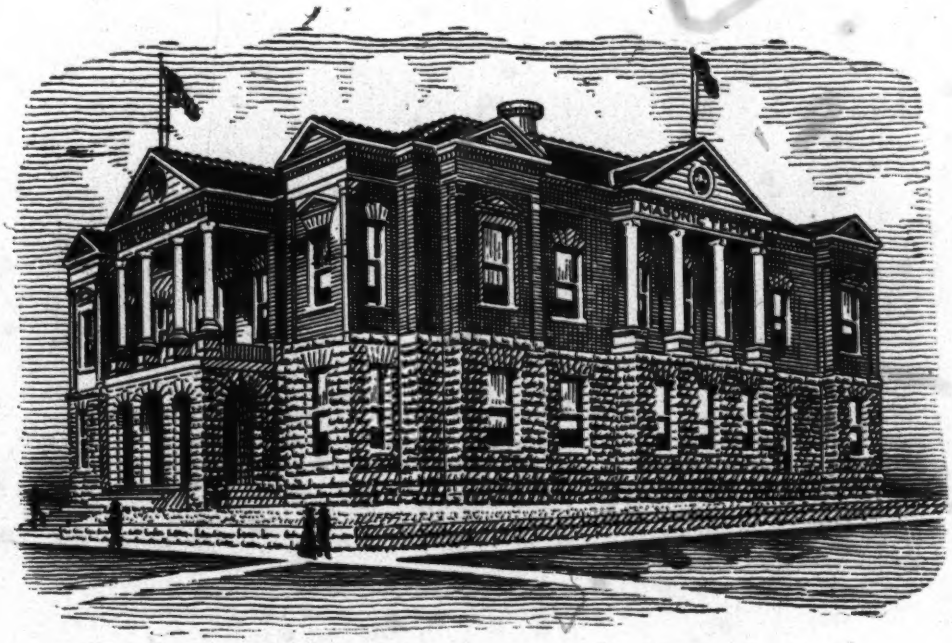
The Guthrie people had laid their plans well for the entertainment of the editors, and every man, woman and child entered with their whole souls into the work, and that city of 30,000 provided and cared for all the wants of the editorial writers as well as a city of 100,000 people could have done, and they were pardonably proud of the success of their efforts.

The city of Guthrie is a wonderful place; a phenomonon of the West. The history of its birth reads like a page from the Arabian Nights. Sixteen years ago the green and beautiful hills on which the pretty, prosperous, progressive and populous city now stands were entirely unin-

CARNEGIE LIBRARY, GUTHRIE, OKLAHOMA

habited. Suddenly, as if Aladdin had breathed upon his magic lamp, there was, on April 22d, 1889, a quick, startling and wonderful change, and the spot became, instantly, a city of 20,000 souls—not the beautiful, well regulated city of to-day—but a city of white tents and board shanties of the first Oklahoma "boomers."

Those people—men, women and children, white and black and red, Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, non-believer and lover of all men, from all walks, classes and conditions of life, came from all parts of our great nation to build here a beautiful city and found a mighty and imperishable State. They were full of force, power, vim, vigor and virtue, and determined to build such a city as should rank with the best in the land. These



MASONIC TEMPLE, GUTHRIE, OKLAHOMA

"boomers" succeeded far beyond their most sanguine expectations, and to-day Guthrie, with her 30,000 population, stands forth a beautiful, large, important, up-to-date, progressive city; a lasting monument to the perseverance and pluck of her citizens, which excited the praise and admiration of us all. We prophesy for Guthrie a bright and bailliant future, as the capital of the new State of Oklahoma, that soon is to be a bright star in our Nation's constellation.

Guthrie is beautifully located on the Cottonwood River and has a perfect drainage system. The public buildings are handsome and stately. They have a United States Government building worth $150,000, a Masonic temple worth $75,000, a City Hall worth $50,000, a Carnegie library worth $50,000, a $150,000 gas plant, a $250,000 electric light plant, two telephone systems, fine business blocks and 40 large manufacturing plants. They have a perfect water system costing $150,000 and an excellent fire department. The city has fine, well graded streets, and miles of them. They have 60 miles of fine brick and cement sidewalks. They have fine public and private shools, having about $300,000 invested in their school properties. An electric street railway of the most modern kind was completed just in time to give our party a ride about the city. The city is full of handsome and commodious homes. That the city is prosperous is shown by the fact that its four banks have deposits aggregating the tidy sum of between $2,000,000 and $3,000,000. The future of Guthrie as the capital and a commercial metropolis is assured, for the competition in all lines is already made possible by the fact that eight railroads center in the city and another line is building. The people are peaceful, orderly, intelligent

and have the religious affairs of the city well looked after by 17 large churches of all denominations.

The sessions of the 20th Annual Convention of the National Editorial Association were held in the Brooks Opera House, a handsome and commodious play house which would do credit to a much larger city. In the absence of Governor Ferguson, on account of his wife's illness, Delegate Bird S. McGuire extended a hearty welcome on the part of Oklahoma Territory to the delegates. Guthrie's welcome address to the Association was eloquently voiced by Mayor John W. Duke, while later, but warm and friendly, came the greeting of Senator O. R. Fegan. To these generous warm words of welcome President W. W. Screws, of the National Editorial Association, made a happy and eloquent reply, voicing the appreciation, pleasure and satisfaction of each and every member of the noble array of writers at being in Guthrie, and at everything being done for their comfort and pleasure. After the convention was duly opened the meetings moved along like well-oiled machinery. A large amount of preliminary business and routine was speedily put through. The election of officers for 1905-06 was a harmonious affair, and in a few minutes the following officers were elected:

President, Hon. John Dymond, New Orleans; First Vice President, John E. Junkin, Sterling, Kansas; Second Vice President, H. B. Varner, Lexington, N. C.; Third Vice President, Leslie G. Niblack, Guthrie; Recording Secretary, J. W. Cockrum, Indiana; Corresponding Secretary, William A. Ashbrook, Johnstown, Ohio; Treasurer, Colonel J. Irvin Steel, Ashland, Pa.

Before finishing up the business of the convention the

STREET SCENE, GUTHRIE, OKLAHOMA.

Association passed strong resolutions calling upon Congress to admit Oklahoma and Indian Territories as one joint state into the fold of these great United States of America. It was the unanimous opinion of the delegates that the last Congress had badly treated our western brethren, and that they were entitled to admission in all respects; that they have a class people who would make the best of citizens, as over two-thirds are American born. The Association by a unanimous vote selected the city of Indianapolis as the place of the 1906 convention, the invitation thereto having been extended by Governor J. Frank Hanly, Mayor John W. Holtzman and Alfred F. Potts, President of the Indianapolis Commercial Club. The convention after passing heartfelt resolutions thanking the people of Guthrie and every one who had aught to do with the pleasure of their visit, rose in a body, sang that grand old anthem, America, and stood adjourned.

The people of Guthrie surely did extend the glad hand and joyful smile to the fighters of the pen. They made the editors' first night in the city memorable by one of the most elegant and enjoyable receptions and dances they had ever attended. The dance was given in the city hall, which was most elaborately decorated. The gowns of the lady patronesses were most elaborate, and the costumes of the young lady debutantees were most beautiful and bewitching. The boys were so pleased and captivated by the fair ones, that they one and all voted the dance up to the standard of the efete East, and a great credit to the "Wild and Woolly West." Even the flower bedecked booth was present, with the pretty and bewitching maidens serving brilliant red punch to the thirsty lads. Afternoon teas and lawn fetes

were given especially for the pleasure of the editorial ladies, who were loud in their appreciation of the style and generosity with which they were treated by their Western sisters. The Masonic fraternity is very strong, and has much wealth among its members in Guthrie. The Scottish Rite Masons have one of the finest temples of that order in the United States, it having been erected a few years ago at a cost of $75,000. The Masons, without regard to creed or style, on the evening of June, 8th tendered a reception at their temple to the entire National Editorial Association. The evening was one long to be remembered, every feature being a decided success. The address of welcome was a beautiful and masterful effort, and was delivered by the Grand Potentate of Oklahoma Territory, Harper S. Cunningham. The responses were made for the Association by President W. W. Screws, of Montgomery, Alabama, and Joseph B. McCabe, of Boston. The reception was closed with a musicale, which would have done credit to musical Boston, in which the ladies of Guthrie sang with great culture and expression, selections from the Italian, French and German masters. When not engaged in the convention the delegates and their ladies were treated to one round of pleasure by the Guthrieites, and the day to leave brought much regret both to the editors and to the citizens at parting. The work of the convention being finished, the people of the twin Territories planned a grand tour for their editorial guests to show all the beauties, resources and possibilities of those lands.

CHAPTER III.

OKLAHOMA—THE LAND OF THE FAIR GOD—ITS BEAUTIES AND POSSIBILITIES.

ON Friday night, June 9th, the sleepy editors were hustled into their special trains and started on their swing around the circle, to see and be seen, feted, wined and dined. Enid, Oklahoma, came first on the list of stops, and it seemed that every one of its 5,000 people had turned out to do the editors homage. Here a big reception was held in the opera house, which was followed a short time after by a banquet in the rooms of the local lodge of Elks, who are famed for their eating and social qualities. A short time after leaving Guthrie a sad event happened which caused a feeling of sorrow and sympathy to touch the hearts of all the editors. Mr. G. T. Wright, an aged editor from Hinsdale, Illinois, who was accompanied by his wife and daughter, was suddenly, while talking with a friend on the car "Bolton," stricken with appolexy, and expired in a few minutes. The body was taken from the train at Enid, and as it was removed the entire editorial party to the number of 700 stood outside the train and sang that grand old hymn of Cardinal Newman:

Lead, kindly light! amid th' encirling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on;

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will.
Remember not past years.

So long Thy pow'r has bless'd me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

That large band of sympathetic mourners, thus feelingly intoning that beautiful hymn made a grand and truly impressive sight, and one long to be remembered. Mr. James H. Potts, editor of The Times, Troy, N. Y., who was the poet of the party, was a passenger on the car "Bolton," in which Mr. Wright died, and being much impressed by the unfortunate death, composed the following beautiful poem in commemoration of the sad event:

"THE LEADING LIGHT."

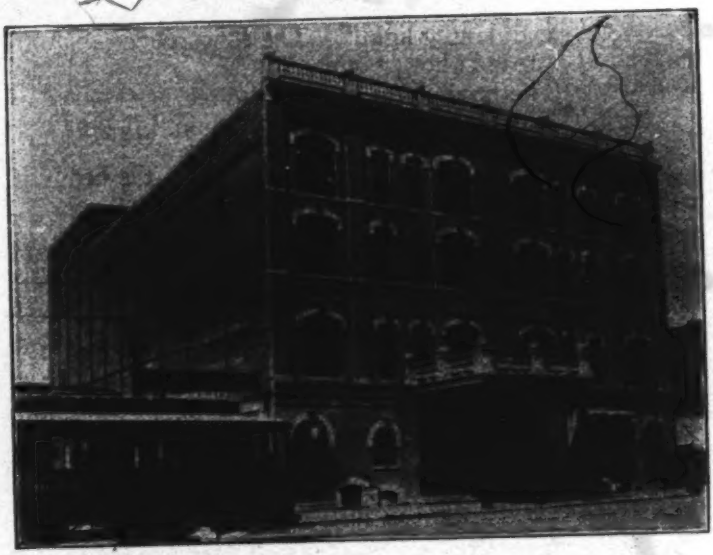
Did ever brighter sunset glow
Than on that Oklahoma day?
Shining on those too stunned to pray,
Like promise of the rain cloud's bow.

Passing from out gloom's darkening fold,
This richly burdened ship of life,
Whose masts spoke victory over strife,
Was entering the gate of gold.

"Lead, kindly light!" The song of men
Arose in honest sympathy;
The beconing sky replied to me,
"The Sun that led shall lead again."

The next day the editors passed through the beautiful town of Snyder, which still showed the baleful effects of the destructive cyclone which had visited that section a few months before, sweeping a large portion of the town off the face of the earth. The citizens, nothing daunted by the windy visitor, were rapidly repairing the damage of the storm. The trains reached the thriving and progressive town of Lawton, Oklahoma, in time for breakfast. The citizens of this town were bound to keep up the reputation of hospitality which had been set at a high pace by Guthrie, and the people met the trains with their carriages and drove the editors to their homes, served fine breakfsts and entertained them most handsomely. Lawton enjoys the distinction of being a "government town." It was plotted and laid out by the Engineer Corps of the United States Army, and in consequence is a model town. The streets are broad and straight, with plenty of open spaces and parks, and the lots are large and well located. The United States wisely used all the money obtained from the sale of lots in fine public improvements, giving the town a system of streets, water works, sewage system, school houses and public buildings second to none in the Territory. And this was all done without the citizens contributing one cent in taxes for the erection of these works and improvements.

From Lawton the trains bearing the brains of the Nation soon passed over into the Indian Territory, where a stop was made about noon at Chickasha, the chief town of



OVERHOLSER OPERA HOUSE, OKLAHOMA CITY.

the Chickasha Indian Nation. Thirteen years ago the town site was a blossoming prairie, but to-day it is a bustling and progressive town of about 12,000 people, with fine buildings and numerous successful manufacturing plants. On the arrival of the trains the Indians and the whites, with a big brass band, which for noise would outdo our own Social Band, greeted their guests and marshalled them into line up the street to a big pavilion where a bounteous luncheon had been prepared. The viands were so good and so inviting, and the editors feasted with such gusto that it looked as if they had just recovered from a Dr. Tanner fasting feat. Some merry wag noticing how able the editors were with the knife and fork dubbed them the National Eating Association. The editors being

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE OIL TOWN OF CLEVELAND, OKLAHOMA.

PRIVATE RESIDENCES, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA.

too full of good things for utterance, took no offense with the liberty taken with the National Editorial Association.

Late that same afternoon the party reached Oklahoma City, Oklahoma Territory, the metropolitan city of the Territory. The growth of this city has been so rapid that one might well have faith in the ancient fables, and believe that some genii had breathed on the "wonderful lamp" and wished that a city be, and the wish was realized. For no less than 16 years ago the city of Oklahoma was an unbroken grassy plain, a feeding ground for droves of buffalo and herds of antelope pursued by the wily red men. But to-day—lo! the change—there now stands the most flourishing, progressive city of that section, with a population approximating 40,000 people, with public buildings of the

first class, wide asphalt paved streets, water works, sewers, gas and electric light, modern schools, 137 wholesale houses and 65 large manufacturing plants, electric street railways and nine steam railroads bringing the commerce of the world to its doors. That city contributed $3,500 to entertain the editors and the entertaining was done most royally.

A reception committee of the representative citizens of Oklahoma City met the editors at the railroad station and escorted them to a beautiful park where a fine complementary dinner was served. From the park the party adjourned to the opera house where bright, happy and witty speeches were made by the mayor and some of the prominent citizens, and a galaxy of the editorial brain and brawn responded in the best style of after-dinner speeches. The following morning the editorial party found themselves back in Guthrie in readiness for one of the greatest events of the trip.

CHAPTER IV.

THE INDIAN PAGEANT AT THE 101 RANCH.

THERE is located in Oklahoma Territory, near the town of Bliss, what is conceded to be the greatest and largest farm in the world. It is called and incorporated the "101 Ranch," and is owned, controlled and conducted by the Miller Brothers—Joseph Miller, President, age 37; Zach T. Miller, 25, Treasurer, and George L. Miller, 23, Secretary. The ranch was founded in 1871 by George Miller, a native of Kentucky, father of the three Miller brothers, the present owners. Some pertinent facts about this greatest farm in existence may not be amiss. It contains 87,000 acres, or 540 homesteads, a homestead embracing 160 acres. It is larger than some European principalities. It includes in its limits parts of three counties, and has three flourishing towns—Bliss, White Eagle and Red Rock. A railroad runs its entire length and it is watered by two big rivers and inumerable creeks. The Miller Brothers own in their own right 10,000 acres and the other 77,000 acres are leased from the Indians, embracing the Ponca Indian Reservation, and nearly all of the Otoe and Missouri Tribes. The ranch has its own telephone plant embracing 35 miles of wire, and costing $50,000. There are 11,000 trees in the apple orchard. The ranch fences cost $10,000. The operating expenses are $5,000 per month. The crops this year will consist of 9,000 acres of wheat, 2,500 acres of

corn, 500 acres of oats, 500 acres of alfalfa and 12,000 acres of melons. The melons are shipped out by the car loads, and are the finest grown in the west, the seed alone is worth $2.50 an ounce. The melon patch has a sign which would tickle the average darkey almost to death. It is, "$5 for any one who goes through this patch without taking a melon." That sign goes, and any one crossing the patch may eat and carry home all the melons he pleases. This ranch has the largest buffalo herd in the world. Ten thousand tons of hay are cut yearly. It requires 42 binders to harvest the wheat, and five steam threshers to thresh. Twenty mowing machines gather the hay. Five steam gang plows furrow the land, and 600 mules and 350 cow ponies are used as beasts of burden. Five hundred men are employed, and 15,000 head of cattle roam its fertile pastures. The ranch is incorporated at $300,000, but no dividends are declared, the profits being put back in the improvement of the ranch.

The Miller ranch house is the most perfectly appointed in the world, from the kitchen to the billiard room in the attic, and many of the most distinguished men in the country have enjoyed its hospitality. Any visitor who comes to the ranch, whether invited or uninvited, is most heartily welcomed, and treated with the most generous hospitality. It is a practical lesson in big things to see that great ranch and view its systematic workings, down even to the smallest details.

The Miller Brothers learning that the National Editorial Association was coming to Guthrie in June to hold its annual convention, determined to do their share in entertaining the visitors, and show them such sights impossi-

ble for them to see in the staid and sober east, and exhibit to them in all its pristine glory western life on the plains on a big ranch—the Indian, cow boy and cow girl on their native heath.

The Miller Brothers called their ranch 101 from the fact that the branding iron used by their father, George Miller, for years to mark his horses and cattle, was made up of the figures 101. Having determined some months before to entertain the editors, the Miller Brothers made the most elaborate preparations for such an exhibition as their eastern visitors never saw and will not likely see again. Much time, labor and some $12,000 were spent in arranging the greatest wild west show ever planned.

June 11th dawned bright and clear, and the editors and their friends numbering about 2,000 persons were soon taken on their special trains to Bliss, the Miller 10 1Ranch station, where they found everything in readiness for their reception, and they were conducted to a great tent out on the prairie, where a real buffalo had been barbecued, and here each one was served with a light lunch and buffalo sandwiches. After the luncheon the editors were escorted to the specially prepared arena, out on the wide prairie, where they found an amphitheatre of such great and magnificent proportions as never had been seen by Greeks or Romans, or by the great Americans before. There, out on Nature's own tilting field, stretched an arena one and one-fourth miles around, eight seats deep filled with humanity, and in front of those seats were thousands of other people standing, who had come to see the great show, such as neither the great Barnum, nor the famous Buffalo Bill ever dreamed of.

About 40 special trains, horses and carriages, "prairie schooners" and all kinds of conveyances, from early morning, had been pouring their loads of humanity out on the prairie, until the time of opening the display, it was variously estimated there were from 75,000 to 100,000 on the grounds, gathered to see the passing pageant of the "Wild and Woolly West." Yet the order of this great crowd was simply marvelous. Although there were two companies of United States Infantry on hand to keep order, it was not found necessary to make a single arrest for a breach of the peace. The managers of our county fairs might well take lessons from the management of that show. No liquor is sold anywhere in the Territories. There was not a single gambling device on the grounds; not a single drop of liquor was sold, nor was there single drunken man in all that vast assemblage. Their conduct was most exemplary, and not a single thing was done to offend the sensibilities of the most fastidious person. There were gathered there the ladies, doctors, lawyers, laymen, editors, priests, soldiers, ranchmen, scouts, cowboys, farm hands, Indians, Mexicans and all classes and conditions of humanity, yet all were jolly and peaceful and on pleasure bent.

The show was participated in by soldiers, scouts, rough riders, cowboys and Indians. Almost 300 cowboys and 500 Indians took an active part in the pageant, which might well be called the passing of the scout and the dissolution of the tribal relations of the Indians, for by recent Act of Congress the Indians of Oklahoma this year will be allotted individual holdings of lands, instead of holding lands by tribes, as heretofore.

The pageant opened at 1 o'clock with the grand pa-

ade illustrative of the progress of civilization. At the head of the cavalcade rode the three Miller Brothers, seated on milk white Arabian horses, then followed the Indian chiefs, braves and squaws gaily bedecked in bright blankets, beads, war paint and feathers. At their front came that Apache chief, Old Geronimo, the most desperate and bloodthirsty Indian living to-day. The old Apache is a United States prisoner of war at Fort Sill, Indian Territory. By permission of the Secretary of War he was allowed to attend the celebration under a strong military guard. His appearance was greeted by cheers by many, and by jeers and hoots from a few, yet the old villian rode his horse erect, undisturbed and apparently unconscious of the commotion he was creating. As he came along the ladies were noticed to creep a little closer to the protecting arms of their escorts. Then came the ancient prairie-schooners, each drawn by eight oxen; then the modern farm machinery and a steam engine drawing 16 plows; then followed the automobiles, while 12 bands were scattered through the parade playing martial music. An emigrant train, such as crossed the plains in advance of the days of railroads, drew up the rear. In the procession also, on their gallant steeds, rode four of the Mullhall family—father, mother, son and daughter—said to be four of the most daring and accomplished riders in the world.

Following the parade came the buffalo hunt, with wild and fierce animals chased by the Indians, with all their savage and wild recklessness of the forest. After which the Indians gave such an exhibition of games and war dances as never before were witnessed by pale-faces—who lived to tell the tale. The Mullhalls gave exhibitions of their truly

wonderful skill in all kinds of fancy horse-back riding. The cowboys being on their mettle, showed their dexterity in subdueing the wild, bucking bronco, and their ability in throwing the lasso, every time bringing the steer to the ground. The negro Sampson "Pickett" showed his prowess over a great steer by throwing him in a wrestling match. "Pickett" also showed his strong jaws by suddenly catching a big steer by the nose with his teeth and by a great effort throwing it prostrate to the ground. After this there were sham battles between the Indians, scouts and cowboys, which put to shame any of the Buffalo Bill efforts ever attempted in that line. One of the most realistic events of the day was the attacking of the emigrant train by the Indians and their subsequent burning of the wagons. It all looked so devilish, real and wicked that many of the spectators had trouble to convince themselves that it was only a show. The people rose—the show, the greatest of them all, was over—and such as shall never be seen again under the same circumstances. Every one left the prairie thanking the Miller Brothers, and praising them for the magnitude of their exhibition, and the orderly and decent manner in which everything was conducted. At the conclusion of the 101 Ranch celebration the special trains returned to Guthrie to permit the editors to make preparations for continuing their tour, and the trains left that city about midnight the same night.

CHAPTER V.

THE INDIAN TERRITORY—WHERE THE NOBLE REDMEN ROYALLY ENTERTAIN THE PALE-FACE.

THE first stop, of any length, after leaving Guthrie was made at Cleveland, Oklahoma. Here is one of the largest and best oil producing districts in the West, and the high oil derricks were seen on all sides, marring the beauty of the country. The editors were met at the station by a brass band, a committee of citizens and escorted to the best hotel, where a fine complimentary breakfast was served. Later all the sights of the place were seen, and for the special delight of the editors, who did not "know," an oil well was "shot." Oil was first found there July 2d, 1903, and to-day there are over 200 oil producing wells and gas wells, which flow 100,000,000 feet of gas daily. The town looks much like a Pennsylvania oil town, and now has a population of about 4,000, and as yet the Standard Oil Company octopus has not succeeded in getting a foothold in the field.

SHOOTING THE OIL WELL.

From Cleveland the travelers hastened to Tulsa, In-

dian Territory, where the whites and Indians were waiting to entertain them. The Tulsaites having heard of the capacities of the editors, wisely had their feast prepared and the tables spread before the editors arrived, so no time was lost on the arrival of the trains in using their carriages to convey their guests to a fine new hotel, where an excellent banquet was served, and a fine orchestra played sweet music while they ate. After the luncheon the carriages were re-entered and all the sights of that hustling and booming city were seen and admired.

From Tulsa the editors rode into Muskogee, the largest town in the Indian Territory. This 13-year-old city of the red-skins was a wonderful example of whirlwind-like growth. Here, where a few years ago was not a single wigwam, to-day dwell over 15,000 hustling and progressive citizens. They have wide paved streets, fine water works, electric light plants, trolley lines and fine public buildings. The private homes of the people run anywhere from $1,000 to $60,000 in value, while a $250,000 fire proof hotel, with all the modern conveniences—with a bath for each room, and almost equals in accommodations the famous Walton and also the Bellevue-Stratford, of Philadelphia, in its appointments—is there to cater to the most exacting traveler. And the strange part of the matter is that not a single drop of liquor is sold in this large hotel; yet everything is of the best, and the proprietor is making money. Who after this will say that a hotel cannot be run without a license to sell liquor?

The land in both the Indian and Oklahoma Territories is so fertile that it will actually raise anything that is planted. The subsoil is a yellow, sandy loam extending down 21

THE PETS OF LA SANDIA RANCH, TEXAS.

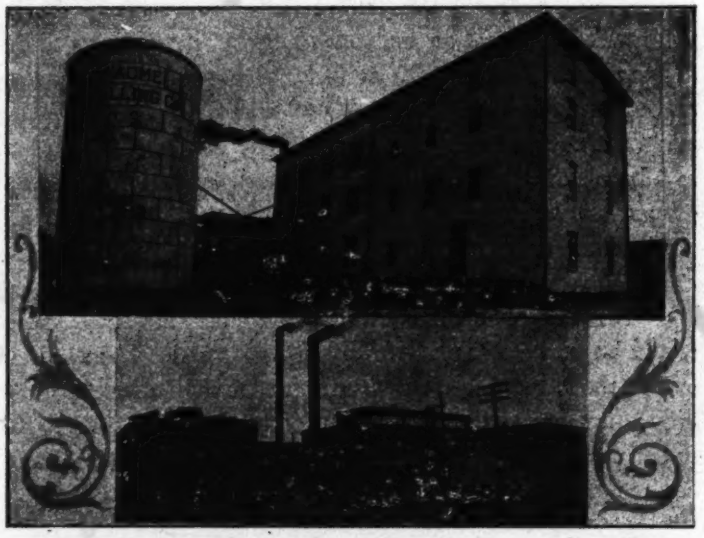
feet to water, and there is a top dressing of five or six feet of dark red loam, which simply beats the world when it comes to producing good results from the seed entrusted to it. It is astonishing what abundant crops of wheat, corn, cotton, oats, potatoes and alfalfa (hay) those prairie fields will raise. It is not an unusual thing for the farmers there to raise from 125 to 200 bushels of potatoes to the acre, and to annually clear from $40 to $50 per acre on alfalfa, while the cotton yield runs from a bale (550 pounds) to a to a bale and a half per acre. Apples, peaches, pears and grapes are successfully and profitably cultivated, and all crops of the temperate zone thrive there.

If it were not for the occasional drouths and cyclones and "twisters" which make life occasionally miserable, there would be no better place in the world for the farmer than out in those two Territories. The wise man there in providing for safety against the cyclone, has dug himself an underground cellar, and at the first sign of danger he and his family flee to the "hole in the ground."

In the matter of population, wealth and development, both of these Territories are well equipped and ready for statehood, and they will get in. As. Hon. R. L. Lunsford said: "We hold the winning hand, and will butt into the Union." Four kings—corn, coal, cotton and cattle, and also the ace, oil. We wish them God speed, and sincerely hope that the next session of Congress will do these brothers justice, and make them the 46th State—"Oklahoma."

The editors departed from these Territories feeling deeply grateful for the royal entertainment they had been given in all the towns in which they had stopped, and fully appreciating the generous hospitality that had been accord-

ed them—such as the National Editorial Association had never received before. Long will the people of Oklahoma and the Indian Territories have a green spot in the editorial heart.



THE FLOURING MILLS, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA.

A HERD OF FAT TEXAN STEERS.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LONE-STAR STATE—TEXAS A MIGHTY EMPIRE.

SHORTLY before leaving Guthrie on their return tour the Texas delegation had pinned on each manly editorial breast a bright badge with the following motto:

> All aboard for Texas. 1500 miles in Texas. Every minute you spend in Texas you will be the guests of the Texas delegation.

1500 miles through Texas—that expression, which meant a trip longer than from New York to Chicago and half way back again, gave most of the editors their first impression of the greatness and immensity of that empire State of Texas. But few people outside of the confines of the Lone Star State have but the slightest conception of its size and extent. A brief outline of the facts will help the reader to realize in part what a vast empire it is. As it has been well said:

> Texas is the great keystone that supports the central arch of the United States.

For 400 miles it borders the Gulf of Mexico, and for 800 miles rests against the Rio Grande River. Extending from the 26th to the 36th parallel of latitude and from the 94th to the 107th meridian of longitude, it embraces an area of 265,280 square miles. Bare figures convey but a meagre idea of distance or space. It is only by compari-

son that we get an idea of the relative importance of things. Texas is an empire in itself. Compared with European territory Texas is twice the size of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales; a fourth larger than Germany, and equal in area to France, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland and Denmark. Compared with other States in the Union, it is larger than Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana combined. Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa could be dropped within her territory and still leave enough unoccupied space to make several states of the New England type. It is larger than the whole of New England with New York, New Jersey, Maryland, West Virginia, Pennsylvania and Ohio added. Across the State from Texarkana to El Paso is further than from Chicago to New York, and from Texline to Brownsville is as far as from Chicago to New Orleans. When Texas is as densely populated as New England it will support a population of 73,142,000. The entire population of the United States could be put down in Texas and yet there would be no crowding and plenty of elbow room.

Texas is well adapted for an agricultural State. Its soil is both rich and varied, indeed. Land can be bought from $1 per acre up to most any price; according to state of cultivation. It will grow in abundance wheat, corn, oats, cotton, rice, sugar cane, potatoes and juicy melons. All kinds of fruit will grow there from apples to figs, and large orchards of oranges and lemons are now being successfully cultivated. As a cotton producing State Texas ranks first, producing one-third of the entire crop of the world. The annual crop and its by products run in value from $155,000,000 to $175,000,000.

THE MEXICAN SHEEP SHEARERS AT DINNER ON A TEXAS RANCH.

The State has rich deposits of iron ore, coal, marble and granite. The greatest and most phenomenal oil fields in the world are located in south eastern Texas, near Beaumont. In live stcck—cows, steers, sheep, goats, horses and hogs the ranches of Texas stand in front rank as to quality and production. There are some of the largest meat packing houses in the world located in Texas; among which are represented the Armours, Swifts, Cudays and others. Texas has a large timber area on which grow oak, gum, beach, ash, elm, pine, magnolia and other less well known woods. Texas has one of the best and absolutely the wealthiest school system in the world. The State has set apart to the common school fund, all told, about 38,000,000 acres of land. Of this there are 22,000,000 acres remaining. The value of the land, in connection with the accumulated fund, amount to $40,000,000. The State has also a very rich and flourishing State University, located at Austin. Separate schools are maintained all over the State for the white and the colored children.

It is stated that the State of Texas, to-day, offers better opportunities for investment of capital and labor in the ordinary lines of enterprise, either agricultural, industrial or commercial than any other portion of North America. And then Texas is run on the principle of taking care of the people, they having most stringent anti-trust laws, as the Standard Oil Company and kindred monopolies have learned to their sorrow and cost.

The great State of Texas is overwhelmingly Democratic, and although the old saw that "Corn makes whiskey and whiskey makes Democrats," is still heard in the land, yet the signs of the times are that Texas will soon be a

prohibition State, so far as the indiscriminate sale of liquor is concerned. Many a northerner could take needed lessons in many particulars from Texas.

TERMINAL BUILDING, DALLAS, TEXAS.

CHAPTER VII.

DALLAS, HOUSTON, GALVESTON—THE COMMERCIAL CENTERS.

IN consequence of the big "blow" they had heard from their Texan brethren the editors were anxious to see the plains of Texas and taste of Texan hospitality. The editorial special left Muskogee about midnight and reached Dallas at noon the next day (June 13.) The run down to Dallas was made through a rich farming section, but some of the northern editors were disappointed because those those did not have the fine and substantial farm houses of the Pennsylvania farmer. They had not become accustomed to the habit of that country of one-story farm houses, with small barns, for all grain is threshed in the fields as harvested. When the editors looked on the rich fields and heavy crops they realized that they were in truth in the "garden spot of Texas."

The Texans are pushers, and as soon as the train arrived in Dallas the pencil pushers were met by the reception committee and taken to the waiting special trolley cars. The editors were given a trolley ride over the entire city, and the fine city hall, magnificent court house, St. Paul's Sanitarium, Dallas Public Library, Commercial Club building, fine hotels and business blocks and private residences were in turn pointed out, described. and viewed.

After the sight-seeing car ride was finished the visitors

were taken to the large and finely appointed State fair grounds, just outside the city limits. Here a dainty and bountiful luncheon was served the hungry and weary tourists, who discussed all the good things with the utmost relish. From the banqueting pavilion the party adjourned to the large auditorium where the speech-making feature of the program was pleasantly exemplified. The address of welcome was made by Mayor Barry, followed by Editor W. G. Sterritt, who in a witty and entertaining speech told his northern brethren how glad he was to have them come and see their city and then to go home again and sing its praises. On behalf of the visitors Addison B. Burk, Esq., of Philadelphia, made an eloquent response. In the evening the local lodge of B. P.

THE IMPERIAL HOTEL DALLAS, TEXAS.

TYPICAL RESIDENCES, HOUSTON, TEXAS.

O. Elks held a reception for our party in their handsome rooms. The Elk building covers an entire square and is said to be one of the finest temples of that order in the United States.

Dallas is one of the wealthiest and most important manufacturing commercial cities in the southwest. It has at present a population of about 82,000, and its energetic citizens have formed a club whose sole purpose is to boom the city and endeavor to swell the population to 150,000 before nineteen-ten. They say they will do it sure. The city has fine transportation facilities, having 8 different railway lines, with 84 trains arriving and departing daily. It has 62 newspapers and periodicals, of which The News is the leading morning paper and The Times-Hearld the most influential evening paper.

THE ELKS' CLUB, DALLAS, TEXAS.

Late that night the editorial trains left for Houston, where they arrived in time for breakfast next morning. After breakfast the party was taken in charge by a com-

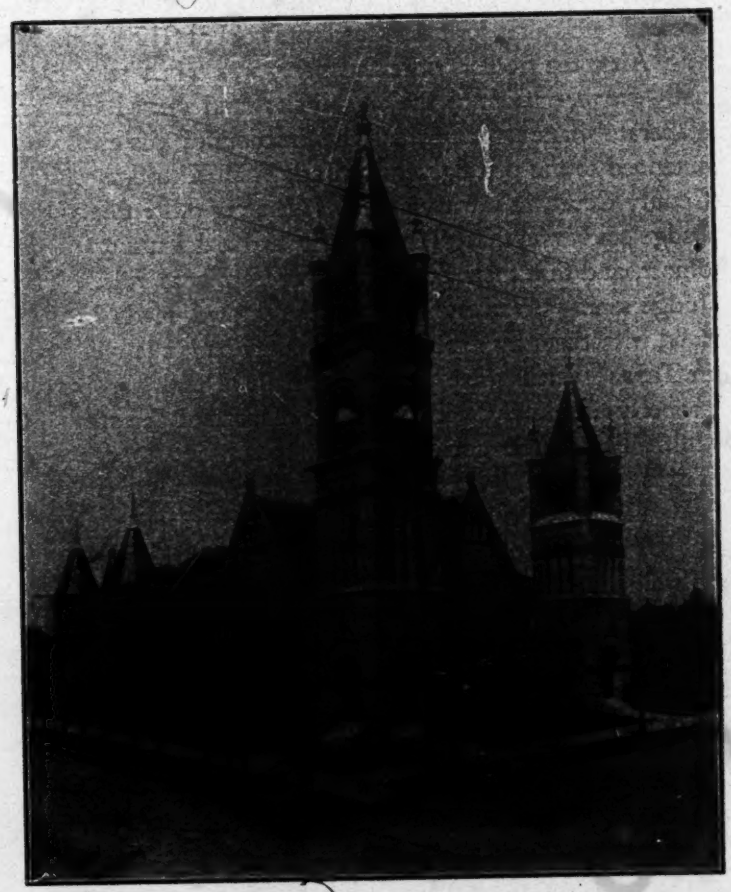
mittee of the Houston Chamber of Commerce, and in special trolley cars guided the visitors through all the interesting parts of that thriving commercial city of 75,000 people. The activity and bustle of the city impressed the editors

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK, HUSTON, TEXAS.

very favorably and told louder than words of the immense volume of business done in that city. More cotton is handled in Houston than any other city in the South, and

THE HARBOR AND SHIPPING, GALVESTON, TEXAS.

the cotton compresses were seen by the editors and they viewed with interest all the various processes at the cotton



THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, HOUSTON, TEXAS.

seed mills—where from the fuzzy cotton seed was taken

cotton batting, cotton seed oil extracted and refined, so that it looked like the finest olive oil, and said to be often sold as such in the North, and the residue of the seeds was pressed into cakes for cattle feed and sold at $12 a ton.

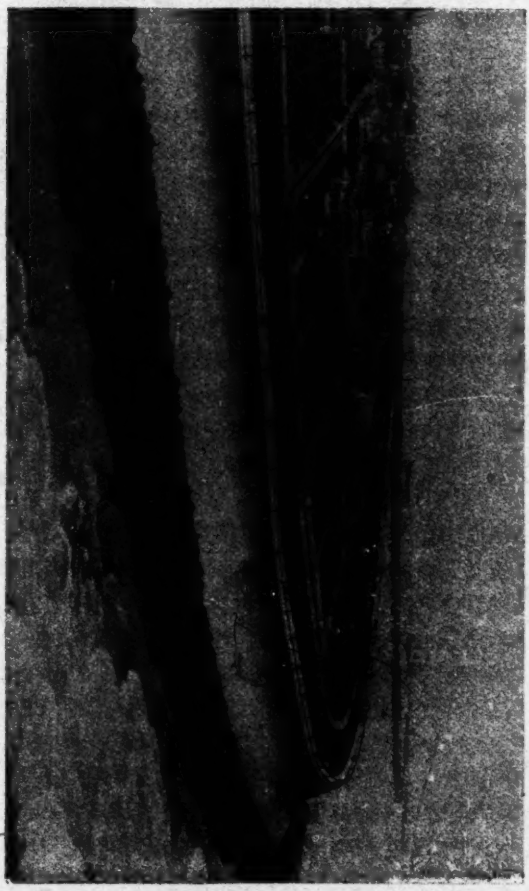
After the trolley rides the party was taken to a magnolia grove, outside of the city limits and served with an elaborate banquet, at which the freedom of the city was extended to the pen fighters by Judge McKittridge, of the County Court, in a witty speech. Among other things the Judge said was that Texas never had a defaulting State officer, and that their State was free from boss rule. The Judge seeing so many ladies in the crowd, made himself solid with them by explaining that they had a law in force in Texas which gave the wives half of their husband's property absolutely, with power to dispose of the same by will. This made some of the women want to move to Texas at once.

The reply on behalf of the editors was made by Addison B. Burk, Esq., of Philadelphia, who said that he might as well admit that he came from the State of Pennsylvania, which was completely in the hands of the bosses, and he was glad to congratulate the Texans on their freedom and generous hospitality. A large number of the scribes took advantage of the stop in Houston to run over to Galveston, which was only 50 miles away.

The editors expected to find many signs of the great flood in Galveston, but they were agreeably disappointed. They found that the beautiful city had risen rejuvenated from the waves. Everywhere were seen signs of renewed activity and progress, and on the beach was observed the towering sea wall, with its mighty granite front,

SEA WALL AND BATHING PAVILION, GALVESTON, TEXAS.

erected by the United States Government at an expenditure of $50,000,000, to keep the majestic waves from again



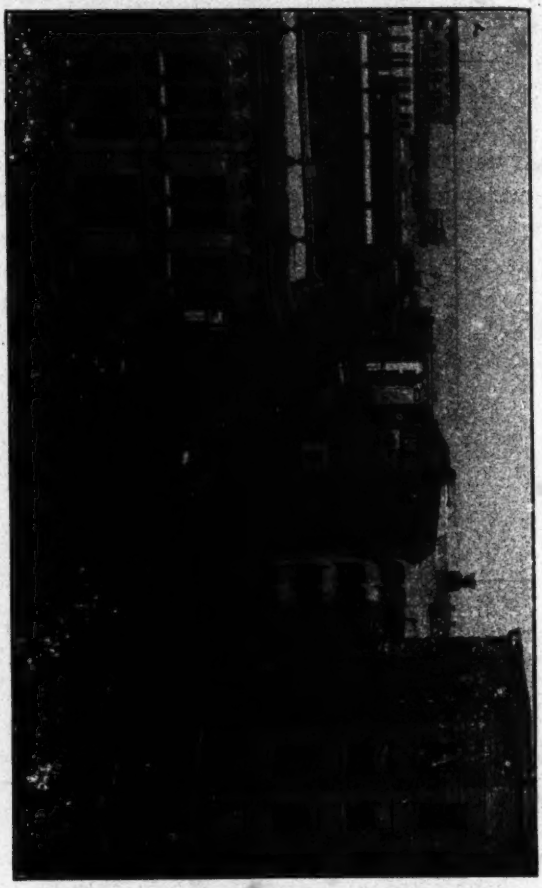
VIEW OF CITY AND SEA-WALL, GALVESTON, TEXAS.

devastating the city. The new Galveston has risen like a sprite from the waves, and will be more substantial, great-

er and more powerful than of old; and will be a shining beauty spot of the gulf coast, and a sea port of which the whole country will be proud. Galveston is more prosperous than she was before the gigantic tidal wave on September 8th, 1900, swept out of existence thousands of her people and destroyed million of dollars worth of her property. The city, with its deep harbor, extensive wharves, great commerce and lines of shipping sailing to all parts of the world, is destined to soon become, and remain, the greatest seaport of the Southwest. Galveston has become a great pleasure resort in both winter and summer. Her bathing beach is the finest in the South, and the waters of the Galveston Bay abound with tarpon, pompano, mackerel and all kinds of sea food fish. The angler can have more sport and make larger catches of fish than the immortal Sir Isaac Walton ever saw in his wildest dreams. Galveston has some of the largest fisheries in the world. Large fleets of fishing boats are maintained, which are sent far out into the gulf for food fish, and come in heavily laden with delicious fish, which are shipped North by the car loads. While we were there a fleet of four boats came in having on board a total of over one hundred tons of "red snapper," a delicate and toothsome fish found in great numbers in the Gulf of Mexico. It was intimated to us that many of the red snappers, whose flesh is a beautiful pink, are packed in cans and sold and eaten in the North for high grade salmon. It is a fine table fish, whether it be sold under its own name or by another name.

Galveston is the greatest cotton exporting port in the South, and in one of the mammoth cotton ware houses there we were shown $5,000,000 worth of cotton awaiting ship-

ment to England to be manufactured into cotton goods and returned to our country to be fashioned into fleecy gowns



STREET SCENE, GALVESTON, TEXAS.

for our gay "summer girls."

The cotton comes to the warehouse in loose, immense

bales weighing 550 pounds, and then it is placed in the compress and squeezed down to one-third the size, thus a ship can carry a three times greater cargo of cotton than it could if the cotton had not had that bear-like hug.

The great sea wall, a mighty feat of engineering, is over four miles long, sixteen feet wide at the base, five feet wide at the top and seventeen feet high above low tide. The foundation of the wall rests upon four rows of round piling twelve inches in diameter and driven four feet apart into the ground forty-four feet down into the solid clay. The outside of the wall, next the sea, is fortified, or reinforced by immense blocks of granite weighing a ton and more apiece. The beach outside of this wall was crowded with gay bathers when we were there, and some of our gay boys invested a quarter in an abreviated bathing suit, and sported in the waves for a while, making goo-goo-eyes at the Galveston "buds."

The wide streets, green lawns, beautiful flowers and handsome homes of Galveston excited the admiration of us all. Galveston is called "The Oleander City," for all its residence streets are lined with beautiful oleander trees from ten to twenty feet high, covered with bright and fragrant blooms.

The city of Galveston is situated on an island at the western edge of the Gulf of Mexico, and has the advantages of a main-land town as well as those of a seaside resort. Like many another Texas town Galveston owes its discovery and foundation to the proud Castillian. In the year 1782 a Spanish fleet exploring the Gulf of Mexico discoved this island and named the Galveston Bay and the island in honor of Ell Exmo Senor Conde De Galvez, who was

then the Spanish Governor of the Province of Louisiana. It is a matter of history that in 1810, and for a number of years thereafter, the notorious pirate Lafitte and his desperate band of buccaneers made their headquarters there while they ravaged the shipping plying in those waters. Some years later the island fell under the control and rule of the Empire of Mexico. The following bit of poetry tells of Galveston's attractions:

"Gem of Mexico's Gulf—northern shores,
A city after noble Galvez named;
Lovely scenes greet the eye, at its door;
Varied from bright, to lesser retain'd—
Evenings are enchantment of the mind—
Sunset o'er the sea, bright as maiden's cheek;
Transfuse life and joy of purest kind,
Only to give rest, where heart pleasure seeks
No check—the health-giving Beach to find."

The social life of the city is very attractive and most of the exclusive affairs are given under the patronage of the Company of Honorable Ancient Artillery, which is a hundred years or so old. The public buildings, the court house, custom house, Cotton Exchange, Sealey Hospital, St. Mary's Hospital, Rosenburg Library, Medical College, Scottish Rite Cathedral and churches are all fine and stately buildings and the business blocks are fine examples of their kind.

The city affords fine openings in all lines of business, which will be rapidly absorbed. The United States Government, with engineer officers in charge, is engaged in work on the harbor and fortifications, which will make Galveston one of the best and most completely guarded harbors in the world, and no foreign fleet would be able to safely

enter that stronghold. The city has three beautiful parks—Sherman Park, Central Park and West End Park. A

MAMMOTH GRAIN ELEVATOR, GALVESTON TEXAS.

magnificent driveway has been planned and is now in course of construction inside the sea wall and encircling the city.

The level of the city is being raised from five to ten feet in places by sand pumped from the Bay and distributed by dydraulic system, which is perfect and wonderful.

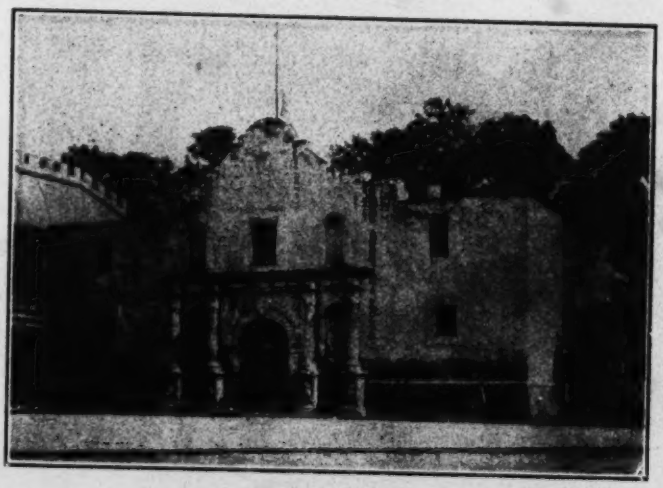
Having viewed all the wonderful sights of Galveston our party returned to Houston.

CONCEPCION MISSION, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

CHAPTER VIII.

SAN ANTONIO—THE VENICE OF AMERICA—THE ALAMO—THE MISSIONS.

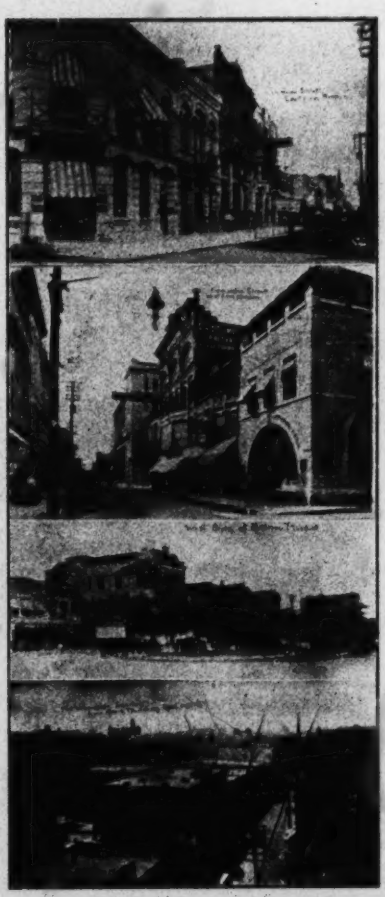
HAVING arrived at Houston, our party visited a number of places of interest, sought out their friends, were wined and dined, and turned their thoughts to the forward



THE ALAMO, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

journey. When the shades of night had again fallen the weary editors retired to their cars and were soon rolling across the plains to the historic city of San Antonio, which was reached early on the morning of June 15th.

The day was bright and pleasant, and the temperature very comfortable, just such a day as was best suited for the tourists to see at its best that quaint city. San Antonio is most picturesque, and has been called the Venice of America. The city was settled by the Spaniards in the year 1689, and the romantic San Antonio river rising in the green hills several miles north of the city, flows, with its deep, dark green waters, through the city in a tortuous and serpentine course, and is crossed by many artistic bridges. The city has many ancient and historic buildings, which were erected by the Spaniards several hundred years ago. The many notable buildings and quaint customs of long ago mingle with the beautiful and romantic aspects of the past. The old Spanish adobe



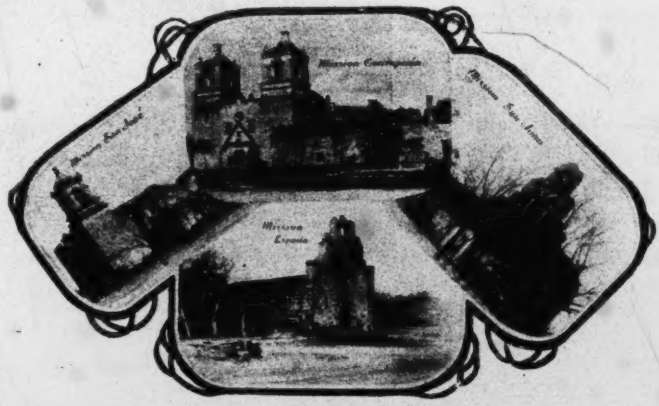
FOUR STREET SCENES, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

house, with its galleries and large court yard, stands up neighbor to a modern business house, a mild protest against the encroachment of the busy activity of the present day for sordid gain. One can pause by such a relic of the past and imagine he can see the youthful and beautiful Spanish senorita, with her black lace mantilla wrapped around her head, looking from the barred window, on her lover singing in the street below. The impress of the Spanish and Mexican domination of the town is seen on all sides, from Alamo Plaza to the uttermost outskirts of the city.

THE COUNTY COURT HOUSE—SAN FERNANDO CATHEDRAL—MAIN PLAZA, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

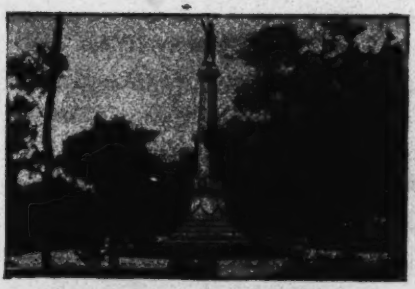
In the old days of the power and influence of the Spanish friar there stretched no less than 21 large, strong and beautiful missions and monasteries from the Canadian frontier to the Mexican border. There are five of these noble examples of the architect's beautiful fancy, and monk's labor and skill in the vicinity of San Antonio. They are the Mission San Juan de Capistran, erected in 1716. The

Alamo Mission, built in 1718. The Mission San Jose, built in 1718. The Mission San Francisco de Espada, established in 1730. The Mission Concepcion de Acuna, built in 1731. Of these missions that of the Alamo now stands in the centre of the city of San Antonio, on the historitic Alamo Plaza. The others are located from four to six miles outside the city limits. All of these missions were originally connected with each other by large underground passages, to afford a means of safety and escape. Originally these missions were connected with large dormi-



THE FOUR FAMOUS SPANISH MISSIONS, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

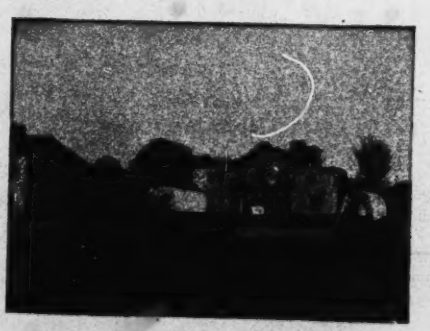
tories, or cloisters, and the whole surrounded by a large wall, some 20 feet high, built of adobe, or sun-dried bricks, for the protection of the monks and their parishoners, who in times of attacks by the blood-thirsty Indians fled to the missions for safety. The monks lived chiefly by cultivating the fields surrounding the missions and by bartering



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT,

with the friendly Indians. These missions have long since been abandoned by the monks as places of residence, and, with the exception of the Alamo and San Jose Missions, are falling into ruins.

Occasionally religious services are still held in the San Jose Mission—on feast days. The ruins of the mission still show wonderfully beautiful carvings and decorations, displaying master pieces of skillful artists. Of



THE ALAMO SIXTY YEARS AGO.

THE ALAMO DECORATED FOR SAN JACINTO ANNIVERSARY.

them all the Alamo stands forth with most historic interest to the American. It was therein in February of 1836 that America had its "Thermopylæ," but unlike that historic battle field the Alamo had no "messenger of

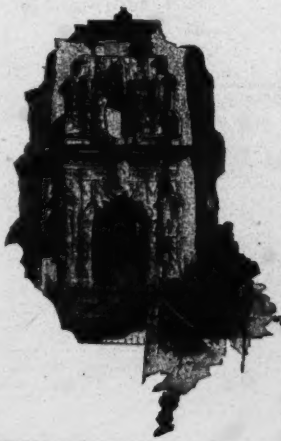
defeat," for here none escaped. It was here for 11 days, in that February of 1836, that handful of brave and valiant Americans under Travis, Bowie, Crockett and others, kept General Santa Anna and his 7,000 Mexicans at bay until their ammunition became exhausted and the entire garrison was massacred, and their bodies burned. A month later General Sam Houston, with his Texans, defeated and captured Santa Anna and his Mexicans. The Alamo is now used as a historical museum. Plenty of places of interest are to be found in San Antonio for the tourist and the antiquarian. The prominent public buildings are the Federal building, city hall, court house, market house, Carnegie Library and the new Sunset depot of the Southern Pacific Railroad. The city has within its limits 22 beautiful parks and plazas adorned with magnificent tropical plants and giant palms. South of the city are the fam-

THE FIGHT IN THE ALAMO.

SOLEDAD STREET SIXTY YEARS AGO SAN ANTONIO.

ous Hot Wells Springs, which have wonderful health giving properties. The city is furnished with the purest water from 21 artesian wells, which pour forth daily 41,000,000 gallons of sparkling water. The streets are the finest kind, laid in mesquite blocks, asphalt, vitrified brick and macadam. There are alone 67 miles of good madamized roads. There are also 55 miles of electric trolley roads in and surrounding the city. One of the most interesting sights to the civilian is the United States Government post, Fort Sam Houston, on the edge of the city. The officers and soldiers stationed there sometimes range in numbers from 30,000 to 50,000 men, and contribute largely to the gaiety of the social life of the city. Life in the Mexican quarter of the city was

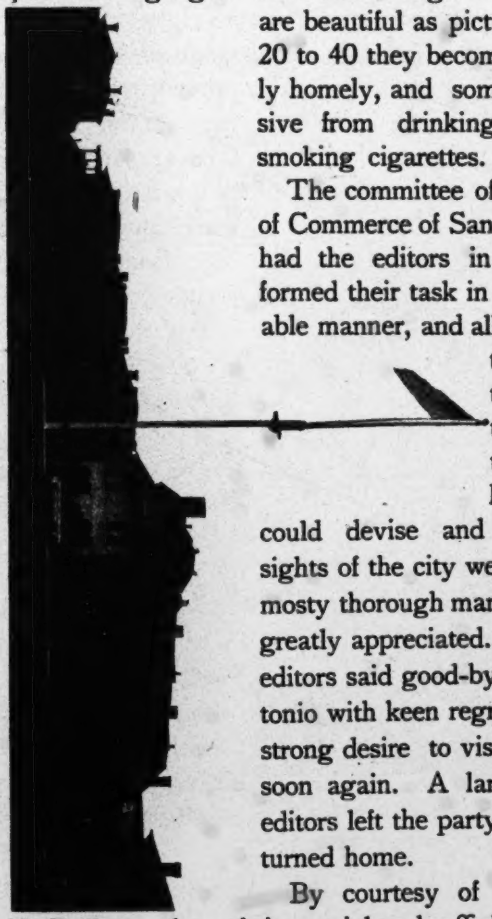
A WINDOW OF SAN JOSE MISSION, SAN ANTONIO,



THE DOOR OF SAN JOSE MISSION.

MEXICAN BASKET VENDERS.

especially interesting to those of the party who had never seen the swarthy faces of the "Greasers" or heard their soft and poetical language. The Mexican girls from 15 to 20 are beautiful as pictures, but from 20 to 40 they become exceedingly homely, and sometimes repulsive from drinking mescal and smoking cigarettes.

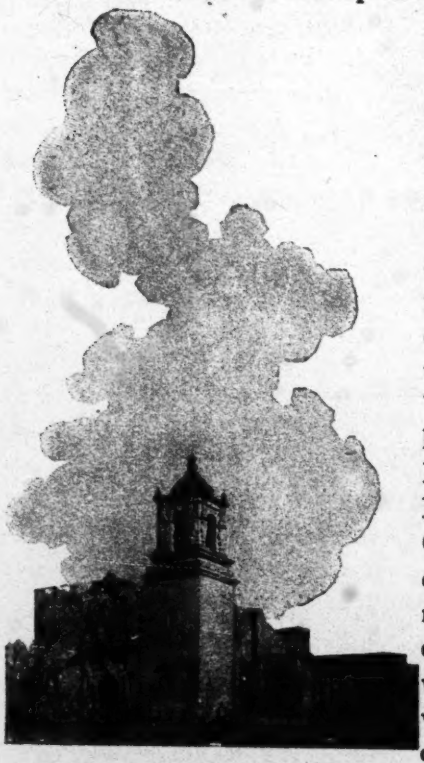


MILITARY HEADQUARTERS, FORT SAM HOUSTON.

The committee of the Chamber of Commerce of San Antonia, who had the editors in charge, performed their task in a most agreeable manner, and all was done for the comfort of the inner and the outer man that Southern hospitality could devise and offer. The sights of the city were seen in the mosty thorough manner, and were greatly appreciated. Each of the editors said good-bye to San Antonio with keen regret, and with a strong desire to visit its confines soon again. A large number of editors left the party here and returned home.

By courtesy of the Southern Pacific Railway, through its genial and efficient officers—Passenger Traffic Manager Charles S. Fee and General

Passenger Agent T. H. Goodman—arrangements were made to run the editorial special train over that road the entire way to San Francisco, making stops along the route to suit the convenience and pleasure of the editors. The courtesy was greatly appreciated by the pencil pushers, who have none but kindliest words of praise for these officials and their road. The Southern Pacific certainly is one of the finest railroads in the country, and ranks with the very best of them. That road is familiarly known the "Sunset Route" and its "Sunset Limited" from New Orleans to San Francisco is one of the best and most palatial trains on earth, fitted, as it is, with all the modern conveniences of travel, with dining cars serving meals en route equal to those of the swellest hotels in the land. This road is called the "Open Window Route," because its locomotives burn oil for fuel and there is no smoke, no cinders and no dust, and the large and commodious observation cars add



SAN JOSE MISSION, SAN ANTONIO.

to the comfort of the traveler, giving ample opportunity of seeing all the beauties of the scenery along the route. The observation car is equipped with a large library of the best books of science, history and fiction, for the free use of the passengers, and a fully equipped buffet.

SAN JUAN MISSION, SAN ANTONIO.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RIO GRANDE—THE PLAINS OF WESTERN TEXAS—THE PECOS RIVER BRIDGE—EL PASO—JUAREZ, MEXICO.

THE evening of June 15th saw all the moulders of public opinion at the beautiful "Sunset" depot ready to board their special train, leave San Antonio and start in chase of the setting sun. The "Sunset" depot is a beautiful structure, built in true harmony and coloring of the old Spanish mission style of architecture, and is one of the beauty spots of the city, surrounded, as it is, in beautiful drooping palms and an artistic hedges of California cypress. The special train was soon speeding through the night on its westward course, and the editors awoke early the next morning to find the train rushing along the great Rio Grande River, swollen by recent rains into a mighty torrent. The river, in many places, rushed along between high and precipitous banks formed by rocky cliffs, and on one side of the river was the free and enlightened United States of America, while on the opposite side, only a rifle shot away,

THE MEXICAN GOING TO MARKET.

TYPES OF MEXICANS

was the effete empire of Mexico, the so-called republic, silent as the grave. A few hours later the train was running swiftly over our vast rolling plains, covered only with withered sage brush and many varieties of cacti, seemingly practically worthless as farming or grazing land, yet sheep thrive and grow fat, finding much nourishment in the species of cactus growing there called prickly pear. It is said that with irrigation these same apparently arid and unproductive plains will blush and blossom like a rose. At different places along the road, miles and miles from any town, were seen large numbers of box cars fitted up with bunks and cooking and eating arrangements. We were told these were used by the track hands who build, keep up and repair the road bed. These men camp out thus for months and months at a time, during which period they never see a town. Among the workmen are many Chinese, Mexicans and a large number of Indians, who are said to make fair workmen—as long as

MEXICAN VILA, SAN ANTONIO.

CHILI CON CARNI TABLES, SAN ANTONIO.

they feel like it, and as long as they are kept away from whiskey, or "fire water," as they call it. Both the Indians and Mexicans of the lower orders will make any sacrifice, or go to any inconvenience to secure sufficient whiskey to make them drunk, and when they reach that condition they are exceedingly dangerous and blood-thirsty wretches. Some miles further west we passed Del Rio, and old Mexican adobe town, which doubtless was so called because it was not on the river (Rio). Late in the afternoon, after crossing sandy deserts, we came to Viaduct, Texas, where there is one of the largest if not the largest, railroad bridge in the world spanning a deep gorge of the Pecos River. The bridge is almost half a mile long and is 427 feet above the sur- of the river. The train halts on the centre of that great bridge so that the passengers may get out and take a look over its dizzy side into the frightful depths below. Few can look in the water without a shudder of fear.

HOME OF THE MEXICAN PEON.

BEAUTIFUL SAN ANTONIO HOME.

RAMBLES IN THE FAR WEST.

El Paso, at the extreme western border of Texas, was the last scheduled stopping place in the Lone Star State, and it was reached by the special train Friday evening, after a long and tiresome journey of well nigh 1,000 miles from San Antonio. The citizens of El Paso were well prepared for the descent upon them of the hundreds of editors, and the entire population, with committees and a big brass band, turned out to greet and welcome their guests. The address of welcome was made by Zack Cobb, a lawyer, and a grandson of Howell Cobb, of President James Buchanan's cabinet. His speech was full of fire, vehemence and burning eloquence, which made the hearts of his hearers tingle as he bade them welcome to the best the city afforded, and also he told them of the future greatness that was to be her's. At the conclusion of the speech making the newspaper men were taken on special trolley cars to view all the sights of that queen city of the Rio Grande River. This beautiful city stands at an altitude of 3,717

SAN FERNANDO CATHEDRAL, 100 YEARS AGO, SAN ANTONIO.

HOT SULPHUR WELLS, SAN ANTONIO.

FRUIT ORCHARD, EL PASO, TEXAS.

feet above the level of the sea. It now has a population of over 30,000 people, and is rapidly increasing. By reason of its locality at the gateway of Old Mexico, and the fact that 19 trunk lines reach and pass through the city, it is destined to become the commercial metropolis of the Southwest. It is practically the half-way house between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and between Denver and the city of Mexico, and has been the Mecca of the health-seeker and the resting place of the tourist for a quarter of a century. From El Paso can be reached the Mexican cities of Juarez, Chihuahua, the City of Mexico and the numerous other cities on the Mexican Central Railway, and the many health resorts of Southern New Mexico. The beautiful

scenery of the Rio Grande, and the fine views of the Raton and Glorieta Mountains to the north, and northeasterly the Sacramento and White Mountains, from 12,000 to 14,000 feet above sea level, add to the attractiveness of the place. A mile or more outside the city can be seen the clouds of smoke pouring from the largest ore smelters in the world, where millions of dollars worth of gold and silver are extracted from the stubborn rock and added to the permanent wealth of the world. North of the city, nestling against the great Franklin Mountain range, is Fort Bliss, one of Uncle Sam's most important military reservations, where the most daring cavalry riders and scouts are trained. Every way one may turn there are objects of

BALING ALFALFA, NEAR EL PASO, TEXAS.

interest and beauty to be seen. After making the inspection of El Paso, the editors were taken across the large bridge spanning the Rio Grande to Ciudad-Juarez, Mexico, and given their first close view of a foreign land. The Mexicans, knowing what had been done earlier in the day by their "Gringo" brethren of El Paso, determined to show the Americans a thing or two. The Board of Trade, accompanied by the Alacade and all the other town dignitaries, turned out with a fine band to bid the visitors welcome, and do them honor. To the delight of the younger ink-slingers, as well as many of the "old boys," the delegation was accompanied by a host of the prettiest and most attractive senoritas that Mexico can boast of. What the charming senoritas lacked in language they more than made up in languishing, captivating glances, and many of the boys left with lacerated hearts at the hour of parting. In the reception committee were the Quien Sabe Elks, of El Paso, who, clad in their new and picturesque Mexican suits, and wearing broad sombreros, looked very unique. The public reception was

FLOATING GARDENS, MEXICO,

PRIVATE RESIDENCE ON THE PASEO, MEXICO.

DEL TOREO—THE MEXICAN BULL FIGHT—THE REAL THING.

CHURCH OF ST. GUADALUPE, OVER 300 YEARS OLD, JUAREZ, MEXICO.

held at the Mexican Custom House, where very palatable refreshments, and plenty of punch and cognac brandy, were served the visitors. The editors were free and easy and made most of the pleasures of the occasion, banishing dull care and all thoughts of the troubles of the 'morrow. The bewitching senoritas, as a souvenir of the occasion, pinned to each editorial breast a miniature Mexican straw sombrero hat, to which was attached a ribbon bearing the motto: "Viva el Cuarto Poder, El Paso, Texas and Juarez, Mexico, Junio 16, 1905." The town of Juarez being a very old Mexican town, many objects were seen there telling of the

ancient Spanish occupation, and on all sides were places of interest to the inqusitive American. To many the old Spanish mission, with its beautiful cathedral, dating back over 300 years, was a place to be admired and wondered at. The massive walls of the cathedral and the beauty of its lines showed that the old dons and monks built for ages to come, with an eye also to grace and beauty. But to American Sabbath lovers there was great incongruity in the location of the cathedral, for a short distance back of its walls stands the city arena, where the worshippers, after services each Sunday, retire to witness and applaud the cruel, bloody and dangerous bull fights which take place there. At these fights atrocious cruelties are practiced and hundreds of bulls and horses are ruthlessly killed annually, and not unfrequently the matador (the man who fights against the bull) is gored to death. The bill boards of the town were covered with the most remarkable flaming posters

VIEW AT THE HEAD OF THE SAN ANTONIO RIVER.

SAN PEDRO PARK, SAN ANTONIO.

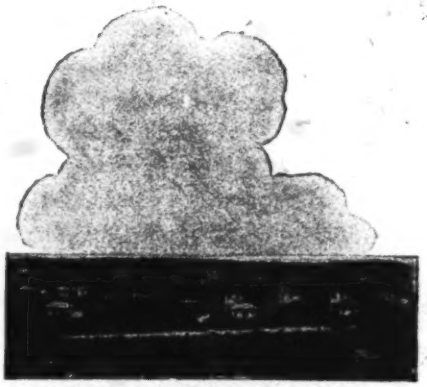
announcing the grand regular bull fight for the following Sunday. The posters were printed half in English and half in Spanish. The English part of it read as follows: "Plaza de Toros de C. Juarez, Sunday 18, at 8.30 in the night. The most sensational bull fight ever witnessed in Juarez. Troupe of youthful Amateurs, all Americans, belonging to the most exclusive society, of El Paso, Texas, who have offered their services to the Junta Patriotica for this bull fight, with a view of raising funds for the Benito Juarez Monument, demonstrating as neighbors and friends of this Republic, that they are carried off by the National enthusiasm, which has been aroused to erect a monument to the memory of one of the greatest men in the History of the Nation. 4—Brave Bulls—from Samalayuca and San Martin ranches. All to the death." The bill also gave a full list of the names of the matadores, picadores and banderilleros. The admission price was named at seventy-five and fifty cents.

DEER IN BRECKENRIDGE PARK, SAN ANTONIO.

SAN ANTONIO 50 YEARS AGO.

The remainder of the bill was taken up with the same advertisement repeated in Spanish.

Other public buildings, including the jail, were inspected by the party, after which considerable time was spent in buying Mexican souvenirs, from the high conical Mexican pointed straw hat, with its bullion band, to the handsome Mexican blankets of most vivid hues. Strange as it may seem, when the newspaper men and their girls re-crossed the bridge into El Paso, and the United States, not one of them had any article on which to pay duty to Uncle Sam. Perhaps the custom house officers were just a little human that day and turned their blind side to the returning tourists. The remainder of the evening was spent in carriage drives around the fine roads of El Paso, and 8 o'clock the tourists again turned their faces westward.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF FORT SAM HOUSTON.

CHAPTER X.

THE DESERTS OF NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA—THE CACTI. THE CITIES OF TUCSON AND YUMA.

THE way West from El Paso for over 1,800 miles, passing through New Mexico and Arizona, is over the dryest and most parched deserts in the United States, on which nothing but sage bush and cacti grow. Yet in all its forlorness the desert presented attractions to the student of nature, for the cacti in numberless varieties, shapes and forms for hundreds of miles stretched along the tracks with their bright and varied blooms, giving the sandy wastes a peculiar and irresistable beauty. At one time for miles and hours we passed through what seemed to be an endless garden of the species cacti known as "Spanish daggar" which were in full bloom and crowned with the most beautiful blooms of white flower-like bells, some blooms five feet long, that we had ever seen. We longed to stop the train that we might pluck a few of those majestic blooms and send them to our friends in the east. The cacti in many places were veritable forests with specimens from 8 to 12 inches thick and growing to a height of 15 and 20 feet. The stations and towns along this road were small, few and far between, and water a scarce article, wells being as far as 70 miles apart, and to many of the railroad watering stations the water for the engines had to be hauled a much

further distance. The railroad repairs along the Southern Pacific road are done by hands who are quartered in box cars, turned into sleeping cars and hauled from place to place as needed, and each gang carries its own cook and a water car tank, often an old abandoned oil car. So it is readily seen that the life of the railroad gang man is not a happy one, and they naturally have among their number some of the toughest specimens of humanity seen in the country. The great sand storms of these deserts, with their fierce winds laden with sand, in a few minutes will bury the railroad entirely out of sight and make it an imperative necessity for the road to keep numerous gangs along that part of the line to be quickly used when needed. The road in its course west rises to an elevation of 5,082 feet above sea level, and then again it goes down so low that at Salton it is 263 feet below the sea level. The road, with its risings and fallings of grades, represents great en-

CROCKET STREET BRIDGE OVER SAN ANTONIO RIVER.

gineering feats, and it is wound around through rocky gorges and along sides of cliffs like a mighty serpent winding its way to the sea. In places benches were cut out of the sides of high cliffs, and large over-hanging rocks were left, which, to the timid passenger, seemed ready to fall at any minute and crush the cars and all therein. The road does not touch any of the important towns of New Mexico, and the next place of any considerable magnitude after El Paso was Tucson, Arizona, which has a popula- approximating 20,000 It is full of vim, push and energy, and has all the modern improvements, with manufacturing plants, that many a larger city might be proud of. It is up at an elevation of 2,400 feet above the sea, and is a veritable oasis in the desert; a beauty spot in the sandy wastes. The early history of Tucson is full of romance, dating back to the days of the Spanish conquerors. The courageous Spanish

SAN FERNANDO CATHEDRAL AND MILITARY PLAZA, SAN ANTONIO

padres, as early as 1649, carried their religious banners into that country, and founded the nearby San Xavier Mission. A settlement soon sprang up, and later came the Spanish garrison to protect the settlers from the raids of the blood-thirsty Apache Indians. The place soon came to be known as Tucson, from the name given by the Indians to the waters in the Santa Cruz Valley, near the town. Later, in 1853, Tucson and the surrounding lands, by the Gadsden purchase, became United States territory. The town later became an important station on the over-land coach mail route, and still later a hustling frontier town. Its future prosperity and growth was not fully assured until 1884, when the Southern Pacific Railroad was built into the town. Since that date the improvement Tucson has been rapid and substantial, until she has become a modern city; a great business center; a metropolis of some very considerable importance. The city is full of modern homes and fine business houses, but it has still on it many of the marks of the Mexican domination—its narrow streets, lined with adobe houses, and large Mexican population, who still cling to all the customs of their Spanish

A RIVER BRIDGE, SAN ANTONIO.

MOONLIGHT ON THE COLORADO RIVER AT YUMA.

ancestors. Even her newest buildings are built in beautiful Spanish and Aztec designs of architecture. It has its clubs, its churches and societies of the best secret orders to make life joyful and comfortable. With its important location and commercial enterprise, it presents many fine opportunities to the business man and capitalist.

Of course every one wanted a souvenir of the day. These Indians of the once fierce and powerful Yumas are now apparently as gentle as lambs, and given over to the ways of peace. But it was not always thus with them, for in their annals are traditions of many a bloody war-path. One of their most fiendish outrages was away back in 1781, when the braves, led by their demonical Chief Palmer, descended, like a thunder bolt out of the clear sky, upon the two Spanish missions near by, and with the utmost cruelty murdered all the peaceful friars, women and children, who had taken refuge in the mission buildings. For this out-

rage dire revenge was later inflicted upon the Yumas, and they were glad to "bury the hatchet" and smoke the pipe of peace. The situation of Yuma is low, being only 140 feet above the ocean level, but the air is dry and healthy. The Yumaites will admit, with a smile, that it is occasionally just a trifle hot there in the summer time. Heat, of course, is entirely a matter of personal feeling. The city is progressive, and enjoys a good trade. The mines, the agricultural enterprises and the stock raising industry all contribute largely to the stability and wealth of the city. The business houses are modern and well suited for the demands of active business methods. The picturesque begalleried buildings, which once were called Fort Yuma, have become devoted to the ways of peace, and now shelter the young Indians who are being taught to be good at the expense of Uncle Sam. The Colorado River—as its name

THE YUMA INDIAN FAMILY.

THE PALM DRIVE, YUMA.

signifies, is "red" at Yuma, with the soil of many an acre which it is carrying on its bosom to soften the outlines of the Gulf of California below, where the river loses itself. The waters of the Colorado River, near Yuma, are being utilized to irrigate and reclaim some 50,000 acres of parched and arid land. Looking to the north from Yuma, 65 miles away, is seen, looming up in the clear sky, the hat peaked mountain named Castle Dome, and to the south Pilot Knob, which for hundreds of years have been guiding signs for the voyagers of the plains.

From Tucson the railroad rapidly descends from the "divide" until at Yuma, Arizona, it is but 140 feet above the level of the ocean. This city is said to be the hottest place on the face of God's green earth. It is related that a former wicked man of Yuma was called to his reward and awoke in the realms of his Satanic majesty, and found the heat there so cold that he had to come back to Yuma to get

his blankets to keep him warm in his new home. Yuma is situated at the meeting place of the powerful Colorado River and Gila River—an abundance of water—and still the people there are very partial to the drink that made Gambrinus famous. Numerous Indians live in and around the city, and they flock to the station on the arrival of trains to sell the guilelss and unwary tourist their crude bead and feather work at large prices. At Yuma the tourists saw their first oranges and lemons growing on the trees.

THE YUMA INDIAN ROSE BUD.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PLAINS AND VALLEYS OF CALIFORNIA—THE GOLDEN STATE—THE SEA OF SALT.

FROM Yuma the Colorado River was crossed and the Sunset State of California was reached on the further bank of the stream. There was a long run through arid plains on first reaching California. At Salton a salt lake was seen, where the waters evaporate quickly leaving a good grade of salt, which is hauled away by the car load and purified for commercial use. This part of California has such a pure air and dry climate that the high temperature has no ill effect on the people, while the nights are cool, allowing refreshing sleep. The country, with its fine climate is a veritable Mecca for persons suffering from tuberculosis.

Salton and the surrounding country is in a large basin of what was once, doubtless, a vast inland sea. The land is about 300 feet below the level of the ocean. Back for a hundred years and more, to the time that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, the valley surrounding Salton was a waterless, sandy waste. About two years ago the water was noticed to be rising in the lowest part of the valley, and soon Salton Lake was formed. Various theories have been advanced for the sudden appearance of the lake, but the most reasonable one is that the waters escaped through some underground channels from the im-

GENERAL VIEW OF YUMA, ARIZONA.

mense irrigation plants in Arizona. At Indio, 25 miles farther west, we found hosts of consumptives sleeping out under the trees in mosquito net covered cots. Here we were told have been wrought most wonderful cures by Nature's own restoratives. Patients have come there so weak and exhausted that they had to be carried off the cars, helpless as little babies, to rise strong men and walk away the next summer fully restored to health. Invalids from all parts of the world flock to Indio for relief; few there are who go away uncured, and none go away without receiving some substantial relief.

Surrounding the station is a scene of rare tropical beauty—there are the vine and fig-tree, the orange, stately palm trees, luxuriant flowers and other tropical growths. Indio lies down far below the level of the ocean, in what was once the bottom of an inland sea of vast expanse. We

ARISTOCRATIC PORTION OF MEXICAN QUARTER, SAN ANTONIO.

observed no particular difference in the atmosphere, or comfort of breathing. The geological evidences indicate that where Indio now stands the briny waves were once fathoms deep. Abundant supplys of good, pure and clear water for man and beast, and for refreshing the thirsty land are obtained from deep artesian wells. There is hotel and boarding accommodations for travelers at Indio. A finely equipped sanitarium provides for all the wants of invalids. When the train stopped at the station a host of children—white, black and brown—besieged the passengers to buy oranges, fine sweet ones, at the rate of two dozen for a 25-cent piece. "One curious effect of reflected sunlight, atmosphere, salt and chlorine gas, always to be seen at points between Indio and Volcano Springs, and called Mirage, is the appearance of a beautiful body of water at the south, with islands, large and small, trees and verdure, and 'invitation to the thirsty to come and be satisfied; but go not, for it is waterless—not a drop to be had, though you died for it."

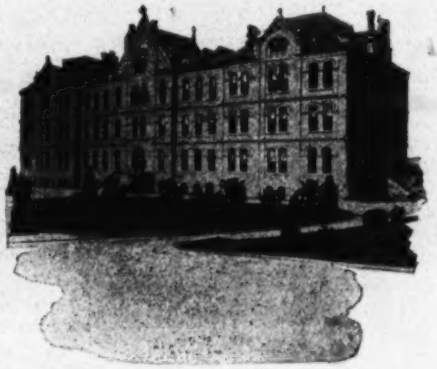
There has been some talk of establishing a national sanitarium for consumptives at Indio, and there are strong hopes that the project will materialize. The editors on the morning of June 16th opened their eyes early to gaze upon

the scenes that help to make California great. Fields so large, that farms in the east seem small by comparison, were seen, made fertile by irrigation, and closely followed acre upon acre of bright green orchards, with the sparkling, life-giving water flowing between their rows, and the trees ladened with the finest of fruit—plums, olives, figs, apples, peaches, oranges and lemons.

In the distance, from the railroad, were seen the noble hills and grand mountain tops. To the traveler California, so vast and so varied, is bewildering. Few, even of its old residents, know one-half of its attributes or its charms. Its very sun and sky and air fascinate. Frowning cliffs and towering trees all speak of the wonders of out-of-door living. The valleys, the hills, the peaks and the grand and rugged mountains, with snow clad crests, and the never-tiring sea, make pictures of sublimest beauty, to charm even the dullest mind. The climate of the "Golden State" is most wonderful. In the valleys are found days of continued sunshine, where 330 days out of the whole year are bright and rainless—a perfect tropic climate, with all the tropical fruits from the palm date to the pomegranate. In the distant foothills hides a more bracing air, while in the

LADY OF THE LAKE SCHOOL, SAN ANTONIO.

more distant high mountains the bracing air of winter may be found, and in the winter months the visitor may then have all the sleigh rides he wants, with all the other winter sports. The winters in California are ideal, and cause thousands annually to flee there to escape the rigorous winters in the east, for in the valleys and on the sea coast can be found a tropical climate all the year around. The summers of that State are simply idyllic, for all the days are bright and full of sunshine, and pleasant, and no rain comes to mar the pleasures of out-of-door life. The heat is dry, but not oppressive, while the shades of night continually bring cool and refreshing breezes, inviting sweet and restful sleep. The hottest days are always followed by cool nights. The climate is the most equable known. The State is full of mineral springs. In the Sierra Nevada Mountain region, and other parts of the State, are enough health-giving mineral springs of the greatest efficiency to drive the baths of Germany out of business could the health restoring qualities of their waters become known to the many sufferers who annually seek the waters of Europe.



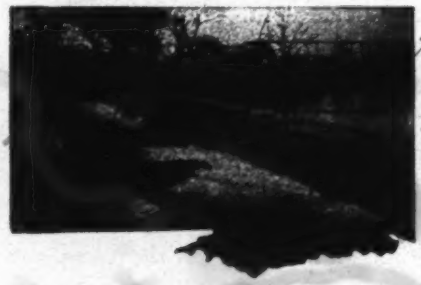
SAINT LOUIS COLLEGE, SAN ANTONIO

The State is full of all kinds of game; the lakes and rivers are teeming with the gamey trout, and all other kinds of fish, making it a veritable sportsman's paradise, for there

are no rains to come and spoil his plans or mar his sport; so that life in camp is one continued round of joy and pleasure.

California obtained its name, the "Golden State," from the fact that it is so rich in gold-bearing sands and rocks. On January 19th, 1848, gold was first discovered in California, when James W. Marshall, an employee of General John A. Sutter, found in the mill-race of Coloma, El Dorado county; bits of sparkling metal that he knew were gold. Like the shots at Lexington and Concord, Marshall's cry of "gold" was heard 'round the world. Hither in two years thereafter from over land and over seas came more than a 100,000 adventurous men to dig for the yellow metal. The State from that day to the present has continued to produce from her mountains and rivers vast quantities of the golden treasure, enriching the seekers after wealth.

In fruits and grain and all kinds of vegetables California stand in the front ranks of production, while her hills and mountains produce coal and all kinds of minerals, and her pastures raise sleek cattle, fat sheep and fast horses. A hundred years or so ago a Spaniard planted some potatoes in Southern California, but before he could dig his crop a band of Indians drove him out of the section. Recently some excavators on the site of the potato patch dug up a fine crop stones, the potatoes having petrified



FALLS ON SAN ANTONIO RIVER.

THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY, SAN ANTONIO.

into that material. The varied manufactories of the State provide amply for the needs of her people. She is a veritable empire within herself. It is said that California, by reason of vast resources and varied industries, is the only State in the Union which is entirely self-supporting, and that she could be lifted up bodily and set down in the midst of the great Pacific Ocean and still go on in her self-supporting way.

Saturday afternoon as the train speeded past the vast wheat fields, with their golden grain, the pencil pushers saw an example of western push and energy. In the fields were seen large machines which are pushed instead of pulled by the horses. These machines, we were told, were "headers," or machines, which, as they pass through the fields, cut off only about six inches of the top of the wheat and bunch it up. These heads are then taken to another part of the field, where a large steam thresher stands at work, and soon the golden grain is taken from the chaff. After the header follows the mower, which cuts down the straw, and a baler nearby packs the straw in bales ready for shipment to the markets far and near for feed. Thus it is the harvesting and threshing are done in the fields, as a continuous performance, and there is not the double handling of crops seen in the east; nor is there any need of big barns to store the grain in the sheaf, for the grain goes from the

fields to the waiting markets, and is quickly transferred to the life-giving bread to feed the nation. Farming is done on such a large scale that most of it is done by machinery, and but little hand labor is necessary on most of the farms. The vast level fields in the valleys and plains make it a very simple and easy matter to use the complicated machinery. The ease with which those people farm would make the Pennsylvania farmer envious could he see them. There was something of interest and wonderment that met the views of the travelers all along the way, and even the deserts were not without their attractions. But it remained for California to give the tourists the biggest surprises.

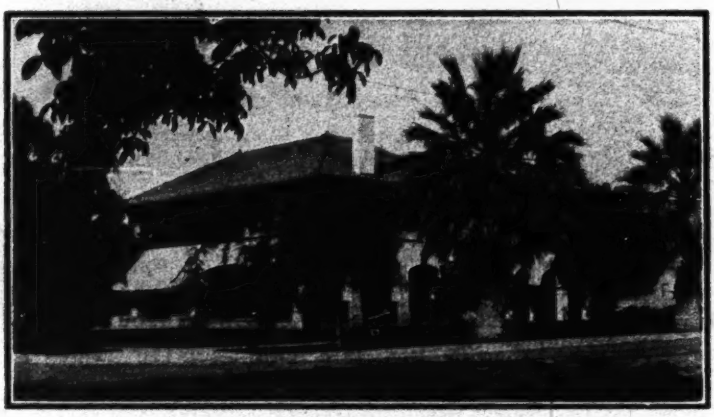
After a hard and tiresome day the editors retired to their berths and dreamless sleep on Saturday night, and the "music" made by several gentlemen on the car, who did not snore, failed to keep them awake.

CHAPTER XII.

RIVERSIDE—HOME OF THE ORANGES—THE MAGNOLIAS.

The awakening of the editors on the morning of Sunday, June 18th, was one of great surprise; one of seeming enchantment; for when they retired to sleep the night before there were no signs of a city, but only vast fields. Now, when they looked out of the windows of their cars they saw their train was standing on the streets of Riverside, one of the most beautiful cities in California, and to the right of the train was one of the most beautiful parks imaginable, filled with many varieties of the tallest and handsomest palms, tree ferns, tropical plants, gorgeous flow-

ORANGE GROVES AND MOUNTAINS, RIVERSIDE.



A PALATIAL HOME, RIVERSIDE.

ers and orange trees loaded with golden fruit. It seemed as if the editors had dropped down into Paradise. It took but little time for the editors to alight from the train and start to investigate these unwonted and, to many unknown, beauties of nature. Some passed through the residental streets beyond, and there they found orange trees growing in profusion. One lady handed an editor a garden rake and told the boys to help themselves. It did not require a second invitation of that kind, and the editors were soon raking the sweet, luscious, juicy fruit from the trees in large quantities.

The party took early breakfasts at the vatious hotels and restaurants, after which they boarded special trolley cars provided by the Chamber of Commerce and proceeded to see the sights of that most beautiful city, first running out Magnolia Avenue, so called because it was lined by those beautiful trees, loaded down with a wealth of scented flowers. The fine sights of the city, the places of business

and the palatial homes of the people of wealth were seen. The cars ran out into the country, so that the visitors might see the orange groves and orchards. One spot visited was a high round topped hill whose sides were terraced to the foot and each terrace filled with orange trees and loaded with fruit, some green and many ripe, on the same tree. On their return to the city the party was taken to the Glenwood Hotel, one of the finest and most completely equipped in California, which is saying a great deal. All that one needs to enjoy life at that great caravansary is money. The hotel was originally an old Spanish mission, and was known for a time as the Mission Hotel, but it soon outgrew the demands of the tourists, and the new palatial building was erected a few years ago. The old building still stands in the grounds, in front of the present hotel, and is used as a writing and waiting room for the guests. In front of this building stands the original naval orange tree imported from Brazil. The tree was transplanted to its present position a few months ago by President Roosevelt. At Riverside the tourists were in the centre of the orange district of California, Riverside county alone having over 20,000 acres of land devoted to the cul-

THE GLENWOOD HOTEL, RIVERSIDE.

AN ORANGE PICKING SCENE, RIVERSIDE.

tivation of oranges. All land there is not perfectly adapted to the culture of oranges, and for that reason good orange land sells as high as $2,000 an acre, and in some instances has been sold at a much higher figure. It takes about ten years for an orange orchard to come to the profitable bearing age, and if the land is not all right the "tenderfoot" will loose all the thousands he has invested in his orchard of golden fruit. Yet, when the land is right, and the orchard matures properly, there is a mint of golden money in the golden fruit for the fortunate possessor of the orchard. The introduction of the seedless navel orange has revolutionized the orange industry of the United States, and especially in California. The first trees were sent to this country by William Judson, United States Consul to Bahia, Brazil. Hearing an account told by the natives of a few of the trees bearing the seedless fruit in the swamps along the Amazon, he sent for some of the sprigs. At first the Department of Agriculture did not seem to pay much atten-

tion to the new trees; but when one of them, which had been planted in California, bore some of the delicious fruit, interest was aroused, and the industry had its beginning. The yield in California is worth millions annually.

After the sights of Riverside were exhausted a run of 50 miles was soon made by the special train, and the metropolis of Southern California, the City of Los Angeles, was reached. The run up to the city was through vast orchards of oranges, lemons, olives and other fruits.

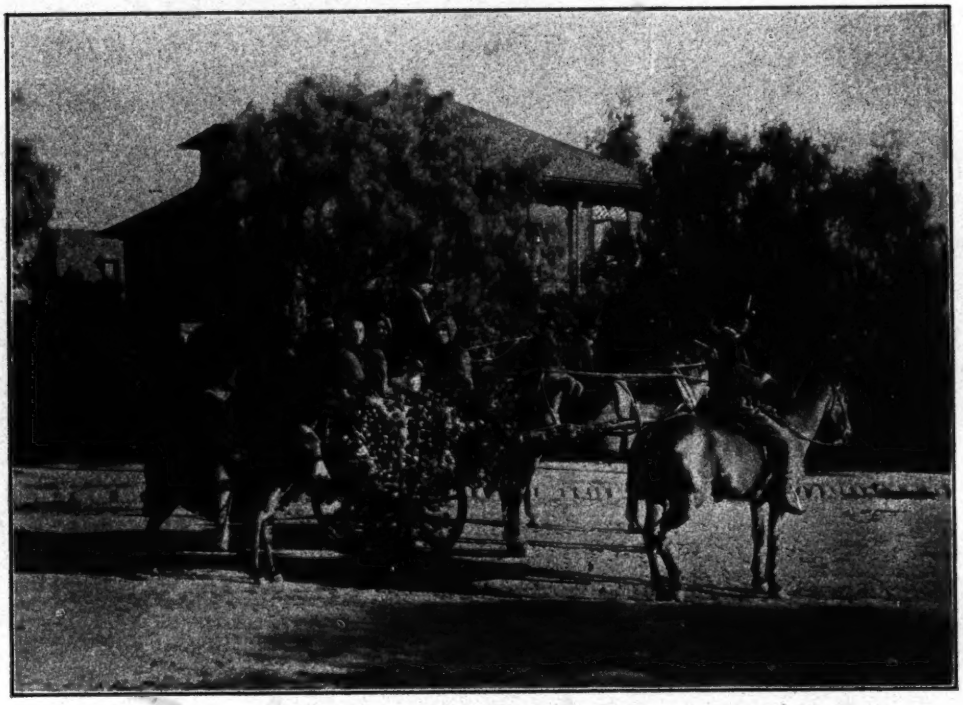
ONE OF THE FINE PUBLIC BUILDINGS, RIVERSIDE.

CHAPTER XIII.

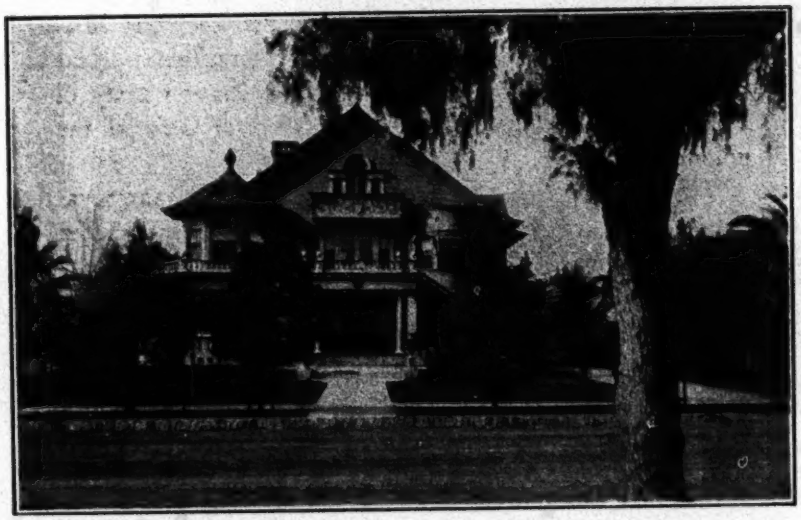
LOS ANGELES—PASADENA, THE BEAUTIFUL—MOUNT LOWE—THE ALPINE TAVERN.

ON arrival of the editorial train at the Arcade station, Los Angeles, the party took the special trolley cars in waiting and were conveyed to the palatial and magnificent Lankershim Hotel, which was made headquarters during the sojourn in that city. As it was Sunday afternoon, most of the party spent the time quietly resting at the hotel. In the evening many of the party wishing to hear a noted divine, went to the Presbyterian Church to hear Rev. Frank Talmage, son the famous Rev. Dr. Dewitt Talmage, preach. The boys were disappointed, and did not hesitate to say that the son could not hold a candle to his most illustrious father. It was apparently a case of the son winning glory through the fame of his father.

During the stay in Los Angeles the editors were the guests of the Chamber of Commerce, composed of the finest, most energetic and public spirited men we have met anywhere, and each one of them has the advancement of California, and especially of Los Angeles, at heart, and is full of information, facts and figures touching the growth and possibilities of that favored land with which to interest and entertain their visitors. It goes without the saying that the members of the Chamber of Commerce acquitted themselves royally in the entertainment of their guests.



THE TOURNAMENT OF ROSES, PASADENA, CALIFORNIA.



THE RESDENCE OF DR. A. C. BRIGGS, PASADENA.

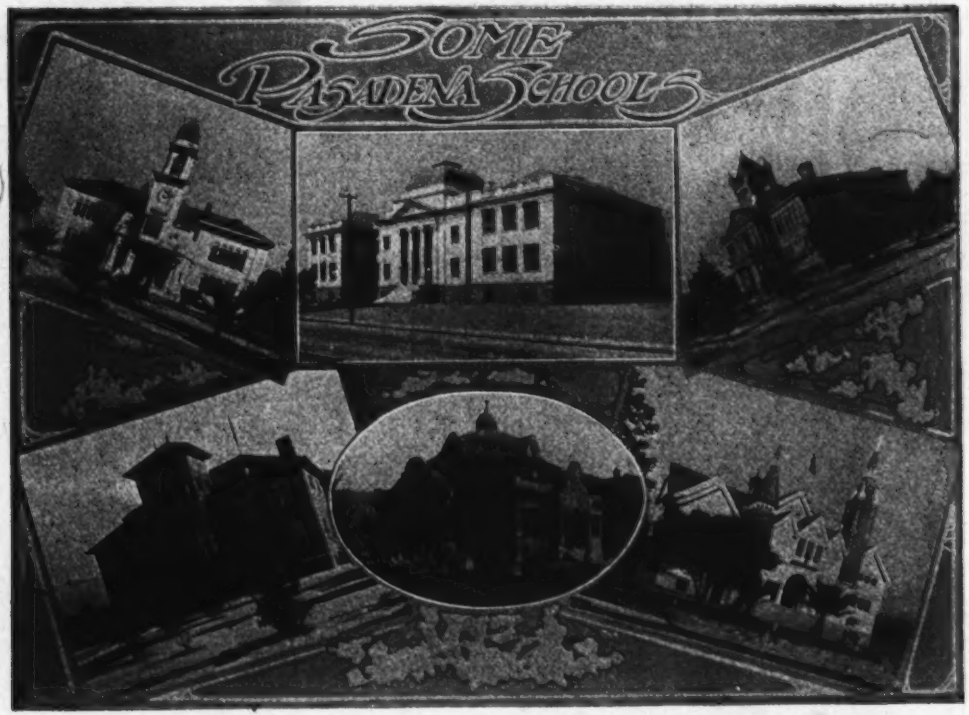
Monday morning, June 19th, the entire party was taken out on trolley cars to Pasadena, a short distance from Los Angeles, which is filled with palatial houses, and is said to be the wealthiest city of its size in the United States, if not in the world. Like New York, it has is millionaire row, of palaces of the very wealthy.

The name Pasadena is derived from the Spanish words Paso de Eden (the Threshold of Eden) and well might one think it was Eden, for there is the bright sky, the most beautiful flowers, the rare palms and magnificent tropical trees, the beautiful and radiant valley stretching mile upon mile below, and the homes of beauty and grandeur. Among the celebrities who dwell there are the famous Bob Burdette, the brilliant lecturer, of Burlington Hawk-

eye fame, who is now a noted Baptist divine, and Mrs. James Garfield, widow of the martyred president. Next the modest cottage of Mrs. Garfield, by strange irony of fate, stands the palatial home of the sister of Guiteau, the notorious.

One of the sights of Pasadena is the magnificent, royal hotel, The Raymond, one of the most luxuriously appointed hotels in the world. That hotel was built to cater to "particular people with means," and that means you can have all the luxurious comforts home, but you must pay for your entertainment with plenty of ready cash. The hotel is situated on quite a hill, about a mile outside of the city of Pasadena, and has a commanding view of the beautiful

THE HOTEL RAYMOND, PASADENA.



SOME HANDSOME SCHOOLS, PASADENA, CALIFORNIA.

San Gabriel Valley. Although the hotel is located on a hill, no climbing is necessary to reach it. Guests enter a tunnel, or subway, at the foot of the hill running 305 feet straight into the earth. At the end of the subway, which is lighted by electricity and adorned with rows of potted flowers and palms, are the elevators which carry the guests to the hotel rotunda. Upon entering the hotel one is charmed with its appointments. All are in exquisite taste and on a lavish scale. The hotel library for the free use of the guests has over 500 volumes on its shelves. The trolleys took the editors to the foot of Mount Lowe, where an incline railway 3,000 feet long landed them on the top of Echo Mountain. The incline, with its topless cars, was a thing of terror to the timid. It rises to an altitude of 1,400 feet and most of the way up the grade is 62 per cent per 100 feet. At the top another set of trolley cars were boarded for what proved to be a terrifying ride to the top of the mountain, on which stands the Alpine Tavern, over a mile above the sea. The road is five miles long, and has in it no less than 300 curves, while the longest piece of straight

THE MOUNT LOWE INCLINE ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

track is 225 feet. The road as it ascends the mountain winds through gorges and along the edges of the most precipitous cliffs, by the side of dark and cavernous chasms, which follow each other in rapid succession, and many of the men in the party, as well as the ladies, were so wrought up by the dangerous ride that they were unable to eat the excellent dinner that had deen provided at the Alpine Tavern. It was intimated that even the two gray headed veterans from Armstrong county were so badly frightened that they had recourse to the forgotten supplications of their youth. To those who could enjoy the ride it was a rich and rare treat. The panorama, as the road ascended the mountains, of the valleys, hills and mountains spread out in a picturesque, and grand scene, thrilling the spectator and filling him with wonder, pleasure and delight—a scene is presented beyond words to describe. At every curve in the road a new picture of the beauty of Nature's creation was presented. Close by were the rugged mountains; the chasms, precipices and gorges, while 6,000 feet below, in the valley, spread the farms, vineyards and orange groves. The Alpine Tavern, where the dinner was served, is a quaint structure, built after the style of the Swiss chalets so familiar to the traveler on the Alps in Switzerland. From the Tavern and Prophet Point, on a clear day, can be seen a magnificent vista stretching up to Los Angeles and miles beyond to the channel islands in the sea.

The descent of the mountain was even more terrifying than the ascent; for as the passenger sat looking down the the mountain it seemed as if every moment the cars must leave the rails. Yet the descent was safely made, and none were any worse for the trip, except those who lost

their fine dinner. On returning to Pasadena the Chamber of Commerce took the editors around in carriages to see those portions of the city that cannot be seen from the trolleys, and the palaces of the rich, with their lawns filled with flowers, palms and all kinds of tropical trees, and fuchias and rose bushes that were veritable trees, were viewed with pleasure. There is not another city of its size in the country so well supplied with hotels as is Pasadena, for in addition to The Raymond, already referred to, it has the palatial Hotel Green, with its six stories, which occupies two city blocks, and has all the comforts so much desired by extravagant Americans, and was erected at a cost of over $1,000,000. Then there is the beautiful Hotel La Pentoresca, accommodating about 500 guests; while there are also dozens of fine, but smaller, hotels where all kinds of accommodations can be had at all scales of prices.

THE HOTEL GREEN.

At South Pasadena is an unique business enterprise—The Ostrich Farm. It is the only farm of the kind outside of the sandy deserts of Africa. Here there is a flock of about 200 ostriches—from the freshly hatched chicks to the full-grown birds. The company owning the farm do a large and profitable business in the sale of the "plumes" and various articles made from the feathers of the birds.

THE HOME OF ADOLPH BUSCH, PASADENA.

There is no winter there as we know it in the East, for the mean annual temperature does not vary much from 60 degrees. Pasadena has been justly called the "City Beautiful." Speaking of winter there a visiting poet said:

Across the lawn and past the flowing fountain,
A bare-foot boy chasing butterflies,
My childhood's terror has become an angel;
Winter and I have met in Paradise.

Pasadena, on each recurring New Year's day, has a magnificent celebration that draws thousands of visitors from far and near to its hospitable borders. It is called the "Tournament of Roses." It opens up in the morning with a long procession of carriages, automobiles, pony carts, donkey carts and vehicles of every description, all profuse-

ly, beautifully and artistically decorated—aye, smothered in the most gorgeous, beautiful and fragrant roses. Then follows the "Battle of Flowers," engaged in by the white and hoary-headed sage, as well as the smallest tottering child. Once seen, this beautiful pageant will never be forgotten. In the afternoon are held the exciting chariot races, and the gaiety of the day finds a fitting climax in the grand ball in the evening, where is seen not only the youth and beauty and wealth of California, but of many a sister state and foreign country.

Pasadena has a special city charter which does not allow a single liquor saloon to be opened in the city, hence the chief of police and his subordinates are very much like

A GLIMPSE OF THE HOTEL MARYLAND.

soldiers on dress parade, with little or nothing to do.

After the drive encircling the city the editorial party was escorted to the magnificent Hotel Maryland, and tendered an elegant reception by the citizens of Pasadena. At the conclusion of that function, the party took the trolley cars and returned to their hotel in Los Angeles. Mr. Warren White, editor of The Journal, Los Angeles' most popular and influential daily paper, tendered the party one of the most enjoyable receptions of the trip at his handsome home in the suburbs of the city. The White mansion stands in a large private park of over two acres in extent, which is adorned with all kinds of beautiful and gorgeous flowers and palms, ferns and tropical plants, making it a veritable bower of beauty. The enchantment of the scene was enhanced by hundreds of electric lights scattered through all parts of the grounds, while a fine orchestra hidden in the shadows poured forth strains of sweet music. Just enough bright speeches were delivered to promote the harmony of the gathering, and a most generous amount of refreshments were served to make every one feel good and happy. Brother White played the part of host to perfection, and no one hesitated to vote him a "white" man and a jolly good fellow. May his good fortune continue and his shadow never grow less is the ardent wish of the N. E. A.

BATHING HOUR AT AVALON, CATALINA ISLAND.

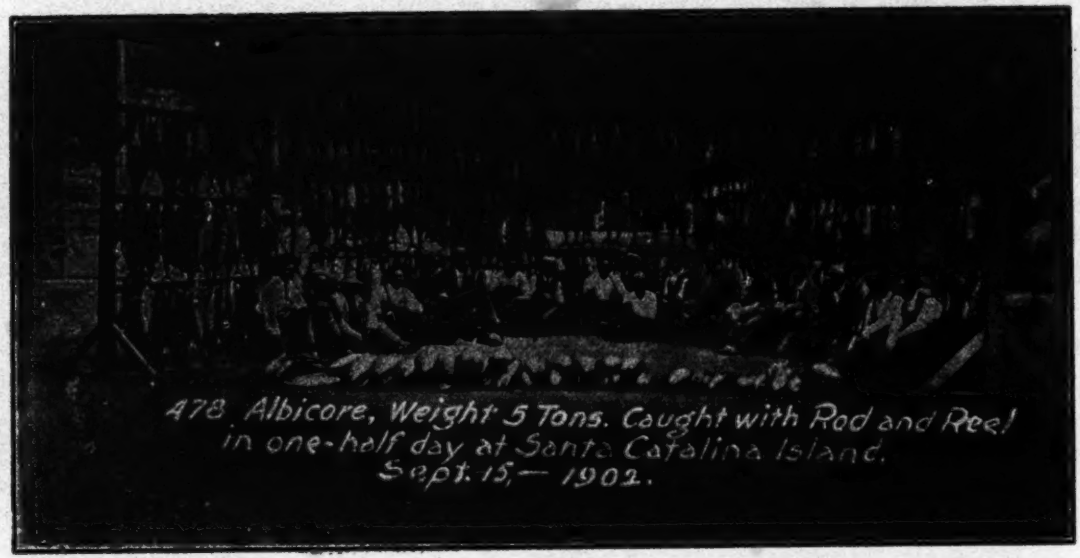
CHAPTER XIV.

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND—THE MARINE GARDENS—THE LEAPING TUNA.

TUESDAY morning, June 20th, found all the editors stirring early, preparing for an experience new to most of them—a ride on the briny deep—the Pacific Ocean. A special train conveyed the party to San Pedro, a shore town, on the Pacific Ocean, a distance of 15 miles from Los Angeles, where they were soon hustled on board a small steamer for a 27-mile ride out on the ocean to the famous Santa Catalina Island. The ride was much enjoyed by the few who had good safe stomachs and easy consciences, but the poor fellows who had a past and decidedly uneasy consciences paid tribute to Neptune in no uncertain way. These latter ones were so miserable that they smiled not, nor noticed neither friend nor foe. All that they desired was to be left alone in their misery. They had all the qualms of the genuine "mal de mere." First they had chills playing foot ball up and down their spines; then they burnt up with fever; later they donated their breakfast and every other loose thing to the mighty deep. In the first stage they feared they were going to die—next they did not care whether they died or not, and at last they wanted to die. The good sailors of the party were merciless in their chaffing of their less fortunate comrades, and suggested all manner of good things to eat to their great agony and dis-

tress of stomach. One poor fellow who had struggled hard to save part of his anatomy from the cruel waves, was affronted by his better-half, who came upon the deck and asked him:—"Robert, have the children come up yet?" He paused long enough in his struggles to reply in an aggrieved tone: "I don't know a d—n thing about the children, but every thing else has come up." Many of our party for some years cherished fond dream of the delights of a voyage across the broad Atlantic to view Cathy's fabled shore; but a few hours on the bosom of the calm Pacific shattered this dream into infinitesimal fragments. The ocean for them was no longer blue, but ugly,

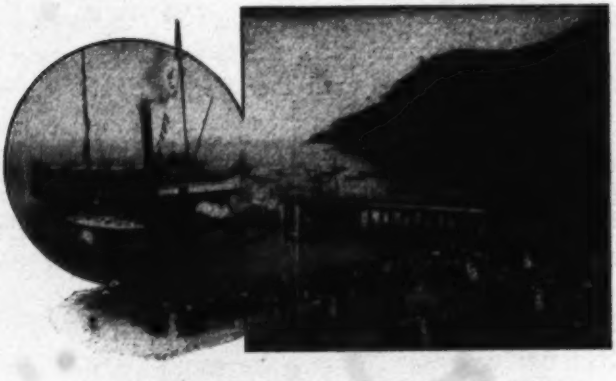
AVALON AND BAY


478 Albicore, Weight 5 Tons. Caught with Rod and Reel
in one-half day at Santa Catalina Island.
Sept. 15, — 1902.

green, salty and decidedly shaky. The charms of a life on the ocean wave were gone, and they at once gave up hopes of seeing Europe until the bridge be built across Behring Strait, when they can travel on the train "de luxe." If there had been any dry way of walking back those fellows would not have again trusted their bodies and fortunes to that shaky boat for the return trip. The truth of the matter is the waves were calm—they were only little baby waves, and it is thought that some of the editors grew sick at seeing so much "unmixed" water at one time. They even did not have time to watch the flying fish which were skimming plentifully about the ship all the way out. These fish use their four peculiar shaped fins for sailing over the water, and go as far as 400 feet in a single flight. They average from 12 to 18 inches long.

The objective point of the voyage was Avalon, the main town and port of Santa Catalina Island, located on a beautiful, natural land-locked harbor. The island is about 30 miles long and its area is 40,000 acres. It is an immense mountain, with sloping sides, which has been thrust up out of the depths of the Pacific Ocean by some volcanic action, and is a place of great beauty. It abounds in game and the waters surrounding it are full of fish, large and small, including the great leaping tuna, running in weight to 300 pounds, making the place a ideal sportsman's paradise.

Avalon has its Tuna Club of 150 members. Each season a gold medal is awarded the member who lands the biggest tuna. It is claimed that one tuna is the equal of two or three tarpon in point of strength. It takes from 30 minutes to seven hours to land one of those "kings of the



PORT AND STEAMER LANDING, AVALON.

deep," and they have been known to tow a boat 20 miles before they would give up the fight. The record catches with rod and reel for single fish are as follows:

Col. C. P. Moorehouse. Pasadena,	251	pounds
Mrs. E. N. Dickinson, New York,	216	"
John E. Stearns, Los Angeles,	197	"
Charles F. Holder, Pasadena,	183	"

The ocean water is so clear and calm in the bay at Avalon that the beautiful marine growths can be distinctly seen at a depth of 150 feet from the glass-bottomed boats provided for that purpose. The growth on the ocean's bottom there of ferns, mosses and sea weeds, some 40 and 50 feet tall, are so beautifully colored in rich and harmonious hues and tints, and of peculiar and fantastic shapes, that they are appropriately called sub-marine gardens. It seems strange that nature should be so prodigal with such rich colorings so deep beneath the ocean waves, and when one holds a piece of moss colored in the most delicate shades of blue and purple it is hard to realize that its home was deep

THE TROPICAL PARK ON THE BEACH, SANTA CATALINA ISLAND.

beneath the salty waves. The abalone shells gathered on the shores of the island and under the water are most quaint and beautiful, tinted, as they are, with all the delicate hues of the rainbow. From these shells are made all sorts of souvenirs, including stick-pins and other sorts of jewelry.

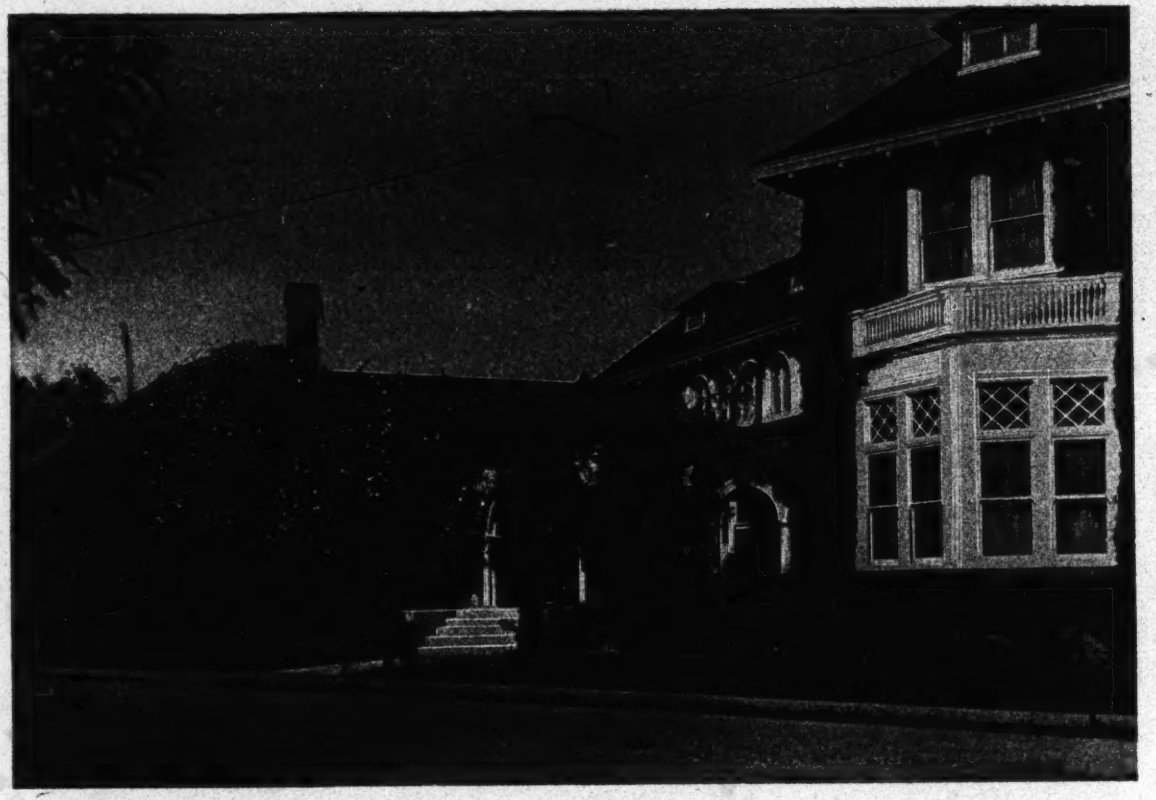
The flesh of the abalone sometimes weighs as much as two pounds. It is much esteemed for food by the Chinese and Japanese, and it is dried and shipped in great quantities to the Orient. An American company now operates a large cannery at Cayucos, California, where they prepare, can and ship large quantities of cooked and also dried abalones for the home and foreign markets. By many the abalone is regarded as a much cleaner, wholesome and delicate food than the oyster.

There is fine still water bathing and the Hotel Metropole affords first-class accommodations for visitors, making the island a fine winter, as well as summer resort. There is always a crowd of boys, who are expert divers, at the bathing places, ready to dive from the boats into the deep water after the dimes and nickles which the visitors may throw in. The entire island is owned by one man, who is making a mint of it and its attractions for strangers, and his resources from the people to whom he grants concessions are enormous. After a few hours spent most pleasantly on the island the editors re-embarked and returned to Los Angeles.

A hundred miles and more to the south of Los Angeles, on a beautiful bay, which glows like a golden mirror in the sunshine, is the ancient and attractive city of San Diego, which has become a most popular winter play-ground for tourists from all part of the world. Here it was in the hot summer that the valiant and saintly Padre Junipero Serra

landed, and on July 16th, 1769, founded the Mission San Diego de Alcala, the first of the 21 Spanish missions which in after years did so much for the conquest and civilization of that country.

That colony flourished, and on November 1st, 1776, Father Serra established nearby the Mission San Juan de Capistrano, which now has fallen into a beautiful and pathetic ruin. Out on a small island in the Pacific Ocean, scarce a mile from the shore, is erected the pretentious and mammoth Hotel Del Coronado, one of California's most famous and popular caravansaries. Here could be most comfortably accommodated in regal style a whole regiment of guests at one time.



A ROSE EMBOWERED YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

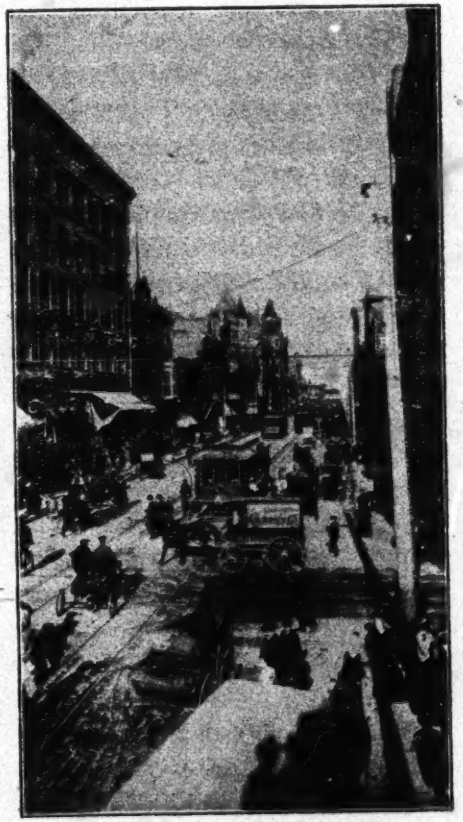
CHAPTER XV.

LOS ANGELES—THE CITY OF ANGELS—ITS POWER AND BEAUTY.

THE evening in Los Angeles was taken up by the final reception given by the Chamber Commerce in their handsome building on Broadway, and it was a very pleasant affair. Many happy speeches were made, light lunch was served and sweet music by an orchestra enlivened the occasion. The reception took place in the museum room, a very fine and complete apartment, filled with all manner of relics and curios typical of the early days of California, during the period of Spanish domination. There is also a complete display of all the fruits, products, minerals, woods and fauna of the State, particularly of that section. Here, in a few hours, can be learned all about the resources and possibilities of the Golden State.

The town, or pueblo of Los Angeles, as the Spaniards called their towns, had a romantic commencement, and its first name was Ruestra Senora la Reina de Los Angeles—"Our Lady, the Queen of the Angels." The town was founded September 4th, 1771, by a small band of Spanish pobladores, or colonists, and from that small beginning it has grown to be a magnificent city of 200,000 souls. It has over 350 miles of graded streets, 25 miles of paved streets, and is the commercial metropolis of Southern California. The principal exports are fruits, fresh and dried,

vegetables, beans, wine and brandy, wool, honey, canned goods, sugar, wheat, corn and barley. Its banks' deposits approximate $70,000,000, and in 1904 the bank clearaces amounted to over $335,000,000. The assessed valuation of property runs over $150,000,000; this, on a basis of one-third valuation, would show real estate worth about $450,000,000. It has four trans-continental lines entering the city—the Southern Pacific Railway, the Santa Fe Railroad, the Sunset Route and San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake Railroad. It also has a deep water harbor at San Pedro on the Pacific Ocean, 15 miles from the city, from whence its products are shipped to the uttermost parts of the earth.



A STREET SCENE IN JANUARY, LOS ANGELES.

The city is one of the best lighted in the world, its

A TYPICAL RESIDENCE, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

lighting being done by an admirable system of electric lights extending all over the city. Many of the lights are placed on exceedingly high masts, and seen from one of the surrounding hills, the view of the city at night is strikingly beautiful. Broadway, there, is the most brilliantly lighted street in the world. It is lined from one end to the other with handsome electroliers, 50 feet apart, on which are clusters of three large frosted globes in which shine brilliant and strong incandescent lights, making the thoroughfare as light as day.

One need not walk in Los Angeles for lack of cars, for there are over 200 miles of well equipped electric lines in the city. There are also excellent suburban trolley lines running to Santa Monica, Redondo, Long Beach, Pasadena, Altadena, San Pedro, Alhambra, San Gabriel, Monrovia, Whittier and Glendale. A project is on foot to build an extensive suburban belt line taking in all the towns within a radius of 30 miles of Los Angeles.

There are a dozen fine parks within the city limits, having a total area of over 600 acres. The city also owns Elysian Park, containing some 500 acres, which they expect to greatly improve and make one of the finest municipal parks in the land.

It is a city of handsome homes, of the most beautiful gardens in the world, and the mild climate enables them to raise the most delicate plants and flowers, while all manner of tropical plants, flowers and ferns thrive there and obtain a most brilliant beauty. At Christmas time may be seen hedges of calla lilies in bloom and rose and geranium trees 10 and 15 feet high crowned with a wealth of beautiful flowers. All the residences stand far back from the street

TROPICAL PALM HOME, LOS ANGELES.

line on well-kept lawns. There is no winter and no hot summer in Los Angeles. They have what they call an "all-the-year-'round climate," that is, no extremes of either heat or cold. There is always a pleasant breeze coming inland from the ocean, and a record of the thermometer for 10 years shows their hottest day to have been 97 in September, and the coldest day to have been 34 above zero in January. Certainly it is, as the Angelesians say, an ideal climate to bring health, comfort and happiness to all who are fortunate enough to live in it.

The business houses are many and large, and devoted to all lines of commercial trade. Last year there were shipped from Southern California no less than 28,000 car loads of lemons and oranges. In the neighborhood of the city hundreds of acres are devoted to the culture of celery, which is shipped to the East by the train loads. A few

miles out in the country the eyes of the traveler meet with a surprising and beautiful sight. It is nothing less than acre upon acre crowned with calla lilies, tuberoses, carnations and numerous other varieties of beautiful flowers, being raised thus outdoors wholesale for the markets. They are sold as cut flowers, while the bulbs and seeds are shipped in great quantities to the Eastern markets.

The prices of farm lands in the vicinity of Los Angeles ranges from $30 to $100 per acre for hay and wheat land, to $250 to $300 for irrigated land adapted to fruit culture. A short distance south of Los Angeles are highly productive oil fields. Last year Southern California alone produced close to 28,000,000 barrels of oil. The California oil is much heavier than the eastern oil, and is especially well adapted for fuel. It is said that this fuel oil at $1 per barrel is equivalent to a ton of coal at $4 per ton. Their oil is now being used extensively on the railroads, and also in the manufactories, and makes a cheap and very clean fuel. The oil fuel is surely destined to make a radical change in the near future in manufacturing and power producing plants.

Although it is only a little over 10 years since oil was first discovered in California, the State from the fields in the Newhall, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Kean, King and Fresno districts is producing annually upwards of 50,000,000 barrels of oil. It is true that the California oil is not of the same grade as the Pennsylvania product, but it makes a fine lubricant, and is a most excellent and powerful fuel.

Los Angeles is about to tussle with the drink question in a novel manner. The problem is to be met and carried

THE PALM BOULEVARD, LOS ANGELES.

out as a cold business proposition. A syndicate of 25 prominent business men—bankers, merchants, lawyers and capitalists, has been formed to take over all the 200 licenses now in force to sell liquor in the city. It not is a scheme for the purpose of making money, but a plan to adopt the Gothenburg (Sweden) system of controling the liquor traffic in order to minimize its evils. The syndicate is to close 130 of the present 200 saloons, run the remaining 70 and pay the city the same license fee as it receives from the 200. All profits in excess of six per cent will be paid into the city treasury for the purpose of decreasing taxation and of increasing school facilities and improving the parks. The syndicate will pay annually to the city $252,000 in license fees for their 70 saloons. They will sell none but the purest

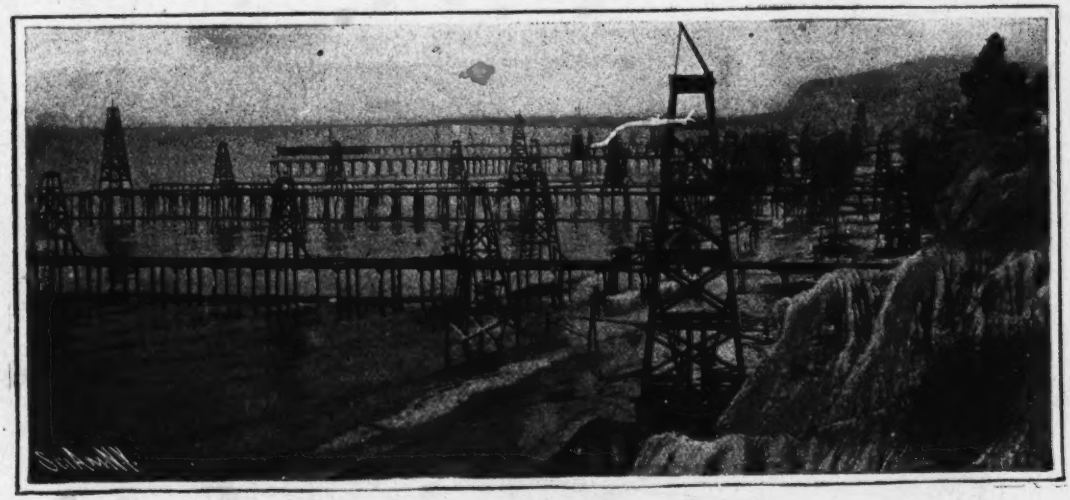
AN AVENUE OF PAN PALMS, LOS ANGELES.

liquors. No liquor will be sold minors, persons of known intemperate habits, drunkards, women or on Sundays. No games will be allowed in the saloons. No seats or tables will be permitted in the saloons. The outcome of this project in Los Angeles will be eagerly watched by the country at large.

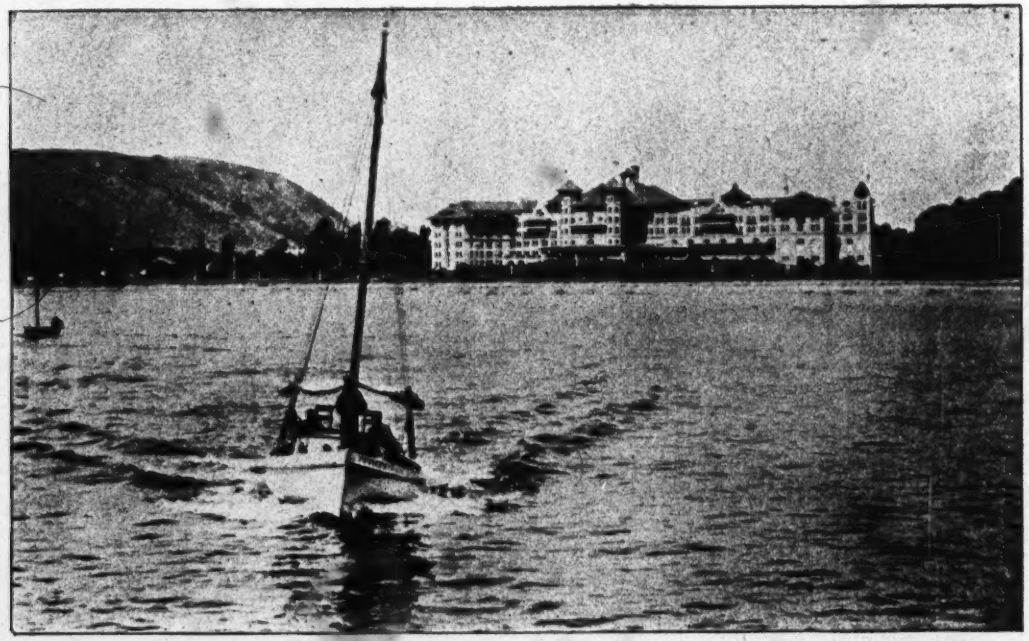
The plan has been carried out with great success in Gothenburg for 50 years. After three days full of joy, comfort and pleasure the editors left Los Angeles with keen regret early Wednesday morning, June 21st, for the next break in the tour at Santa Barbara, California, some 110 miles northwest of Los Angeles, on the coast of the Pacific Ocean. The ride up that morning, with the ocean breezes fanning our cheeks, was delightful. On the way we passed through some of California's most productive oil fields, and the sight was interesting, but the smell of the crude oil was vile. A

short distance from Santa Barbara, at Summerland, once a fashionable bathing resort, we passed the strangest oil field in the world, and saw out in the ocean derrick after derrick rising out of the waves. Just think of it! sinking oil wells down through the briny deep to bring up the oil. It seemed an impossible enterprise, yet there were the derricks, with the wells underneath, flowing oil. We were told that these wells were very good ones, and were producing thousands of barrels of oil daily. The whole thing showed what apparently impossible things the Yankee can do if he hustles.

THE HOTEL LANKERSHIM,
LOS ANGELES.



OIL WELLS IN PACIFIC OCEAN, CALIFORNIA.



HOTEL POTTER AND BAY, SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER XVI.

SANTA BARBARA—THE INCOMPARABLE—THE NEWPORT OF THE PACIFIC.

ABOUT noon our special pulled into Santa Barbara, the incomparable, the Newport of the Pacific Coast. By this time the editorial mind dwelt more on the good things to eat than of sight-seeing, so they rushed off to the palatial Potter Hotel, where an elaborate luncheon was served. This is one of the finest of the California resort hotels, and was erected at a cost of something over a million and half dollars. At a pinch it could accommodate 1,600 guests. It has two immense dining rooms, each of which will accommodate 500 persons at a sitting. The Potter is situated a short distance back from the beach in the midst of a beautiful little park, in which are all manner of shrubs, bushes, palms, plants and flowers, and they have no less than 30,000 rose bushes that bloom all year around, and also 40,000 calla lilies in bloom. The hotel is independent of the markets. For its supplies it has a large ranch of its own from which comes its cream, milk, butter and eggs, chickens, ducks, pigeons, squabs, vegetables, etc. At the squab ranch they raise annually thousands of delicate, delicious squabs to tickle the palates of their guests. The hotel employs from 300 to 400 people continually, and has everything at its command and within its control for all the wants of its guests. Although the hotel has been

THE SPANISH MISSION, SANTA BARBARA.

open only about three years, it has become famous, and has had phenomenal success. After the luncheon the Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce provided carriages to take the visitors around the town, to the old Spanish mission and to drive up over the mountains to Miramar.

The first stop was made at the Santa Barbara Mission, one of the quaintest and most picturesque missions on the coast. The mission was founded on December 4, 1786, by Father Fermin Lasuen, one of the Franciscan Fathers, and it shows but little traces of the 120 years of use. The walls are still staunch and strong, the red roof tiles perfect, and the beautiful paintings in the church are wonderfully fresh and well preserved. The stone steps leading into the church have been worn in holes by the footsteps of penitent worshipers and curious tourists.

The work of building the mission was carefully done, but it was slow and tedious. The labor was done by the

friars, assisted by the Indian converts, to whom fell the drudgery. The walls are of solid masonry and are from six to ten feet thick. The stone and timbers were prepared by the crudest instruments and carried for miles on the backs of the Indians. The mission proper is 165 feet long, 40 feet wide and 30 feet high, and all roofed with red sun-burned tiles.

The whole mission is surrounded by a 20-foot wall, enclosing the buildings and a large court yard, in which are buried many Brothers and about 5,000 Mexican and Indian converts. Connected with the mission is a monastery in which live about 40 of the brown-coated and bare-footed brothers of St. Francis, who care for the mission and hold services there every day in the year. It is said that the altar fire, which was kindled there 120 years ago by Father Lasuen has never been suffered to go out from that day to this, so zealously has its sacred flame been watched. The mission, since its foundation to the present time, has been in the control and occupancy of the Franciscan Fathers. The church, school and relic house are always open for visitors, and venerable monks received our party kindly and conducted us through the buildings, explaining everything, and even answering the most irreverent questions with dignity and kindness.

The ever-present charity box is evident in all the buildings to receive the shekels, large and small, of the charitably disposed. It is true that all do not see or stop at these boxes.

The most of the work on the mission buildings was done by converted Indians, under the direction of the fathers. It is a remarkable fact that from the opening of the

GARDENS OF VIRGIN Y MARTYR MISSION, SANTA BARBARA

mission to the present time there has not been a single day that prayers have not been offered at its altars.

From the mission the carriages took the party up over a beautiful 17-mile drive, ascending and skirting the sides of Santa Ynes Mountains. The road turned and circled up the mountain like a large tortuous snake, and there

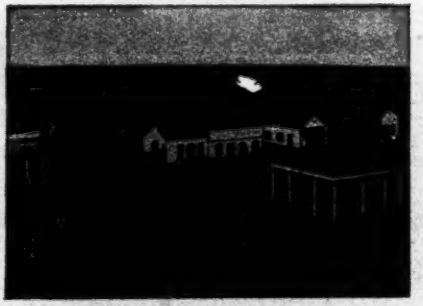
opened up a new vista of beautiful scenery. Away below lay the city with its 10,000 people, encircling the bay of Santa Barbara, while far beyond stretched the blue waters of the Pacific Ocean, dotted here and there with a green gem of a little island. As the road descended the mountain it passed through beautiful groves of oranges and lemons, and most handsome private homes set in the most beautiful surroundings of evergeen trees, palms, tropical plants and terrace upon terrace of the most exquisite and fragrant flowers we have ever seen, all of which were kept fresh by irrigation with water piped down from the mountain streams. In many instances the pipes were perforated and run away up into the higher trees, and the simple turning of a valve created an artificial rain, bathing and refreshing the trees and shrubbery. On the way back to the hotel a stop was made at the beautiful home of Mr. James Reed, where refreshments were served and the boys given the freedom of the lemon and orange orchards and allowed to take all the fruit they wanted. On the return some of the boys indulged in their first dip in the Pacific Ocean a short distance from the hotel.

Santa Barbara is connected with San Francisco by a steam ship line and also by the Coast Line Railroad. In all the world there is not such a charming situation as Santa Barbara. Mountain, valley,

THE CLOISTERS, SANTA BARBARA.

woods, sea and island, coupled with a climate that never says no to any recreation or sport; a past in history written in romance; a face which still betokens the soft, imaginative lines of its Spanish heritage. Is it any wonder that thousands of pleasure and health-seekers annually flock to its pleasant borders? and as the seasons come and go its popularity will continue to increase.

While we were in the city thousands of Christian Endeavorers were gathered there for a convention, and some of the editors were very indignant when some of the reception committee attempted to decorate them with C. E. badges. After a day full of pleasure the scribes left Santa Barbara about eight o'clock that evening for Monterey, California.



CHAPTER XVII.

DEL MONTE—THE SUPERBLY BEAUTIFUL—MONTEREY—CALIFORNIA'S FIRST CAPITAL.

EARLY the next morning the editorial special was stopped at the magnificent and beautiful park surrounding the Hotel Del Monte, a few miles outside of Monterey. Arrangements had been made for the entire party to take breakfast at this world famous hotel, and soon the editors were gathered around the tables, well keeping up their reputation as the "Eating Association." The menu was fine and all enjoyed it to their utmost.

The Hotel Del Monte has been voted by world-wide travelers to be the most noted and most beautiful resort of the world, and there are none to gainsay that assertion. It is situated on the Bay of Monterey, one of the most beautiful and attractive bays of the world, and is about 125 miles south of San Francisco. The immediate grounds of the hotel contain 126 acres, and there are several thousand acres adjacent that are owned by the company which owns the hotel. The park is a most beautiful and wonderful display of landscape gardening. Plants, trees, flowers and shrubs from the uttermost parts of the earth are here. Rugged, gnarled trees centuries old are there, standing neighbors to the palm and banana tree. The entire grounds are strikingly picturesque and highly cultivated. Broad sweeps of lawns, deep splashes of floral coloring, weird shapings of

HOTEL DEL MONTE, DEL MONTE.

oak and cypress trees, all delight the artistic sense. Just to look upon that vast stretch of natural beauty, embellished by man, soothes and delights the beholder. The Maze Walk, or Cypress Labyrinth, formed out of the California cypress trees, trained in all sorts of fantastic shapes, and planted on the lines of the old maze puzzle, gives hours of sport to the younger folks, who delight to beguile the unwary into the maze and lose them there, and then let them take several hours to find their way out.

From the hotel there is a romantic drive of 17 miles along the southern shores of the Monterey Bay and through the groves of cypress trees, some of which are estimated to

be 4,000 years old. The cypress trees have grown in all manner of grotesque forms, and two especially have so grown together and joined their foliage that, at a distance, they look like an immense ostrich. There is excellent bathing in the surf of the bay, and in addition the hotel has an immense bathing pavilion, with all the modern appliances for in-door bathing, with salt water artificially heated. The hotel owns a fine golf course which delights the lovers of the Scotch game. There is excellent fishing in the bay, and the finest kind of boating, as the waters are generally very calm and smooth.

There are also provided a number of glass-bottomed boats for the purpose of viewing all the wonders of the submarine gardens, for which the Bay of Monterey is so famous. These gardens are even more beautiful than those of Santa Catalina Island, for here the waters are not so deep, and the plants, mosses and ferns can be more clearly seen, and seem to have more vivid and beautiful colorings, making one think that some master painter has transferred the brighest hues from his palette upon their leaves. There are certainly more beautiful things hidden under the ocean wave than man has ever seen, or even conceived, in his most vivid imagination.

The Hotel Del Monte is a massive and mammoth structure, erected in the Elizabethan style of architecture, and is fitted up with all the modern conveniences. The hotel can accommodate about 2,000 guests, and their cheapest rates are six dollars per day, and as much more as you want to pay. Their cheapest cigars are two for a quarter, so the poor editors did not smoke many of them. The only thing that prevented the scribes from spending a full

month at the Del Monte was the lack of time, and, incidentally, lack of cash.

From Del Monte our party used the trolley cars to visit the old town of Monterey, founded in 1603 by Sebastian Vizcaino, and Pacific Grove. At Monterey were found many objects of historic interest. It is one of the oldest towns in California, and here, on one of the principal streets, still stands the first frame house erected in the State. There is also still standing there a house that was brought

THE SAN CARLOS BORROMEO MISSION, MONTEREY.

from New York, around Cape Horn, on a sailing vessel, and re-built in Monterey. The first United States custom house on the Pacific Coast was located in Monterey. The Spanish Mission of San Carlos, which was founded in 1770, by the fearless and saintly Junipero Serra, is a picturesque and interesting building. It is in a wonderful state of repair, considering the fact that it is 136 years old. Beneath its altars rest the bones of Serra and the faithful brother of his soul, Crespi. Numerous other ancient adobe houses in Monterey carry one back to the days of the Spanish

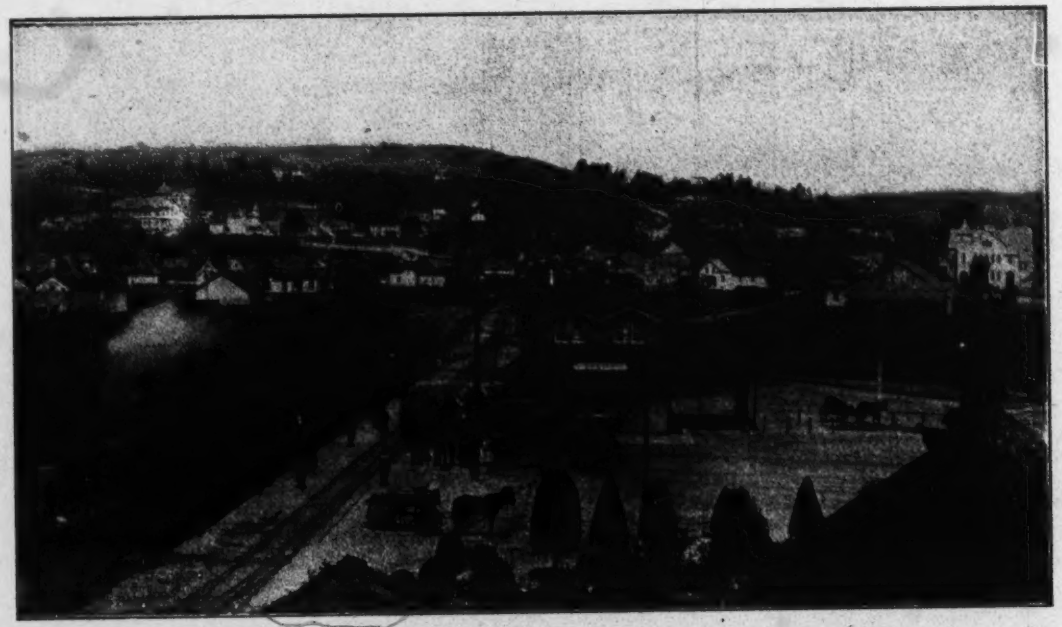
cavaliers. To-day the place of the Spanish knights, with their glittering panoply of arms, is taken by the blue and gold of

Uncle Sam's troops, who, 1,200 strong, are quartered on a million dollar reservation, a short distance without the city gates.

Pacific Grove, the neighbor to Monterey, with its fine

CYPRESS POINT AND THE GOLF LINKS, DEL MONTE.

bathing beach, presented an alluring attraction to the dusty editors, who were glad to have a dip in the briny deep. Pacific Grove is much like our Ocean Grove, of the Atlantic Coast, and it is the annual meeting place of the various Methodist societies of California, and of the Chautauqua movement. It is a strictly temperance town, as not a single saloon is allowed within its confines. It is practically a sea side resort of homes, and is extremely popular, as very low rates are made between that place and San Francisco. After a short time spent in Pacific Grove, the party returned to Del Monte to take their train and continue the journey northward. The special train left Del Monte shortly before noon, but just before the train started a host of fakirs gathered at the station selling the beautiful pelts of the sea gulls, pelicans and storks, tanned ready for use, and sea mosses and beautiful abalone and other curious sea shells. It was the first meeting of the editors with the real souvenir fakirs, and they were easily separated from their shekels. The bird pelts were really beautiful, and were sold at extremely low prices. Next winter the editors' wives and sweethearts will be wearing beautiful hats decorated with these birds' feathers, and carrying bird muffs which would have cost quite a few dollars if bought at a fashionable millinery emporium in the East. Each of the editors carried away at least one souvenir from Del Monte, and some carried many.



GENERAL VIEW OF SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SANTA CRUZ—THE ATLANTIC CITY OF THE SUNSET STATE

SYLVAN BREAKFAST 'NEATH THE "BIG TREES."

THE ride around the bay to Santa Cruz was very pleasant and made very enjoyable by the beautiful views of the Bay of Monterey had from the car windows, and the fresh salty breezes which came up from the blue waters of the Pacific Ocean were most refreshing. Santa Cruz is situated on a beautiful little cove on the northern side of the Bay of Monterey, and almost directly across from the town of Monterey.

Our train reached Santa Cruz late in the afternoon of June 22d, and stopped in front of the handsome Casino, on the water front, where we were greeted by a committee of the Board of Trade, with a full brass band playing, "Lo, the conquering hero comes." The greeting was a royal one, but as the editors had fasted long hours they excused themselves while they went into the Casino restaurant to refresh the inner man.

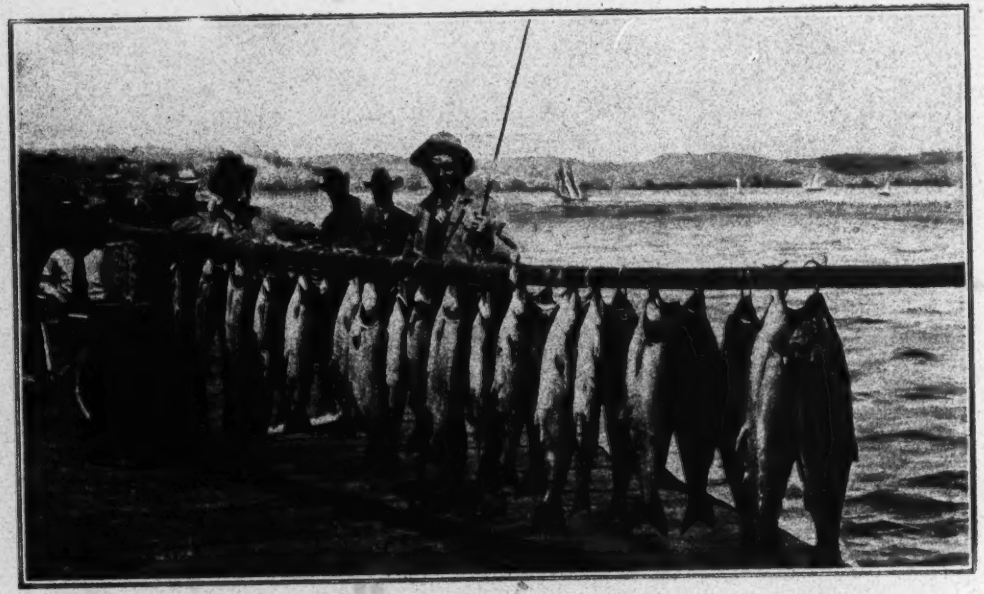
After the late dinner, or lunch, the editors spent the remainder of the afternoon as their various tastes dictated, though most of them availed themselves of the opportunity to sport with Neptune in the briny deep, and, incidentally, flirt with the fair California damsels who crowded both the beach and the surf.

Santa Cruz is the Atlantic City of the Pacific Ocean

coast, and is crowded with people during the entire season. It was unusually crowded when we were there, as the people of that city and section, both old and young, had determined to show the editors a great time. As subsequent events developed they certainly did it to the queen's taste. The city is undoubtedly the most popular place of resort on the Pacific Coast, by reason of its fine bathing beach, fishing and all manner of summer sports. The town has plenty of hotels and boarding houses of all kinds and conditions, and in addition an enterprising corporation has built a large "City of Tents," with modern conveniences and baths on the grounds; pure water, a good restaurant and fine sanitary arrangements, which they let out a moderate rental to the summer visitors. The city is full of life and they advertise "Not a dull moment from May 20th to October 1st." Three band concerts daily. Dance at the Casino every evening. Plunge baths, hot baths, surf bathing, fishing, boating, excursions on the Bay, picnics at the "Big Trees," vaudeville, fireworks, electrical displays, aquatic sports—variety enough to please all people. The Bay of Monterey, at Santa Cruz, on account of the placid waters and the great varieties and vast numbers of fish in it, make it by long odds the best fishing place on the coast.

Here are found "the royal king salmon," steel heads, sea bass, sea trout and numerous other varieties of large and gamey fish. In one morning's sport an expert fisherman caught 32 king salmon, none of which weighed less 10 pounds.

Back of Santa Cruz stands a high mountain range protecting it from the heat of the valleys beyond, thus giving



ONE DAY'S CATCH OF KING SALMON AT SANTA CRUZ.

the city a very equable and pleasant climate throughout the entire year. There are no snows and no extremes of cold and heat.

The city is progressive, and forging ahead rapidly under the impetus given it through its Board of Trade and energetic citizens. Mr. H. R. Judah, the genial Secretary of the Board of Trade, is a hustler of the first water, and knows how, in a few minutes, to impress upon you all the merits and good points of Santa Cruz (there are no bad points) and make you believe the city is the beau ideal of all spots on the Pacific Coast. After Mr. Secretary has started ball rolling, there is Joe Horn, that whole-souled and jolly good fellow, who once called Pittsburg home, and a host of other good fellows, like the Robison boys, and others, to keep the push going. We remember them all most kindly. In fact, all the men we met were hustlers—even mine host of the Casino, though he was a trifle slow in serving our hungry host.

Each man in the town seems to have constituted himself a Santa Cruz boomer. Well, they have a good thing, and we do not blame them for booming it. Their efforts are being crowned with success, for the town, which had a population of 5,665 in 1900, to-day has about 13,000 people, a gain of over 100 per cent. in five years. The people of Santa Cruz pride themselves on the grapes raised in their county, and also on the vintage that comes from them, especially the Cresta Blanca brand. Their grapes are noted as the finest table grapes grown on the coast. And here is the home of the fomous Loganberry.

The gardens of the city were, indeed, "bowers of roses." So many and grandly beautiful were those flowers

and the beautiful calla lilies, and sweet-scented heliotrope grow there in the most luxuriant and bewildering profusion. There is no difficulty there in making even the sweetest of flowers grow out doors, and the rich and poor alike can have their beautiful flowers in unlimited quantities.

All these things the editors saw as they were whirled through the city on the trolleys. Returning from the ride we enjoyed a brief siesta in our cars, then took supper and adjourned to the Casnio where we were given a brilliant reception by the Board of Trade and people of the city. The reception was followed by a fine band concert, which, in turn, was followed by a beautiful special display of fire works out on the water, after which followed a complimentary ball for the editors in the Casino ball room, at which the young editors, and some of the old ones, danced with the pretty girls until they were compelled to stop from sheer exhaustion. The music was furnished by an orchestra composed of swarthy native Hawaiians, who played entirely on guitars and other stringed instruments, their national airs. Many of their selections were strange and weird, and to others they sang sweet-sounding songs in their native tongue, which no one understood, but which gave a pleasing effect to their music. This was a catchy innovation in the musical program, which was enjoyed both by the dancers and the "wall flowers." The ball broke up at a late hour and the party returned to their cars for the night.

We turned out early Thursday morning, June 23d, for we were to be the guests of the Santa Cruz Board of Trade at breakfast at the "Big Trees" grove, five miles distant from the city, up the mountain, on a narrow guage railroad. As our party was so large, and the railroad did

THE BIG TREES GROVE, SANTA CRUZ.

not have enough cars to carry us all up at once, it was arranged that half our number should go up by rail and the others drive up in carriages, and exchange methods of conveyance on the return trip. All the public conveyances of the city and most of the private carriages were pressed into use for the editors. The carriage contingent started off amid the huzzas of their friends, a considerable length of time in advance of the narrow guage train. The day was bright and beautiful and the ocean was sending in fresh salty breezes which were most exhilerating, causing many of the boys to fish their overcoats out from underneath the berths. The Pennsylvania delegation was fortunate in being selected among the contingent to go up the mountain by train. The morning was all that could be desired for a mountain climb, even on the cars. The air was fresh and clear, and the surrounding country, in all its natural beauty, stood out with wonderful vividness. The train was a long one and was hauled by two locomotives of great power. The road, as it leaves the city, first passes through the rich, cultivated fields, then come the vineyards, with their vines burdened with rich and beautiful clusters of grapes; then follow the foothills, and, last of all, looms up the rugged mountain, with its deep gorges and rocky chasms, with the turbulent and silvery brook singing as it dashes down over the rocks and huge boulders to lose itself in the deep and mighty ocean below. Everything combines to make a picture of rare beauty and grandeur—one which makes a lasting impression on the beholder.

As the train ascended the mountain, rushing every few minutes through a dark tunnel, the grade became steeper and the gorges deeper and more picturesque. The

train sped from side to side of the deep chasms presenting a new and entrancing view each minute. The greys and browns of the rocks, the blue of the sky and the greens of trees, with the silvery gleams of the roaring brook, combined to make a picture of entrancing beauty.

In a short time it was noticed that the trees seemed to grow larger and taller, and we realized that we were nearing our destination. A little later the train halted and the conductor called out for the "Big Trees." Out we tumbled in short order, then stopped short, as we realized we were in the presence of those mighty monarchs of the forest of which we had heard so much from our youth up. The trees are something like the fir or redwood, and are an evergreen, with most of their branches near the tops of their mighty trunks. This is the largest grove in the world of the sequoia sempervirens tree, as the botanists classify it. The Santa Cruz grove contains many thousands of these trees, and has over one hundred of these giants—the largest and tallest in the world—ranging from 30 to over 100 feet in circumference, with a height of from 250 to 365 feet, the tallest being over 5,000 years old. Could they but talk, what wonderful stories they could relate. This grove is also rich in historical interest, for it was here General John C. Fremont made his headquarters in the early days of California's struggle for independence from Mexico.

In the winter of 1846, on his way from San Francisco to Monterey, General Fremont, with his escort, camped in the hollow of the tree which now bears his name. The tree is 61 feet in circumference and 280 feet high. In this tree, which is still living and green, there is a large hollow into which over 50 of our party walked and stood at the

THE WAVE CAVE, SANTA CRUZ.

same time. In addition to the large hole, which serves as a door, General Fremont had another hole cut higher up for the escape of the smoke from their camp fire.

Here, it is interesting to relate, that locked up in the vault of one of the banks of Redding, California, is a flag that is second in historic importance to Californians only to the Bear flag that is jealously guarded by Pacific Coast pioneers. The flag referred to is the one that General Fremont unfurled from the summit of the Rocky Mountains in 1841, when he and his small party were on their way to California, before the Mexican war. The banner is the property of P. M. Reardon, managing director of the Bully Bill mine at Delamar. It was given to him a few years ago by Mrs. Fremont herself. It was made by her own hands on the eve of her husband's path-finding expedition to the West. The flag differs from the ordinary emblem only in the field, on which is wrought a large American eagle, done in embroidery of great delicacy and beauty. About the eagle are clustered the 26 stars that in 1841 represented the States in the Union. On the reverse side of the flag is pinned a silk scarf bearing the inscription in golden letters: "Rocky Mountains in 1841." The banner is in a fairly good state of preservation, considering its age.

The principal trees have been named after some national heros and great men. One of the first named trees that our party met was a stalwart monarch called Pennsylvania. The boys were delighted, and gathering around that tree gave hearty cheers for Pennsylvania, for the tree and for home. There was no other tree in the grove bearing a state name. A jolly scribe of our party from Illinois searched in vain to find a tree Christened after his native state.

Disgusted at his ill-luck, he took his visiting card and pinned it to a baby sequoia sempervirens, then poetised in the following strain:

You derned little runt, hold up your snoot;
Don't be so shy and cry;
I want you to root, and root, and root,
For the State of Illinois.

Get a move on quick, them climb and climb;
Don't be a minute late,
Or you will have one deuce of a time
In catching the Keystone State.

General Grant visited the grove in 1879, on his return home from his tour of the world, and a mighty giant 60 feet in circumference and 325 feet high now bears his name. There are also trees named after Presidents Harrison, McKinely and Roosevelt, all of whom have visited the grove. The "President Harrison" is 65 feet in circumference, "Old Glory" has a spread of 100 feet, "General Sherman" has a girth of 65 feet, the "Giant" with a circumference of 65 feet and a height of 381 feet, was the lord of the forest; "Jumbo" has a waist band of 52 feet and rears its head 290 feet in th air. Then there is the "driveway tree," with a circumference of 84 feet and a diameter of 28 feet, through which has been cut a driveway, and a coach-and-four can pass through with ease, stop the coach and horses and be wholly within the tree.

Among the remarkable and curiously formed trees is the "Cathedral," so named by Robert G. Ingersoll on his visit to the grove. The "Cathedral" has a solid tree base (the largest in the world) of 110 feet circumference, from which springs 22 trees, the tallest of which is nearly 300

feet. The "Young Men's Christian Association" tree is another wonderful one, of similar growth to the "Cathedral," and is almost as large. These trees grow from the roots of fallen trees, and from seeds no larger than mustard seed. Mere figures and statements, however strong, will fail to impress the reader with the grandeur and magnitude of these wonderful monarchs of the forest. Their great size and magnificence are beyond description, and their ages run far beyond the earliest days of profane history. The day of their birth was long before the days of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Paradise. Such wonders of the Almighty's creation must be seen side by side, face to face, to be appreciated and understood.

After we had exhausted the wonders of this forest, we were led to an adjacent part of the grove, where the Santa Cruz Board of Trade and their beautiful and accomplished young lady aids had spread large tables groaning under a bountiful supply of meats, fruits, wines and all manner of good things for our breakfast. The tables were prettily decorated with beautiful and fragrant flowers in most generous profusion. By this time every one had a keen appetite, sharpened by the mountain air and several hours of fasting, so it did not need a second invitation to get the hungry editors to the tables, forget the war of words and start to devour the good things which had been provided for the "Bull's Head Breakfast." The graceful waiters were kept on the wing to provide for their hungry guests, but with an enormous supply of eatables and drinkables, every one was filled and satisfied to the utmost limit. This breakfast, with its unique and romantic surroundings, the palatable and bountiful supply of food, the fragrant flowers and

choice vintage, with the weird and sweet melodies rendered by the Hawaiian orchestra, and the beautiful and graceful waitresses, was a great success—an event that will linger long in the memories of the participants.

The wines served at the sylvan breakfast were of the most choice of California vintage, among which was the famous Cresta Blanca brand.

The manufacture of red and white wines is one of California's greatest industries, and is carried on on a scale of great magnitude, giving employment to thousands of persons. The California wines of all grades are fast becoming famous the world over, and are in close competition with the vintages of Germany, France and Italy; and by many experts are thought to excel the wines of those countries in both boquet and body.

In order to care for the large quantities of wine made annually, the grape growers have built immense storage tanks and curing cellars throughout the State. At St. Helena is the largest surface stone wine cellar in the world. That mighty building is 300 feet long, 100 deep, four stories high, with several tunnels extending far back into hillside and has a capacity of 3,000,000 gallons.

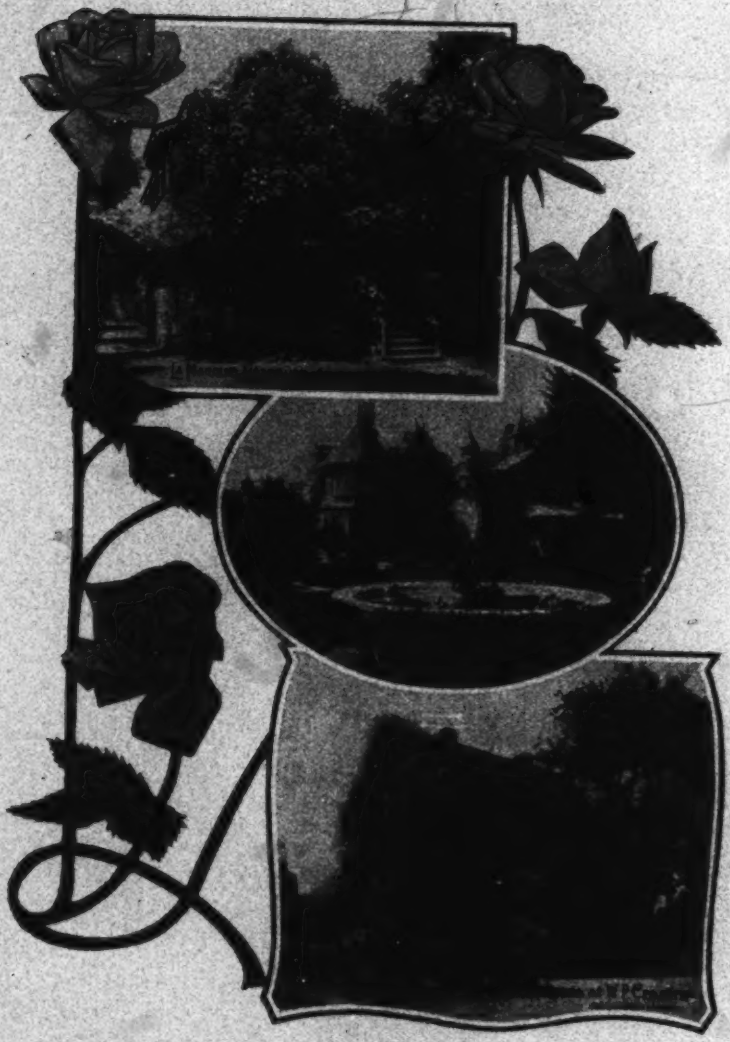
At Asti, in Sonoma County, is what is claimed to be the largest wine tank in the universe, containing 500,000 gallons ot wine, and is several hundred times larger than the famous wine tank of Heidelberg Castle, Germany, which was built to hold sufficient wine for a three months' siege of that fortress. The Asti tank was built with concrete walls two feet thick, hermetically sealed, and required 45 days and nights, with the work of 50 men and 25 teams to build it. It required two steam pumps seven days to

pump the wine from that tank into smaller tanks. After the After the tank was emptied 200 ladies and gentlemen from San Francisco, on invitation of the company, held a dance in the tank—the first affair of the kind in history—and it was said to have been a very great success.

THE BEACH SPEEDWAY, SANTA CRUZ.

At the conclusion of the repast it was near noon, and the train soon started on the return trip to Santa Cruz. When we reached our special train a most pleasing sight met our eyes. During our absence the ladies of Santa Cruz had transformed each of our ten cars into a beautiful bower of exquisite flowers. Each car was decorated with a different flower—some had roses, some lilies, others carnations, verbenas, geraniums, poppies, marguerites and orange blossoms. The Pennsylvania car was decorated with garlands of smilax and beautiful sweet peas of every imagina-

ble shade of color, and was by all odds the most beautiful and unique of the train. Cheer after cheer was given for the beautiful ladies and their beautiful flowers, and for the Board of Trade, who had so handsomely entertained us, and the editorial special pulled out of Santa Cruz at one o'clock bound for San Francisco.



SOME FLOWER EMBOWERED HOMES, SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER XIX.

THE NILE-LIKE VALLEYS—STANFORD UNIVERSITY—SANTA CLARA MISSION—SAN JOSE.

AS the train sped northward from Santa Cruz it entered one of the most fertile and richest valleys in the world; a valley which, on account of the wealth and depth of its soil, has been likened to the famous Valley of the Nile. On all sides were large ranches whose fields were burdened with most prolific crops, and orchard followed orchard in quick succession, laden with their burdens of luscious fruit of all kinds. Here and there were seen flower ranches of matchless beauty. At one ranch sweet peas were raised in great profusion, and for half a mile or more a field of these beautiful flowers lined the track. These sweet peas were the most beautiful we ever saw, being of every known shade and color. Each shade or color was planted by itself in long divisions about 50 feet wide, making the field look like a mammoth floral flag. We longed to have the train stop that we might alight and fill our arms with the beautiful blooms, but as the train was behind time we were not permitted that pleasure.

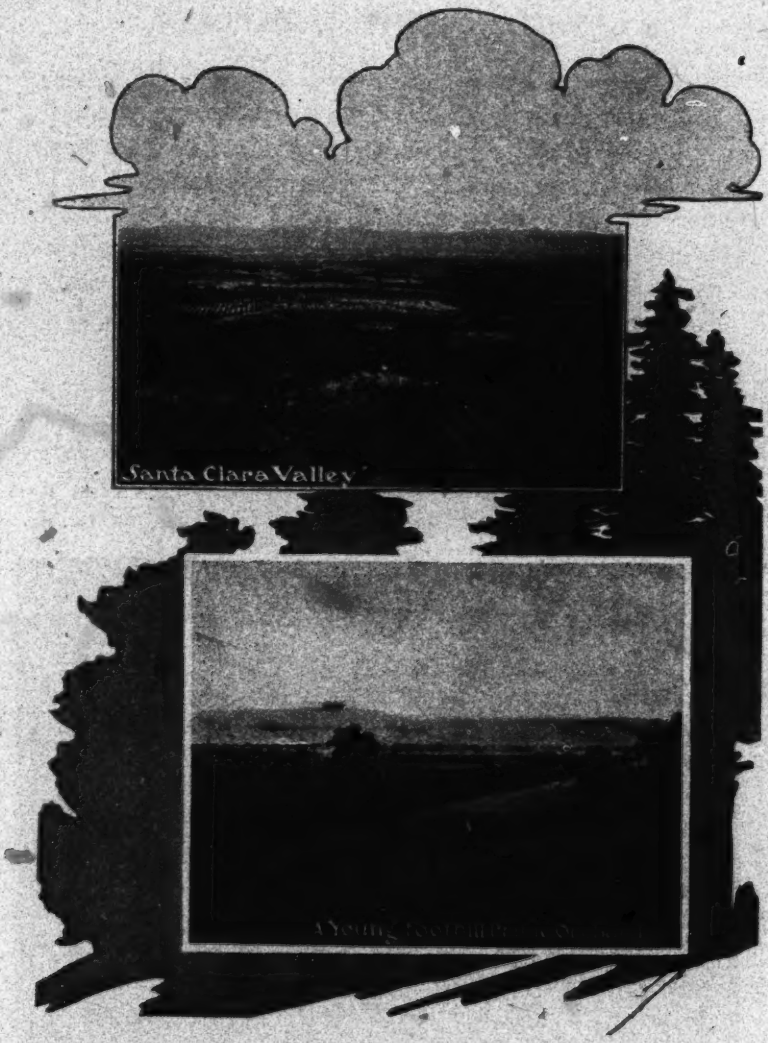
As passed along, a considerable distance to the east of us, was seen the famous Lick Observatory crowning the summit of Mount Hamilton. There, at an altitude of 4,440 feet, the trustees of James Lick, an eccentric millionaire of

THE LICK OBSERVATORY, MT. HAMILTON.

San Francisco, erected that observatory at a cost of $700,000. At the time of its erection the telescope was the largest and most famous in the world. Its lens was made by Abram Clark and is three feet in diameter. The erection of the telescope gave a new impetus to the study of astronomy and by its aid many new stars and planets were discovered.

From Mayfield station could be seen the magnificent structures of the Leland Stanford Junior University, which was erected a few years ago by Mr. and Mrs. Leland Stanford as a memorial to their son, and given a princely endowment of $30,000,000 and 100,000 acres of land.

This university has secured an international reputation, and is the most richly endowed university in the world. It is destined under its progressive management to do great things. A short distance from Palo Alto, the



VIEWS OF SANTA CLARA VALLEY, NEAR SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

seat of the University, is the quaint old town of Santa Clara, where are located the Santa Clara Mission and College, the oldest institution of learning on the Pacific Coast. This Mission was established by the vigorous Spanish Padres in the year 1777. Here, growing in the old Mission garden may be seen the olive and palm trees planted by those faithful religious workers of long ago. The frescoes and paintings, owing to the dryness of the climate, have been preserved well nigh in their original beauty and freshness. From the Mission to San Jose (pronounced Hosay) are double lines of ancient willows, planted by the same padres, to afford them shade while walking from their retreat to the hacienda of San Jose. Our train made a very short stop at San Jose, so that but little of that interesting

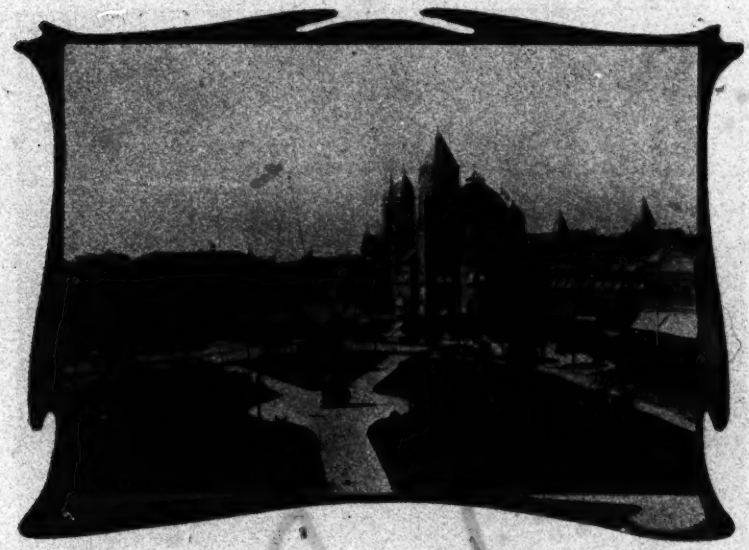
THE ENTRANCE TO STANFORD UNIVERSITY, PALO ALTO.

THE COURT HOUSE AND HALL OF RECORDS, SAN JOSE

town was seen, but what little was seen was interesting and pleasing. It is a model city, and has a fine system of electric street railways, electric light, gas plant, sewers and the purest water piped from the distant mountains to the city. Its public buildings are models of municipal architecture, and its large parks are places of beauty and pleasure. The country surrounding San Jose is a great fruit producing territory, and olives, prunes, apricots, pears and peaches grow in great abundance and in great perfection. This fruit is carefully packed and shipped in refrigerator cars to supply the markets of the East, and even to England.

San Jose, 40 miles south of San Francisco, is a city of about 40,000 people, built upon almost level, elevated floor, 87 feet above sea. The 20 square miles of city are beautiful, with broad avenues and shady walks. The city is half enveloped and wholly adorned with a great wealth of trees, shrubs and flowers, chiefly semi-tropic. San Jose is the rose garden of the earth. At least 165 varieties make

SAINTE CLAIRE CLUB HOUSE, SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.



THE CITY HALL PARK, SAN JOSE.

yards beautiful or climb up over the housetops. Trees reach perfection. Palms, magnolias, oranges, peppers, grevilleas, acacias, cypress, pines, eucalypti and other evergreen growths, intermingle with oaks, maples, sycamores, elms, poplars, alder, willow, ash, etc.

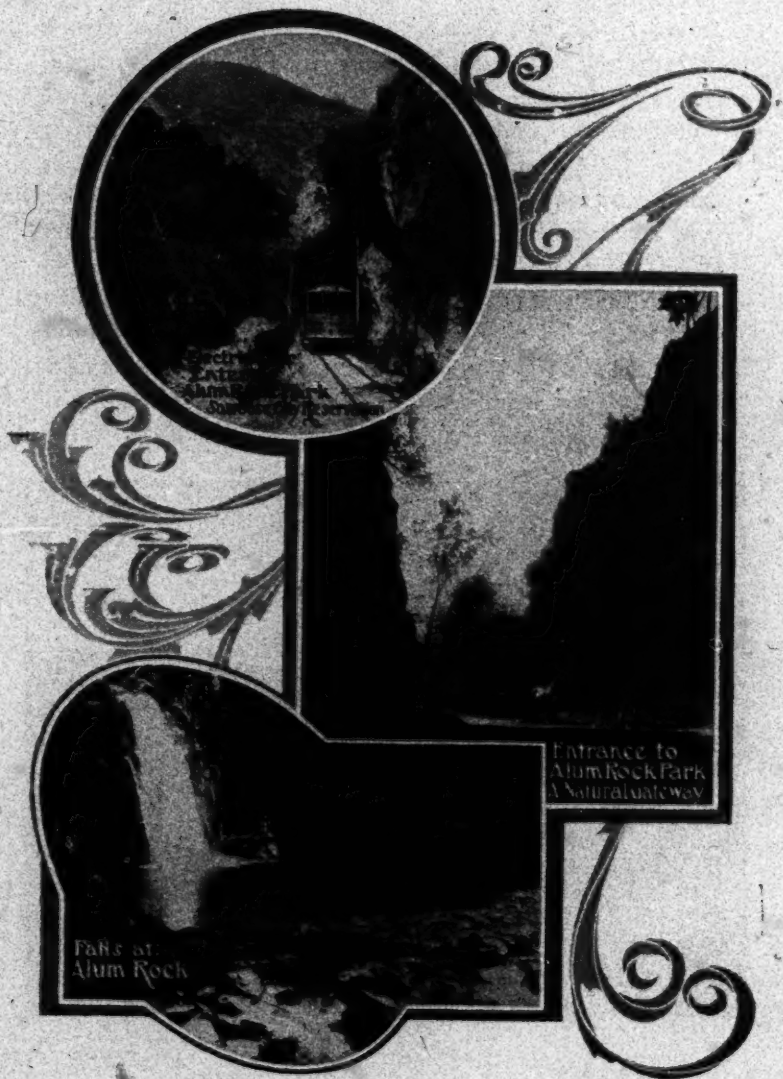
In the center of this city of parks, lawns and gardens is the business area, the handsomest and most impressive series of business blocks in all the smaller cities of the West. Blocks of stone and brick, two to six stories high, line well-paved streets.

The public buildings include the finest postoffice the Government owns. The county court house and hall of records, the high school, State normal school, public library,

SOME BEAUTIFUL HOMES, SAN JOSE.

the city hall, are noteworthy. The public school buildings of San Jose and immediate suburbs are valued at $500,000. The hotels are fitting to what is fast becoming one of the greatest resort city in California.

The city's park system is comprehensive and beautiful. Almost in the heart of the city is St. James Park, with a greater variety of trees than any other park in the United States. The pride of San Jose, however, is the city's Alum Rock Canyon Park, unequaled in the State. This is a canyon playground of 1,000 acres, seven miles east of town, in the Coast Mountains, reached by an electric railway. Here are 16 mineral springs. The different



FAMOUS ALUM ROCK PARK, SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

waters are on exhibition in the Santa Clara County exhibit, Agricultural Building. Through the park flows an ever-living stream, lined with trees. The city has here fine plunge and tub baths, restaurant, a deer paddock, aviary and romantic walks and drives.

The Santa Clara Valley was settled by Franciscan friars under Father Junipero Serra in 1777. Two of the Missions, Santa Clara and San Jose, are within its limits. The valley is a park, originally dotted with magnificent oaks. North to south, within the county, it is 50 miles long, with a maximum width at the north end of 25 miles. The mountains eastward, the inner Coast Range, rise 4,000 feet. Westward is the Coast Range, 4,000 feet high, and from

HARVESTING THE ONION SEED, SANTA CLARA VALLEY.

its crest are visible, on one hand, the Pacific Ocean and on the other the Santa Clara Valley, with its 10,000 homes gleaming white amid the trees. Mountain streams cut little ravines through the valley floor and glide into San Francisco Bay, where the valley flares out into the salt water.

The Santa Clara Valley has a net-work of Southern Pacific Railroad tracks, the city of San Jose radiating lines of that company in seven directions—to Los Angeles, San Francisco, Alameda, Oakland, Santa Cruz and the ocean and two routes to New Amalden.

A native poetess of California has sung of the State's great natural wealth of soil and minerals in the following well-balanced sonnet:

If you will delve beneath the sod,
Rich gifts you'll find, stored up by God,
In mountain cellars, hid from view,
When time was young and earth was new.
And flowing fortunes in our soil,
Are fountains, geysers, wells of oil.
Our myriad miles of golden grain
Ripple and wave like ocean's main.
And joyous here the bird that flies
'Neath ever-blue Italian skies.

SUNSET AT THE GOLDEN GATE, SAN FRANCISCO.

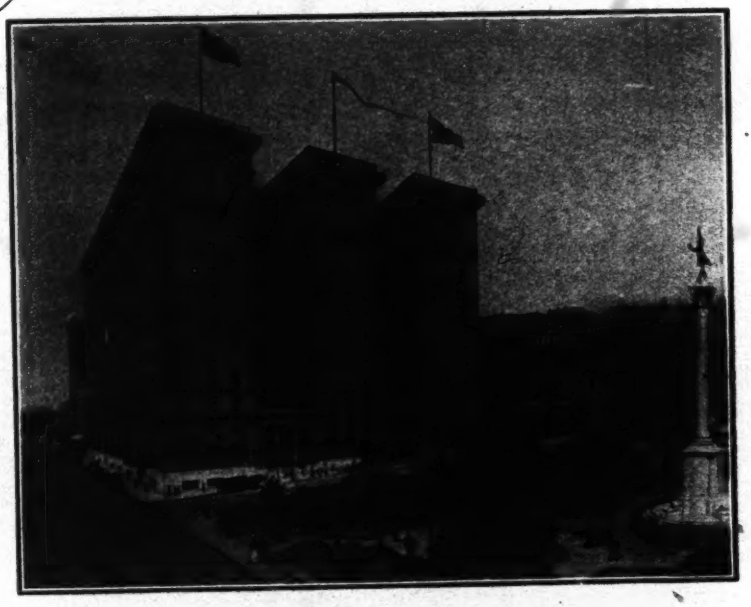
CHAPTER XX.

SAN FRANCISCO—THE QUEEN OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

LEAVING San Jose the train moved rapidly through the smaller towns, and in a few hours we were in sight of the city of the Golden Gate—San Francisco. A few minutes later the train rolled into the great shed at the depot. We alighted to find ourselves, at last, in the city of our dreams, and the place of so many golden stories.

Special trolley cars were waiting to carry the entire party to the magnificent Hotel St. Francis, where arrangements had been made to entertain all of us during our stay in the city, and where we were comfortably and safely housed. It was with feelings of awe and wonder that many of us saw the golden sun sink to its rest that night beneath the rippling waves of the Pacific Ocean. A few weeks before we had seen the same sun arise in all its glory from the briny waters of the Atlantic, and now we saw it vanish from our view into the bosom of the Pacific, seemingly lost forever.

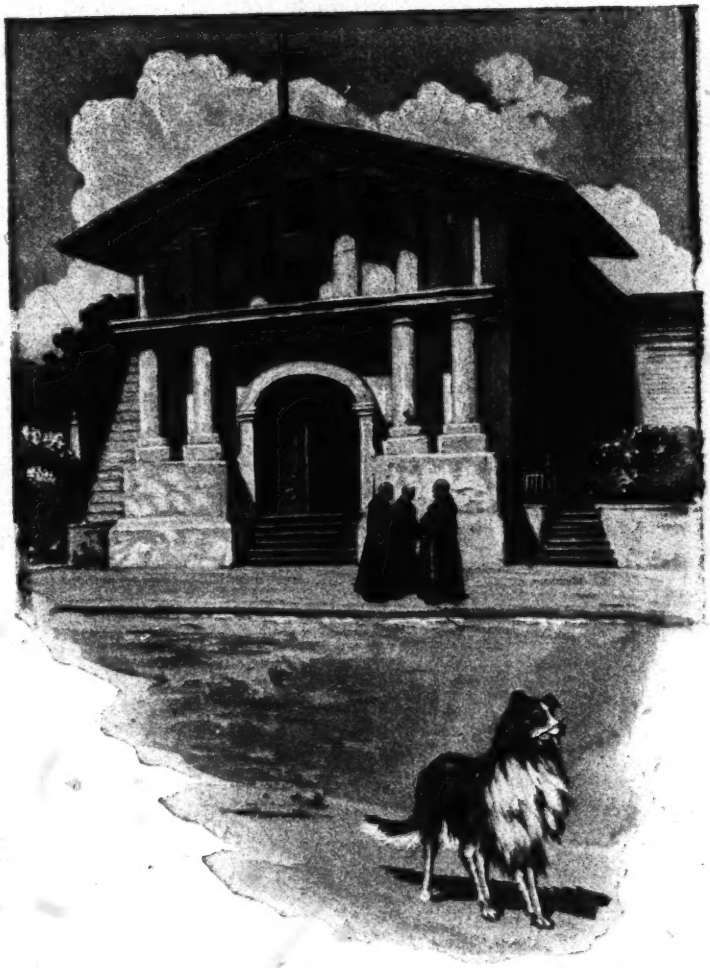
San Francisco, the most wonderful and powerful city on the Pacific Coast, took its name from a modest, but valiant man—St. Francis D'Asis, the founder of the order of Franciscan monks, whose Spanish name was San Francisco. He was an intense lover of nature, and a poet of



THE HOTEL ST. FRANCIS.

rare ability. It was from him the Italian poet Dante is said to have received much of his inspiration, and when the town was founded in its beautiful surroundings the old monk's followers very appropriately christened it with their master's name.

Here it was that the advance guard of those brave brown-coweled, befrocked, engirdled and sandal-shod Spanish padres, who had journeyed along the El Camino Real (the King's Highway) carrying their crucifixes and bearing the banner of Missions, halted on October 9th, 1776, and founded the Mission of de Los Dolores de Nuestra Padre San Francisco de Asis, in memory of the sorrows of the



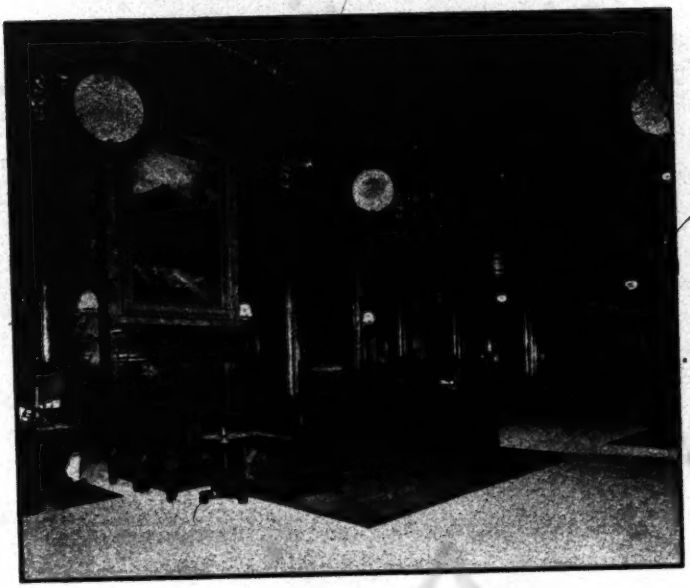
THE DOLORES MISSION, SAN FRANCISCO, FOUNDED 1796,

sainted founder of their order. The Mission, with its red-tiled roof, its massive walls, its thong-tied rafters and beams, was carefully and strongly built, and still stands in a state of remarkable preservation, considering its age of more than 130 years. In time this structure came to be called the Mission Dolores, and so it is kown to this day. The romance of its foundation still clings about it, but its service is discontinued; the officiating friars are dead, its campo sanato has fallen into neglect, and weeds and briars have taken the places of the beautiful flowers. Near by stands a magnificent cathedral of lordly proportions, entirely overshadowing this pathetic relic of the noble and heroic past.

Those monks are entitled to a large mede of praise, for it was their bravery and daring that opened up all that glorious country for future generations. Alone and unaided they penetrated the wilderness, preceding civilization and blazing the trail for future settlers. By their kind and gentle conduct they won the confidence and made fast friends of the aborigines. For their sakes the Indians looked with kindness and fearlessness upon the advent of their pale-face brethren. A little more than 50 years ago San Francisco was little more than a sandhill settlement. To-day she stands as a magnificent queen within the Golden Gate, with well nigh 500,000 devout partizans surrounding her throne. Of her Brete Harte said:

> Serene, indifferent to her fate,
> Thou sittest at the Western Gate.

Since these words were penned, the Queen has waved her sceptre, wonderful changes have been wrought, and San



THE LOBBY, HOTEL ST. FRANCIS.

Francisco has become the metropolis of the west—metropolitan in its character, with representatives of all the nations of the world within its doors. In its harbors fly the flags of all nations, and from its docks sail ships to the islands of the sea and the uttermost parts of the earth, bearing burdens of precious lives and the produce of the world. The situation of San Francisco is beautiful and ideal. On one side are the waves of the limitless and beautiful Pacific Ocean; on the other the extensive waters of the land-locked San Francisco Bay, the greatest and safest harbor in the world, where could be sheltered at one time the war fleets of the entire world safe and secure from their foes. The bay, with its dark blue waters dotted with islands, with

THE JAPANESE TEA GARDEN, GOLDEN GATE PARK.

green, wooded and undulating shores, make a unique and beautiful setting for the gem—the City ot the Golden Gate. Here is a beauty, unique in its character, that has no exact duplicate in the world. Barring aged ruins and historical castles, it far surpasses anything contained in what we are pleased to call the Old World.

Of this gem of the Pacific Coast that noted English writer, James Bryce has said:

"Few cities in the world can vie with San Francisco, either in the beauty or in the natural advantages of her situation. Indeed, there are only two places in Europe—Constantinople and Gibralter—that combine an equally perfect landscape, with what may be called an equally imperial position. Before you there is a magnificent bay, with its far-reaching arms and rocky isles, and beyond the faint line of the Sierra Nevada Mountains cutting the clear air like mother-of-pearl; between the mountains through which ships bear in commerce from the furthest shores of the Pacific; to the right, valleys rich with corn and wine, sweeping away to the southern horizon. The city itself is full of bald hills, rising steeply from the deep water. The air is keen, dry and bright, like the air of Greece, and the waters not less blue. Perhaps it is the air and light, recalling the cities of the Mediterranean, that make one involuntarily look up to the tops of these hills for the feudal castle, or the ruins of the Acropolis, which one thinks must crown them."

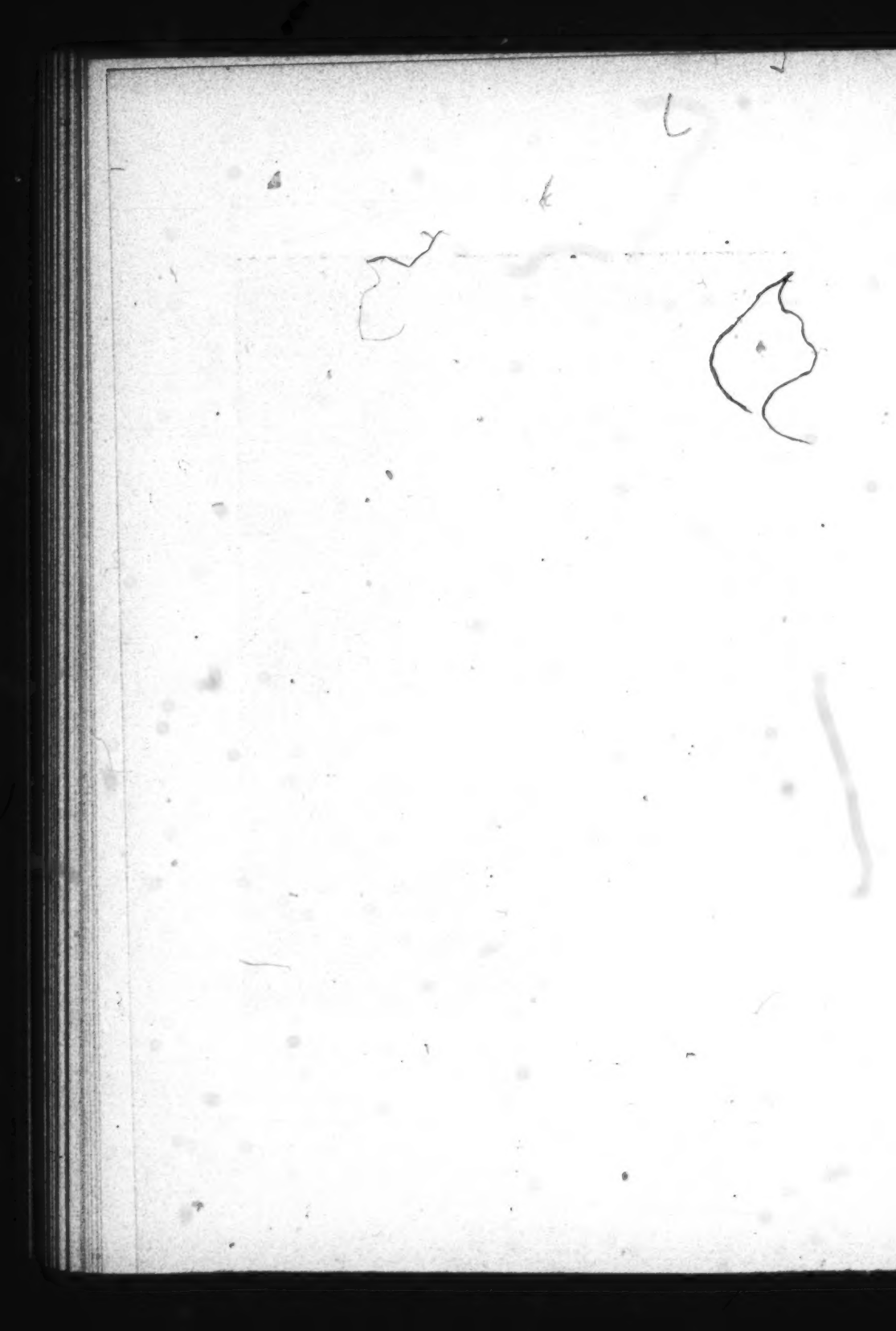
It has been said that nowhere else will you see, at one time, so many tall ships as here come from around the Horn, from China, from Sidney, from the Indies, but marked amid that crowd of deep-sea giants is another class of craft—

THE LIBRARY, HOTEL ST. FRANCIS.

the island schooner, low in the water, with lofty spars and dainty lines, rigged and fashioned like a yacht, manned with brown-skinned, soft-spoken, sweet-eyed native sailors, and equipped with their great double-ender boats that tell the tale of boisterous sea beaches.

The honor of discovering San Francisco Bay fell to the lot of Gaspar de Portola, on November 7th, 1769. It, however, remained for the gallant and valiant Lieutenant Juan de Ayala, in August, 1775, to sail through the Golden Gate into that perfect land-locked harbor of San Francisco Bay, spread its fame to the world and make it the pride of navigators from that day henceforth. The magnitude of

THE ITALIAN QUARTER—MAKE THEIR OWN CLARET,
SAN FRANCISCO.



the bay may be understood when we tell that it is 40 miles long and 6 miles across. The entrance to the bay is through the Golden Gate, a rocky, cliff-lined strait, 5 miles long and a mile wide in its narrowest part.

The United States, recognizing the value of San Francisco Bay, and the importance of the Golden Gate strait, have, at great expense, fortified it with the most modern ordinance, making it the best defended harbor entrance in the Nation. On the bay are located the Mare Island navy yard and the Union Iron Works, where Uncle Sam's finest cruisers are built and repaired. It was at the Union Iron Works that the cruiser Oregon was built, which, with Captain Clark in command, made such a fast run from San Francisco around Cape Horn, and arrived off the coast of Cuba in time to win fame and aid Admiral Schley in sending Admiral Cervera's Spanish fleet to Davy Jones' locker during the late Spanish-American war.

There, at the edge of the bay stands the Presidio, Uncle Sam's crack military post of the Pacific Coast. Here is always quartered a large garrison of foot soldiers and artillery, and since we have owned the Phillipine Islands it has become the out-fitting post for that field of service.

Clustering around San Francisco Bay like beautiful gems in the queen's crown, are the pretty towns of Oakland, Alameda, San Rafael, Belvedere, Sausalito, San Mateo and others, giving the business men of San Francisco all the delights of suburban residence, with quick and frequent ferry and train service to the city.

The population of San Francisco, like every other metropolitan city, is very cosmopolitan in its character. Here are found some of all nations, and, after the Ameri-

cans in the largest number, come the Asiatics, there being about 40,000 Chinamen in the city. It is estimated that there are also over 10,000 Japanese in the city. The majority of the Chinese are house-servants, though they are found in all trades and professions, except that of lawyers. They also conduct large wholesale and retail dry goods stores. They publish two highly creditable daily newspapers in their own languape. The Chinese dwell in a separate section of the city called Chinatown.

San Francisco has among its population many millionaires, among whom are the Stanfords, Hopkinses, Crockers, Spreckles and others. Their magnificent and stately palaces crown the summit of that portion of the city called Nob's Hill. There are but few of the very poor within the city limits, for there is plenty of work for all who desire to labor, and none need go hungry or shelterless. The city has many large and diversified manufactories, making almost anything from a cracker at 10 cents a pound to a powerful and death-dealing man-of-war costing several million dollars. The manufactures of San Francisco last year ran near $100,000,000. The stores are large and fine, and the line of goods as choice and extensive as can be found in any eastern emporium. The store buildings are high, massive and of imposing appearance, built of stone, brick and steel. The bank clearances of San Francisco last year amounted well on to the great sum of $2,000,000,000.

The streets are wide; clean, finely paved, well lighted and well policed. The street car lines are among the finest in the world, and their equipment and operation by electricity and cables are models of excellence. Through the streets and up and down the steep hills the trolleys and ca-

THE ORIENTIAL STREET VENDERS, CHINATOWN,

bles run with an ease, evenness and precision that might well be copied in the East. You can go all over the city by means of the admirable system of exchanges for the expenditure of a single nickel. The five-cent-fare might well be adopted by many railways in the East to the satisfaction of the people.

San Francisco is distinctly a city of homes, but there are many eastern-like apartment flats, where many families live, do light-housekeeping and dine out in the most admirable system of restaurants scattered throughout the city. The people can live there as comfortably and as cheaply as in any other part of our great country.

The city has one of the greatest parks in the world, called the Golden Gate Park. It is truly beautiful and extensive, being three and one-half miles long. Within its borders are 1,013 acres valued at $15,000,000. It is a wonderful pleasure ground of beautiful flowers, majestic trees, rare shrubs, green and rolling lawns, broad drives, winding walks and various opportunities for recreation of all sorts. With the aid of nature, the billowy waters and skilled landscape artists, the city has formed and fashioned a park of wonderous beauty. In addition to the Golden Gate Park, there is grand private park which has become as famous as San Francisco herself; that is Sutro Park, where the Cliff House is located. This unique and beautiful park was projected, planned and planted by an eccentric millionaire, Adolph Sutro. The park is filled with rare botanical specimens and adorned with the most beautiful and charming tropical flowers, plants and trees, while scattered through the grounds are fine statues of all the graceful goddesses and gods known to Greek and Roman mythol-

THE CLIFF HOUSE AND BATHING BEACH.

ogy. This park, with all its beauty of form, arrangement and color, has been thrown open by its owners to the free inspection of the public. It is situated on Sutro Heights, just outside the city limits, on a large and imposing rocky cliff overlooking the blue waters of the Pacific Ocean, which beat with an angry roar against the rocks at its base. Just outside the park limits, on the highest rock, overlooking the turbulent waves, is built the Cliff House, famous the world over, where the city people gather for a social outing and the baths. Adjoining the Cliff House are the celebrated Sutro Baths, which are well worth a visit, for they are the largest and most magnificent in the world, and are planned with an eye to beauty and utility. They far surpass in both beauty and size the famous and sumptuous

STRANGE CRAFT OF ALL NATIONS ARE SEEN IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

marble baths of Caracalla, of Diocletian and of Titus, whose ruins in Rome continue to excite the wonder and admiration of the civilized world. Here are hot and cold baths, tub and plunge baths. In the Sutro Baths are several bathing tanks varying in size from the smallest to the large magnificent swimming pool, with accommodations for 2,000 swimmers, and all are filled with constantly changing heated sea water. There is also surf bathing in the summer.

Out in the ocean, a short distance from the beach, three immense, formidable and rugged rocks, called the Seal Rocks, rise sheer out of the ocean waves. Here on bright days hundreds of seals, "bulls" and "cows" and their young, can be seen, either sporting in the waves or lazily sunning themselves on the sides of the rocks. A visit to San Francisco would be incomplete unless one had seen the Seal Rocks and the seals and sealets.

Everywhere that one turns in the city there is something to please and admire. The beauty, strength and activity of the city are seen on every side. With the numerous steamship lines sailing out to all the principal ports of the world, and many trans-continental steam railroad lines reaching her doors from the east, San Francisco can easily maintain her supremacy as a first-class sea port. Of the trans-continental lines reaching the city, the chief and most important are the Southern Pacific, the Central Pacific and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe routes. An idea of the wealth of the city may be gained from the fact that the assessed valuation of her property closely approximates $500,000,000, and the real value is placed by some at three times these figures. San Francisco has more millionaires in accordance with her population than any other city

in our country. The city is full of clubs. It has its exclusive Union League, its Merchants' Club, University, San Francisco, Lawyers' Club, Cosmos, Art Club, Bohemian, Olympic and Concordia, suiting all tastes an inclinations. The social and religious side of San Francisco is on a par with the other great cities of the country, and here are churches of all denominations, even including a place of worship for the Buddist and Joss Houses for the heathen Chinese. There are five daily newspapers printed in the English language, viz: The Examiner, Call, Post, Chronical and Bulletin. There are 12 first-class theatres, nine public libraries and five museums—the Academy of Sciences, the State Mining Bureau, the State Board of Trade, the Pacific Commercial Museum and the Alaska Museum. Here are many fine opportunities for the wide-awake and alert citizen, male and female, to make fortunes if their energy and industry are rightly applied. The city, in the number and size of its palatial hotels and fine restaurants, is not excelled by any city in the East. There are hundreds of first-class restaurants of all kinds scattered throughout the city, to suit all peoples. There are the American, English, Italian, French, German, Mexican, Austrian, Swiss, Swedish, Russian, Japanese and Chinese. You can take your choice and dine cheaply, or you can go to the swell cafe and spend just as much as you desire.

Among the most potent factors in promoting and advancing the city's interest and substantial progress is the California Promotion Committee of San Francisco. This committee is composed of well-known, able and public spirited citizens, who give their services gratuitously. At their head stands Andrea Sharboro, the chairman, a man of

THE SENTINEL OF THE TONG—HIGHBINDERS,
CHINATOWN, SAN FRANCISCO.

wide experience and liberal views. The efforts of this committee are supplemented and ably seconded by the Chamber of Commerce and kindred organizations of the city. This Promotion Committee and members of the Chamber of Commerce were very zealous and affable in looking after our interests while in the city.

The special trolley cars quickly transferred us from the Southern Pacific depot to the new and magnificent Hotel St. Francis on Union Square, which was to be our headquarters during our sojourn in the city. On reaching the St. Francis we found that we had been assigned rooms in advance of our arrival, and all we had to do was to take our key and ascend by one of the elevators to our regal apartments. In a few minutes we were all agreeably and comfortably located, and more than pleased with our handsome surroundings and reasonable rates. Each room has its private bath and toilet, steam heat, electric lights, electric reading lamps at the bed-side and private long-distance telephone, with all the seclusion of a private boudoir.

The Hotel St. Francis is one of the most imposing and palatial hotels on the Pacific Coast, affording all the comforts that the most fastidious taste could desire. It is a building 12 stories high, combining strength, beauty and safety in its entire construction. It stands on the sloping side of Nobs Hill overlooking the beautiful tropical garden of Union Square Park. Every room is an outside room, and from every window may be had an incomparable panoramic view of bay, mountains and rolling hills. This hotel was erected at an expense of $5,000,000, and the best of everything and the latest improvements were used in its construction. It was opened March 24th, 1904, and at

once leaped to the front ranks of the city's palatial hotels. In the great white and gold concert room of the hotel are held the most select musical soirees of the city. The most interesting literary and art saloons of the Pacific Coast are held in the Sequoia Club rooms of the hotel. Everything is planned for the comfort and pleasure of the guests. There is the beautiful principal dining room done in the French style, with the sides of the room lined with majestic columns done in white and gold. The quaint Dutch Rathskeller and the Tyrolean grill room, with its rich colorings, attracts and pleases the patrons of light lunches, or after-theatre parties. The ball room, with its high ceiling and lofty columns, is a place of imperial grandeur. The feeling of luxurious comfort pervades the entire hotel; all the corners are smooth, and there are no noises to jar the nerves. Valets, maids, barbers, bell boys and "boots" are all on the alert to attend the wants of the guests in their rooms. If you are studiously inclined, you can walk into the handsomely and richly furnished hotel library, on the first floor, and find there 4,000 volumes of fiction and science from which to choose your reading. The cold storage plant, the grocery, the butcher shop, the kitchen and bakery are all on a mammoth scale, and so arranged as to fill the tables with the richest and choicest dainties to please the appetite of the most exacting epicure. The hotel, with all its luxurious appointments, beautiful location and most excellent cuisine, leaves nothing to be desired; all is joy, peace, comfort and satisfaction within its doors—if you have the price.

THE PLAYFUL SEALS ON THE FAMOUS SEAL ROCKS,
CLIFF HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO.

CHAPTER XXI.

CHINATOWN—THE BARBARIC—MYSTIC AND WONDROUS.

AFTER taking our dinner that Friday evening, June 23d, at the Hotel St. Francis, we found awaiting us in the hotel lobby a number of the city police in citizen's clothes, who had been detailed through the kindness of the mayor and chief-of-police, to show us all the sights and mysteries of that quaint and Oriental part of the city—Chinatown by gas-light. Our party was divided up into squads of 20, and each headed by a policeman as guide, sallied forth to explore the haunts of the wily Oriental, many expecting to see gruesome sights, but they saw them not, for the excellent police supervision, aided by the Highbinders, had closed and blotted out those most noisome sights which of yore had flourished and festered in the Chinese quarters.

TYPICAL CHINESE CHILDREN.

Chinatown with its some 50,000 Mongolians is crowded into an area of about 20 city squares. The "Chinks," as the Chinamen are called, are closely packed into their quarters like sardines in a box. In some of the large tenements there are often from four to five floors densely crowded, above the ground, and three to four stories under the

THE OPIUM DEN AND ITS VICTIM.

ground. In some of the small rooms there are packed as many as 30 or 40 individuals, who sleep on hard, narrow board shelves, or bunks, placed one above another, like shelves in a store. The Chinese, notwithstanding such crowding and close quarters, is, as a rule, quiet, orderly, friendly and peaceful. Yet there is much genuine wickedness and depravity hidden in the innermost recesses of the "Quarter," and much opium is smoked by its enchanted victims, but it is not done openly. It is asserted that many of the wealthy Chinese merchants not only have a wife in China, but also maintains one or two American wives in luxury in Chinatown, who have damned their souls and entered into voluntary slavery out of love of the extatic intoxication of that alluring and baleful drug—opium.

In a moment we seemed to have been instantly transported bodily and set down suddenly in a picturesque corner of the Orient. The dim, soft, quavering light shimmering

THE LIFE OF EASE, MEXICAN QUARTER, SAN FRANCISCO.

from the many-colored and queer-shaped lanterns, the grotesque signs, with their spider-like hieroglyphics, the quaint and flitting forms, with their flowing costumes, the clattering of the sandaled feet, their dark almond-shaped eyes, all tended to increase the feeling of strangeness, mystery and the foreign air of it all, and make one fairly believe that he is in the native haunts of the Celestial.

We penetrated dark and narrow streets and saw thousands of Chinese, young and old, at peaceful occupations—barbers, shoemakers, groceries, meat markets, cabinet makers, apothecaries, laundries, dry goods stores filled with trinkets, curios, gold and silver work and rich Oriental goods, displayed by affable, smiling, almond-eyed clerks.

On every side was a continual chatter, and in the Chinese tongue, of which we understood not a word. We looked into all kinds of shops and houses, and in some of the shops we saw gathered the proprietors, clerks and their friends playing the national game of fan-tan, the winners and loosers alike very sober and intent on the game.

On one of the by streets we saw a high-caste lady dressed in rich silks tottering along on her bound and compressed little feet. They were bound so tightly and cruelly that they were not more than an inch and a half long. The wonder was that she could move along at all. Following this lady were two little children who looked for all the world like over-grown Chinese dolls. Some of us entered a Chinese theatre at the price of two bits per head to see the play. The Chinese theatre has the longest plays in the world. Sometimes the play will start at noon and proceed all through the following night without intermission. To

us it seemed a burlesque. The actors, in their quaint and curious costumes and grotesque make-up, uttered loud cries that seemed without humor or pathos—then the orchestra creating a din with their tom-toms, making a hideous noise, devoid of either time, harmony or melody—served only to make us laugh at the grotesqueness of the whole affair. The attempts at scenic effect were exceedingly crude. A bowl of water represented the ocean, and a dwarf tree in a flower-pot symbolized a forest. We soon left the theatre, thinking our fifty cents dearly spent, yet the Chinese spectators seemed highly pleased and elated over the performance.

STAR ACTOR, CHINESE THEATRE.

A barber shop in full operation attracted our attention and afforded much amusement. The victim of the tonsorial artist squats on the floor, holding in his hands, in front of him, a china basin containing the lather and hot water, while the barber copiously lathers the victim's face, head, ears and neck. The head and face are then scraped until they are as smooth as a billiard ball. The barber completes the operation by cleaning out the ears, eye-lids and eyes, straightens the eye-brows and brushes and oils the quene—an operation requiring skill and patience on the part of the operator, and endurance on the part of the victim.

There are a number of fine joss houses, or Chinese temples, in Chinatown. Each band, or "company," as the Chinese societies are called, have their own particular gods

and joss houses. We visited one of the finest of these, which was richly furnished with carved woods and ivories and

A STREET OF RESIDENCES, CHINATOWN.

was ruled over by the fiercest-looking and most hideous idol gods we had ever seen. Ugliness seems to be more attractive than beauty in the Chinese gods. Here we found several venerable, wizen-faced priests, or attendants, who seemed think their chief duty was to sell us small bunches of heathen incense sticks at 75 cents a bunch, and grew quite angry and vociferous when we declined to invest in aromatic punk for the benefit of the god and his humble servitor. We left the temple with the priest's threats, which we understood not, thundering in our ears.

The office of a real live Chinese daily newspaper, a few houses further on, attracted our attention, and we inspected the Oriental print shop and its contents, parting with a nickle apiece for a copy of the unique paper. We could see that it was giving all the news of the Russo-Japanese war, but just what it said was beyond us. We sought out the most elaborately furnished tea house, or Chinese restaurant, and entered, drank strong tea, eat rice cakes, swallowed rich preserves and sickeningly sweet confections, and tried unskillfully to use chop-sticks, instead of knives and forks. We sat at a richly hand-carved teak-wood table, having a beautiful mosaic marble top. Then we investigated the mysteries of the Chinese kitchen and felt worse for the investigation. We visited a large wholesale and retail store farther up the street, said to be owned and operated by the richest Chinese merchant in the

THE BELLE OF CHINA-TOWN.

world. We can readily believe that assertion, for the shop was filled with rare and rich curios and beautiful, magnificent silks and satins, but the prices were away up in the air, yet many of the ladies bought the dainty wares.

Thus we saw Chinatown, and found not a single opium den or other evil place open. If they existed they had shrunken into their shells and were hidden away. Soon we returned to the hotel to retire and rest for the morrow.

The Chinaman has many strange and curious customs which it would ill become the Christian to adopt. Yet the Heathen Chinese has one practice that puts many another nation to shame. It is this—before the Chinese New Year dawns, and the "Chink" commences the noisy, hilarious celebration of it, he must, and does, pay off all his old debts. It is considered an everlasting disgrace for him to enter the New Year with debts on his back. The Chinese end the old year with all manner of uproarious noises, beating of gongs and other unmusical instruments, with fireworks of all kinds, and with burning the Devil in effigy. The burial of a Chinaman is a ceremonious and solemn affair. As the funeral cortege proceeds to the cemetery, with the beating of tom-toms, with the weeping of the hired mourners, and with numerous and costly gifts, innumerable pieces of brightly colored paper, in which thousands of holes have been punched, are strewn along the way. This strewing of paper along the route is to protect the soul of the departed Celestial, for the Devil has to pass through every one of the holes in the bits of paper, and before he can accomplish that feat the soul of the Chinaman is so far ahead in the race that he never is caught, and reaches the "Realms of the Blest" in safety. On the Chinaman's grave

are placed all manner of confections, cakes sweet-meats and cooked meats for the sustenance of the Chinaman's soul while it travels Heavenward. Both the Chinese and Japanese make it part of their religion to honor their departed ancestors, which they do by offering prayers at the joss house, or temple, and by placing gifts on the graves of the departed. The great mystery to the Caucasian is what becomes of these gifts left in the place of burial? They disappear after a time, but certainly the spirits do not take them or eat them.

As all days in San Francisco are days of sunshine, the next day dawned bright and fair, and our party started early on special trolley cars provided by the Chamber of Commerce to see all the sights of the city. The cars started from the business section of the city, and from there passed on to the residence section, where we saw the handsome and comfortable homes of the well-to-do people, and gazed with wonder and admiration on the gorgeous palaces of the wealthy. From the high hills we were afforded beautiful views of the city and charming vistas of the bay and the Golden Gate. One innocent damsel from the Middle West, to the amusement of her chums, asked the guide to point out the Golden Gate, "for," said she, "I cannot see any gate. I can only see large bare rocks." To her the whole thing was a disappointment, for the little innocent expected to see an actual shiny gate of gold, hinges and all, with the latch-string hanging out. Several hours were consumed in touring the city, viewing the houses, inspecting the missions and seeing the stately churches, cathedrals and synagogues, when we returned to the hotel in time for lunch.

CHAPTER XXII.

OAKLAND—MOUNT TAMALPAIS—THE CROOKEDEST RAILROAD IN THE WORLD.

THE afternoon was taken up with excursions to the near-by suburbs of the city. The first and principal one was Oakland, six miles across the San Francisco Bay. To the surprise of many of our party Oakland was found to be a first-class city, covering 18 square miles, with fine municipal improvements and excellent trolley car service. A number of trans-continental railroads terminate here and the passengers and freight transferred to San Francisco in ferry boats. Oakland has 15 miles of water frontage, upon which are located large iron and steel works, ship yards, lumber yards, coal bunkers, cotton mills, potteries, tanneries, magnesite works, borax and oil refineries. The population is about 110,000, and is filled with attractive and beautiful residences standing far back on pretty, well-kept lawns, adorned with sweet flowers and handsome shrubbery. Many San Francisco business men have their homes in Oakland. As a proof that the place is growing rapidly the Board of Trade pointed to the fact that 1,571 new residences were erected there last year.

Another suburb hurriedly visited was Berkley, where is situated the magnificent University of California. This university has the most famous ampitheatre in the world.

It is a natural hollow in the mountain, surrounded with massive circles of seats, tier above tier, made out of concrete, with a seating capacity of 8,000 people. The speaker's rostrum is in the centre, and the speaker's voice can be easily and distinctly heard in any portion of that vast circus. Here it was that President Roosevelt delivered an eloquent and famous commencement address, May 14th, 1903. The University of California has taken high rank among the educational institutions of the country. It has an endowment of about $15,000,000. Its yearly income is about $500,000, thus making it independent of tuition fees for its success. The professors are the finest and ablest that can be had in this country, and the student body are as fine specimens of brawn, muscle and brains as can be found in the length and breadth of the land. In the afternoon we took a short trip out from San Francisco, which proved to be one of the

MOUNT TAMALPAIS AND SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

most beautiful and pleasant of the entire tour. A small party of us took a mammoth ferry boat from its pier and enjoyed a delightful run down the bay, sailing close to the wharves and giant ships and foreign feluccas, passing the pretty islands of Alcatraz and Angel, to Sausalito on the northern side of San Francisco Bay. At Sausalito we entered the cars of the North Shore Railroad and passed along Richardson's Bay (an arm of San Francisco Bay) some six miles to Mill Valley, the situation of which is so picturesque and charming that it has been christened the Switzerland of America. Mill Valley is situated at the foot of Mt. Tamalpais, the most romantic and picturesque mountain in California. Long before the days of the California gold excitement the northern part of the State, and especially in the neighborhood of this peak, was possessed and occupied by a powerful Indian tribe called the Tamals, and from their name and the word pais, meaning country, the mountain took its name.

At Mill Valley we found awaiting us four cars and a powerful mountain-climbing engine to take us to the summit of the mountain. This railroad up the mountain was built in 1896, and is a standard broad gauge railroad, with steam oil burning locomotives of a powerful and special type. It is not a cog-wheel road, and, strange to say, has no steep inclines. The grade is gradual, averaging 5 feet to the 100. The road is known as "The Crookedest Railroad in the World," and it fully justifies the name, as within its 8 1-5 miles there are 281 curves, which if they were continuous would make 42 complete circles. The longest piece of straight track is 413 feet, and that occurs in that part of the line where the road makes a complete double

bow-knot. At one point of the road, on the ascent, you can see five different pieces of the road lying like steps in the mountain below you.

The top of the peak is about 2,600 feet above the level of the bay, but the ascent is so gradual that you do not fully appreciate the height and there is nothing alarming or terrifying in the ride. We seated ourselves in the open observation cars prepared to enjoy what proved to be a most glorious and exhilerating—nay, entrancing ride. A preliminary toot of the locomotive whistle and a wave of the hand of the conductor and we were off on our trip up toward the sky. Immediately after leaving Mill Valley the road enters a forest of our old friends, the majestic redwood, for which California is so famous. Then we wind through the beautiful and romantic canyon of Blithedale, along its ever-flowing and warbling creek, past numerous suburban homes, with their picturesque ponds and lakes, Marsh's Japanese Village and its quaint houses, continually ascending higher. Crossing the head of that canyon the road swings back gradually rising until there are no trees to obstruct the view, except where wooded canyons are crossed, filled with redwoods, medronas, oaks and laurels, lending a pleasant variety to

THE DOUBLE BOW-KNOT, MT. TAMALPAIS RAILROAD.

the trip and preparing for the next outburst of the panorama a on a broader scale. Curving through the canyons, looking down their precipitous sides, the road crosses over Silver Gulch, through McKinley Cut, around Summit Avenue, into Mill Valley Canyon, the vast panorama expanding every minute as the Bay of San Francisco opens out. Mt. Diablo in the east slowly pushes its great bulk above the Coast Range. As we slowly approach the summit of Mt. Tamalpais the scene becomes more beautiful, and such a vast panorama of the greatest grandeur and beauty is unfolded before us as beggars the powers of description to fully and adequately paint it in words. At the foot of the mountain stretches out a silvery sheet, the waters of San Francisco Bay. Off to the west you see the famous Golden Gate, and reaching from the Golden Gate away to the distant horizon are the billows of the Pacific Ocean painted bright by the golden rays of the setting sun. In the far distance are seen San Francisco, the Cliff House, Oakland, Alameda, Berkley, Mt. Diablo, Point Richmond, Mill Valley, Belvedere and other places.

It is a magnificently beautiful picture that far surpasses any view we have ever seen, either in this country or abroad, and one that will long remain impressed on the tablets of our memory. At the top of the peak is the Tavern of Tamalpais which has very fine accommodations for tourists desiring to make a sojourn there. A number of Alpine Clubs of young men and women have been formed in San Francisco, who climb the sides of the mountain by moonlight and remain to see the sun rise from that vantage point. The railroad company has also adopted a unique way of taking advantage of the beauties of the sun rise. A

car is started down the road from the summit, just before sun rise, by gravity, and the passengers have all the pleasure of the beauty of the dawning hours and the excitement of an untrammeled ride. We left the summit of Tamalpais at dusk and returned to the Hotel St. Francis for our evening dinner. The evening was spent in ths pleasures of a theatre party, seeing the city by gas light, and an after-theatre supper. The next day was Sunday and the morning was spent in various devotional ways, as best suit-each individual conscience.

HIGH-CURVE TRESTLE, MT. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY.

San Francisco has a club which is unique in many ways. It is the Bohemian Club—Bohemians of the Bohemians. Among their customs is one rare delight and pleasure, which many an outsider of social and artistic taste would fain enjoy. On the Saturday nearest the August full moon, every year, the club, with its few invited guests repair to the wonderful and mysterious grove of Big Trees a few miles from the northern shore of San Francisco Bay. Here they remain for a fortnight encamped, celebrating their unique feast of the Midsummer High Jinks. The monarchs of the forest, with their rugged and hoary sides, stand close together like brothers lifting their green-crowned heads high up into the skies, check-

ing, sifting, mellowing the golden beams as they fall earthward, making it always a dim and religious twilight in the grove, giving everything a romantic glow. The life there, as the days roll by, is full of joy, pleasure, poetry, romance and adventure, in which some say that not infrequently the active little god, Cupid, plays an important part. At the ending comes the High Jinks, over which the composer, poet, costumer and actors have toiled and struggled for many months. Once this performance was comparatively simple. Now it is usually a drama—or rather, perhaps, a masque—written in verse by one of the club poets and set to orchestral music. Two conventionalities govern it—the enactors must be woodland folk; the theme must turn on the restoration of good fellowship through the death of Care. Great nights they are, those of the Jinks. No one pretends to go to bed. After the burning of the statue of Care, everybody goes first to supper and hears much untrammeled western oratory. Then, in a side canyon, or about the camp fire, the club comedians present the "Low Jinks," usually a burlesque on the High. And around the camp fire the members and guests keep going all night, and finish at dawn with a dip in the river.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE STRAITS OF CARNEQUINEZ—THE LARGEST FERRY BOAT IN THE WORLD—SACRAMENTO—THE CAPITAL.

AT two o'clock Sunday afternoon, after a continual round of pleasure and generous hosptitality at the hands of the people of San Francisco, we departed with keen regret to Oakland to board our special train and continue our journey. At Oakland we found our Southern Pacific train in spick-and-span order awaiting us. It was not long until everyone of the party was accounted for, and the train started northward, and bound for our next brief stop at Sacramento, the capital of the State of California. In an hour or two we reached the banks of the great Sacramento River, and our further progress was seemingly barred by a vast expanse of deep and bridgeless water. The place where our train halted was called Porta Costa; the town on the opposite side of the water was called Benicia, and the turbulent waters between are named the Strait of Carnequinez. While the train stood still we investigated matters and found there was a way across the water—by a floating railroad—or, in other words, by means of a gigantic ferry boat, named Solano. When we saw the ferry boat, which is said to be the largest in the world, we realized it was equal to the task of moving us. It is 424 feet long, 121 feet wide and has four railroad tracks on it, side by side,

CAPITOL BUILDING AND PARK, SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

COUNTRY SCENE NEAR SACRAMENTO.

and is run by four engines of 2,000 horse power. The boat will carry 36 large sized freight cars, or 48 of the old-style small cars. Our train of two locomotives and ten cars was cut into three sections and run out on the boat without a jar. The boat sailed the water like a swan and carried us and our cars easily and gracefully across the strait. While crossing we left the cars and climbed into the pilot house and every high spot of vantage on the boat.

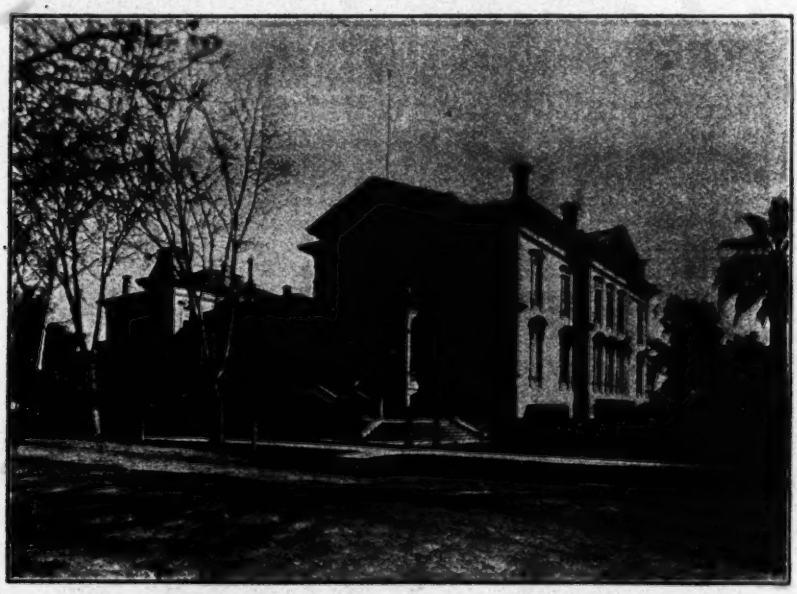
Benicia, the town on the north side of the strait, is known to fame as the birthplace of the pugilist, John C. Heenan, who, in 1860, engaged in a prize fight with the noted Englishman, Tom Sayers. They fought 64 rounds, when Sayers' arm was broken and the fight ended in a draw. After leaving Benicia our train entered a swampy section, which is underlaid with quicksand deposits. The

STREET SCENE, SACRAMENTO.

railroad is built on piling, and frequently as much as 400 feet of track disappears suddenly into sink holes, compelling the railroad company to pour car load after car load of stones into the hole, and spend hundreds of dollars repairing the damage. Such repairs had just been completed before we reached there, and we passed over the road in safety. Beyond the swamps we entered a fine level pasture land, on which we saw thousands of fat sheep and sleek cattle grazing. Still further on we passed through thrifty farms and extensive vineyards, laden with rich and luscious grapes.

We reached Sacramento shortly before sunset and were

met at the station by the Board of Trade and committees of citizens. The first want was supper, and a general rush was made for the restaurants and hotels. After our inner man was satisfied, the Board of Trade took us in charge and guided us in special trolley cars over the city, stopping to carefully inspect the famous Sutter's Fort, which has been thoroughly repaired and restored, and is in an excellent state of preservation. Here it was that in the early days of the settlement of that section of California that the traders and settlers fled for safety and protection when the hostile Indians took to the war-path, and sought their scalps. Later, after viewing the residential portion of the city, we

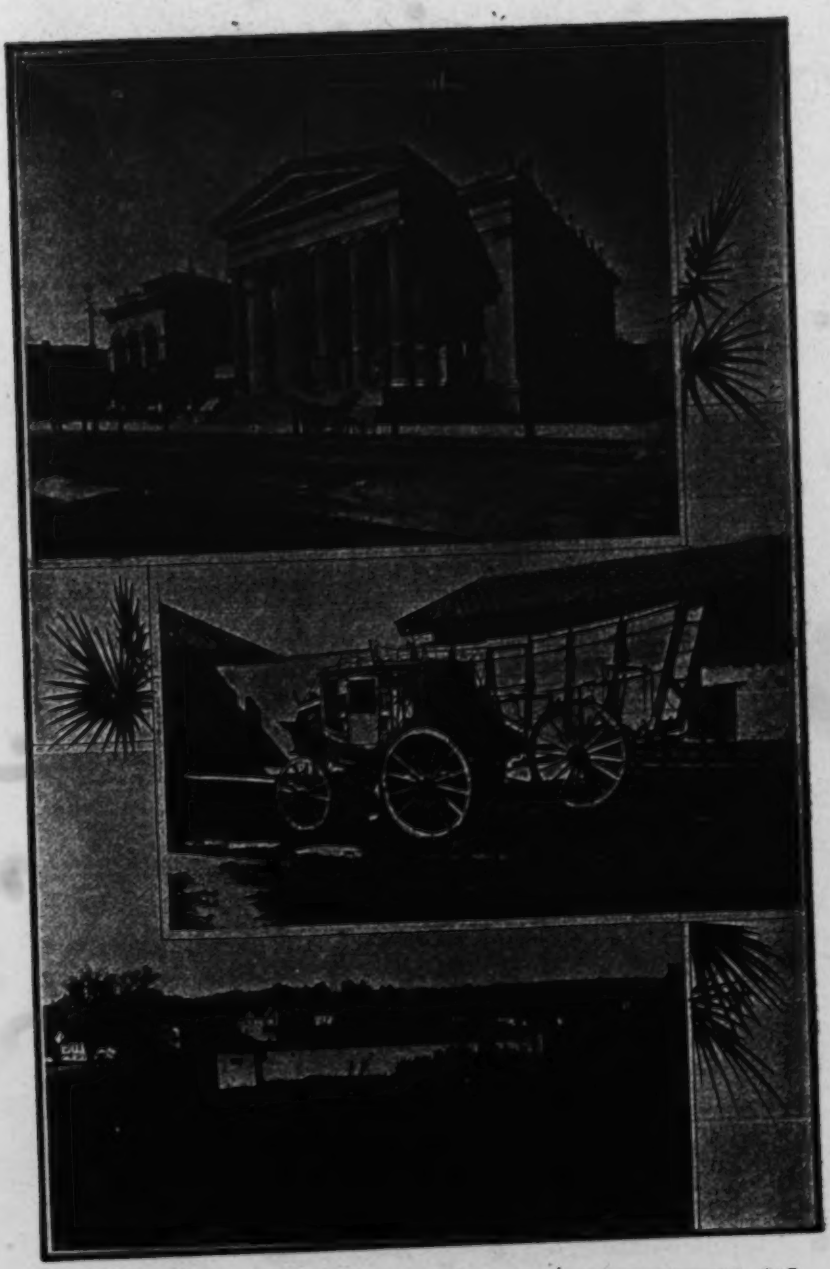


THE CROCKER ART GALLERY, SACRAMENTO.

ONE OF SACRAMENTO'S BEAUTIFUL PARKS

visited the Crocker Art Gallery, which is said to be the finest in the State, and which is full of beautiful, costly and pleasing paintings and statuary. The paintings alone are valued at close to a million dollars.

At the completion of the trolley ride our party was escorted to the stately and magnificent capitol buildings and tendered a handsome reception by the Governor and citizens. The capitol building is situated in a most beautiful park, which greatly enhances the beauty of the magnificent structure, which for imposing grandeur of appearance is



COUNTY COURT HOUSE AND SUTTERS FORT, SACRAMENTO, CAL

unexcelled by any similar building in any of the States. At the reception each of the ladies was presented with a handsome boquet of beautiful flowers. While at the capital we learned an interesting fact—that John Bigler, who was Governor of California from 1851 to 1855, was a native of the Keystone State, having been born at Carlisle, January 8, 1805. He moved to California, with his family, in 1849. He was a brother of William Bigler, who was Governor of Pennsylvania at the same time.

Sacramento is a thriving city, with fine business blocks of granite and brick, and is modern and up-to-date in all respects. It has a well-equipped and well-managed electric trolley system, which reaches all parts of the city, and penetrates into the surrounding country. The church buildings are numerous and of beautiful and imposing architecture. The streets are numbered in one direction and the intersecting streets are named after the letters of the alphabet. The city is certainly a beautiful one with wide, well graded and nicely shaded thoroughfares.

Sacramento is improving rapidly under the wise administration of the Board of Trade, whose campaign of publicity and promotion is ably managed. The city administration is alert, active and doing all that it can to second the efforts of the Board of Trade. We regretted that our time was so limited that we could not see more of the city and linger longer with its hospitable people.

CHAPTER XXIV.

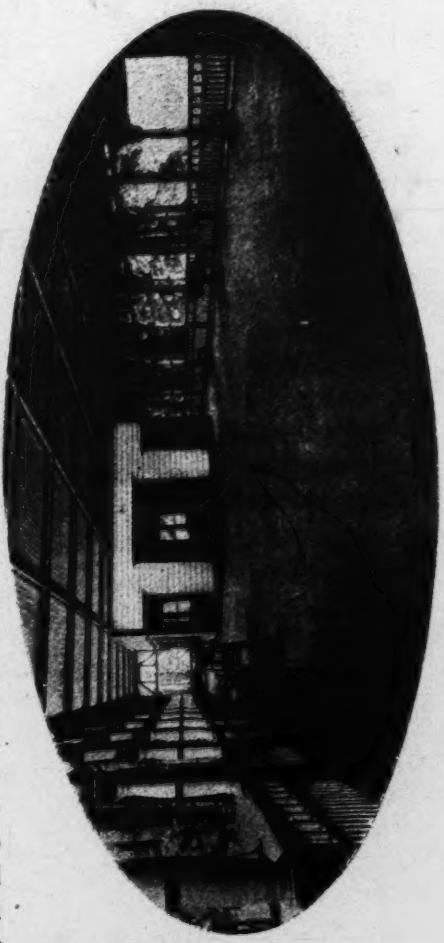
DUNSMUIR—THE LADY BARBERS—THE LORDLY MT. SHASTA—MT SHASTA SPRINGS.

OUR special train left Sacramento on its northern run shortly after midnight. As we sped along the northern border of California we crossed and re-crossed the Sacramento River no less than 18 times, as it wormed its tortuous course to the sea. The next morning found our train at Dunsmuir, California, a hustling mountain town on the Cascade Range, where we were treated to a generous breakfast. The mountain air had sharpened our appetites and we ate our meal with keen relish. During our short stop we saw all the sights, and among the curiosities was a barber shop run by lady barbers. The mountaineers seemed to enjoy having the girls put their arms around their heads and pat their cheeks during the shaving operation. Some of grey-beards of our party were so charmed with the novel sight that they ventured into the shop and had one the dizzy blondes lather and shave them. The girls were not slow in the matter of inviting the boys to take a seat and try a shave. The only wonder is the boys escaped with any money at all. The girls thoroughly understood their business, and were raking in the coin at a great rate. The fun was cut short by the locomotive whistle warning us to board the train again. After leaving Dunsmuir the train

passed up some very steep grades, around sharp curves and over a great horse shoe bend, which is a close rival of the P. R. R. horse shoe curve. The puffing, struggling locomotives showed plainly what a herculean task is was to haul our heavy train up the mountain. The road ran through very picturesque scenery—rugged mountains towering on each side, with a turbulent stream of crystal clear water dashing and tumbling ing over the mossy rocks in silvery spray. Each turn of the railroad gave a different setting to the scene and painted a new and beautiful picture for us to feast our eyes upon. In a short time our train

THE MOSSBRAE FALLS, SHASTA SPRINGS.

ran closer and deeper and deeper into the mountains, and the pine and redwood trees, with their deep green foliage, became more numerous, contrasting beautifully with the browns, greys and coppers of the rocks, while the sunlight glinting and glancing down over the mountain peaks and rocks, with deep blue of the sky overhead, completed the beautiful picture. A few moments later a turn in the road brought into view the noble Mount Shasta, with its royal head crowned with a diadem of everlasting snow.—There, high up in the air, stood the guardian peak 14,442 feet above the sea, alone in all its grandeur, the ruler of the mountains.



THE CASINO, SHASTA SPRINGS.

The beauty and majesty of that picture appealed to one and all of us, as we gazed long in wonder and admiration. It was hard for many of the party to believe that the summit of Mount Shasta was really crowned with snow those later days in June, but so it was, and the icy cold streams that came tumbling down the mountain sides testified of the snow, ice and cold on those heights above. The summit of Mount Shasta is scaled annually by many hardy tourists, and after a strenuous climb of ten hours they reach the top, when they are amply repaid for their labor; for on that high vantage point they become neighbors to the

THE SILVER BROOK, SHASTA SPRINGS.

clouds, and there before them stretches out a wonderful panorama embracing Oregon, part of California and Nevada's plains, while far to the west may be seen the blue waves of the Pacific Ocean.—In a few hours our train rounded a curve and we came in sight of Mount Shasta Springs, one of California's most famous and popular summer reresorts. It is claimed there is no finer mountain resort in the world. Its waters possess rare virtues and curative properties.—The mountain side seems to be strewn with springs of crystal water which comes bubbling forth from the rocks and dash down the mountain side,

THE TENNIS COURTS, SHASTA SPRINGS.

SNOW CROWNED MOUNT SHASTA

forming the most beautiful and entrancing cascades imaginable. The main sources of water are five mineral springs at the base of the mountain, near the railroad track, which are united and pour forth into a very large concrete basin—The waters are strongly impregnated with ammonia, the fumes rising in clouds, and when inhaled give one the sensation of having drunk highly charged soda water. The Company in possession of the springs have a large bottling plant near the main spring where they bottle and keg the water for shipment to all parts of the world to be used as a table and health water. All trains stop at the Shasta

THE SACRAMENTO RIVER RAPIDS AT SHASTA SPRINGS.

Springs long enough for the passengers to drink most copiously of the waters and to view the wonder of the picturesque scenery. The waters are very highly impregnated with alum, iron, soda, magnesium and other minerals, and are especially efficacious in the treatment of stomach and kidney troubles. Near the station is a large first-class natatorium, where the visitors can indulge in a plunge bath in heated mineral water. At the summit of the mountain is a magnificent level plateau adorned with finely kept lawns and beautiful flowers. The company has built a commodious hotel and comfortable cottages for summer visitors. Here is held a profitable summer Chautauqua. The summit of the mountain can be reached either by an incline railway, about 2,000 feet long, or by zig-zag paths scaling the mountain side at easy grades, with frequent seats for the weary to rest upon as they ascend. From the plateau a very fine view can be had of the noble proportions of the peak of Mount Shasta.

We left Mount Shasta Springs much pleased and invigorated by our brief stop there. Leaving the Springs the railway continued to climb the mountain and from Hornbrook to Siskiyou, a distance of 19 miles, we ascended 2,258 feet. As we passed along this part of the railroad we saw immense and almost endless piles of cord wood ranked along the way for the use of the railroad on their locomotives. A reference to the map revealed the fact that we were nearing the end of California soil, over which we had traveled almost a thousand miles from its southernmost border to its northernmost line.

CHAPTER XXV.

OUR FIRST GLIMPSE OF OREGON—ASHLAND—MEDFORD—SALEM.

SHORTLY after passing Cole's Station we saw by the road side the large sign-board marking the limit of the Golden State, and the next minute we were in the land of Oregon; a land flowing with milk and honey; a land of of many rich promises; the land which passed to the United States by the treaty of June 15th, 1846, with Great Britain. Our first introduction to the hospitable people of Oregon was made June 26th, 1905, when our train stopped at Ashland. Here the people had turned out in crowds to greet us, and presented us with numerous boxes of the finest and largest cherries we ever saw. The fruit was so delicious and was such a treat that all ate as much as they could, and sighed with regret that they were unable to stow away more. Here we were given a carriage drive around the city and in the evening took dinner at the station hotel, Ashland. It certainly was fine. Everything had been prepared to the queen's taste by the Chinese cooks. Each person had a whole juicy, fat spring chicken for himself and all the other fixin's, and we ate as though we never expected to eat again.

The Ashland people certainly did everything they could to make us leave at peace with ourselves and with a

good impression of their growing town. A few hours later in the eveing our special made a brief stop at Medford, where we were greeted with music and a host of citizens. A generous supply of beautiful flowers were presented by the ladies' reception committee to our girls. Our time at Medford was taken up with an inspection of the local museum, located near the station, where there was a magnificent collection of the agricultural, horticultural, floricultural and mineral products of that section of the State. A view of those exhibits and a talk with some of the prominent citizens gave us a very correct idea of the possibilities and resources of that region.

After leaving Medford, and while our train passed swiftly through the darkness of the night, a party of three ladies and three gentlemen (one of the latter being a six-footer weighing 225 pounds) stood on the platform of the car talking. Suddenly, out of the darkness, two hard-looking men, with villainous faces, appeared on the opposite car platform. Immediately there arose visions of a genuine western holdup. The ladies trembled, screamed and hid their jewels and money in their stockings. The big six-footer, who looked like a prize fighter, at once started to flee back into the car for safety. He said he objected to being shot on such short notice. In the twinkling of an eye the smallest man of the party quickly stepped across to the other platform and demanded the intruders' business. They did not display any fierceness, but replied that they were railroaders who had gotten left, and they desired to go as far as Grant's Pass on the special. That seemed all right and the dauntless little editor stood guard until those fellows dropped off the train when that station was reached. But from

that time forth no vestibule doors were kept open after nightfall, and no chances were taken of a real holdup.

During the night our train passed through Grant's Pass, one of Oregon's most prosperous mining camps, and the miners, not to be outdone by the other Oregonians, put a box of badges on the train for us. They were certainly unique. In the centre of each was a small piece of real gold quartz.

The next morning we stopped for a short time at Albany, where we were met by pretty young damsels with baskets of luscious cherries and beautiful flowers. The fruit, flowers and young ladies were fully appreciated and enjoyed, and we parted from them with great reluctance. Albany is a rapidly growing city of about 6,000 thrifty people. The city has the best transportation facilities of any city in the State, except Portland. It is located in the midst of the magnificent Willamette Valley. They have just enough rain; just enough sunshine; excellent water; no excessive heat, and no excessive cold, to make a climate unexcelled anywhere.

A run of a few miles farther brought us to Salem, the capital of Oregon, where we were scheduled for breakfast. After that meal was over the citizens tendered us a drive through the city, after which we were received at the State capitol buildings by Governor Chamberlain, and made to feel that he was our friend, and that the whole State of Oregon was ours, if we wanted it. The Governor impressed us as a courteous, affable gentleman, and as a broad-minded and efficient executive.

Salem, being the State Capital, has the Oregon penitentiary, asylum for the insane, reform school, deaf mute

school, school for the blind and all other purely State institutions. The city has many manufactories which turn out large quantities of fine products. In the surrounding country are raised the finest prunes, strawberries and other fruits that can be found in the State. The city is situated on the beautiful Willamette River, on which a daily service of steam boats is maintained between Salem and Portland.

After we had seen all of Salem's beauties and points of interest, being impressed with its solid worth, we resumed our journey, passing through a fertile farming section, with signs of prosperity and large crops in evidence on all sides, and the country becoming more thickly settled we realized that we were approaching the metropolis of Oregon.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PORTLAND—THE ROSE CITY—THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION—SACAJAWEA, THE INDIAN PRINCESS.

AT one o'clock the afternoon of June 27th our special steamed into the Union Station at Portland. The bustling activity on all sides and the crowds of people at the depot brought home to us the fact that we were at last in the city of the famous Lewis and Clark Exposition. At the Union Station special trolley cars were awaiting our party, and we were soon seated and whirled away to our headquarters at the American Inn on the Exposition grounds. We found the American Inn to be commodious and the entertainment of a very high grade for an exposition hotel. The hotel people treated us well, and did all they could to make us comfortable; doing all they could to serve and please us, and they succeeded in their efforts.

The Lewis and Clark Exposition pleased us all. It was an exposition complete in interesting details, and an exhibition which would have done honor to many a larger city. It would be manifestly unfair to make a critical comparison between it and the mammoth affairs which we had seen at Chicago, Buffalo and later at St. Louis. It was not in their class, but it was in a peculiar and interesting class of its own. The exhibition was carefully planned, artistically placed, ably managed, and in all its departments complete and interesting, reflecting great credit and honor on the

THE UNION STATION, PORTLAND.

people who projected and conducted it, from President H. W. Goode, down to the lowest menial who contributed to its success.

The Exposition grounds were peculiarly fortunate in having a beauty of natural setting. The park embraced 406 acres, and had a beautiful natural lake—Guild's Lake, of 220 acres. On one side were the picturesque waters of the Willamette River and on the other side towered the pine-crowned summits of the Willamette Mountains. From the Exposition Park, in the distance, can be seen the snow-crowned peaks of Mount Hood, 11,225 feet high; Mount Rainer, 14,259 feet; Mount St. Helens, 10,000, and Mount Adams, 12,470 feet. There were 10 large exhibition palaces on the grounds, erected in the mission style of architecture, and treated in a beautiful and harmonious scheme of color.

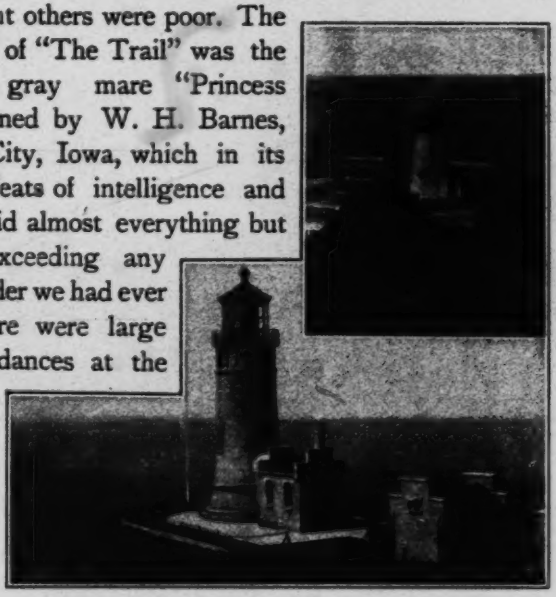
With the large expanse of water, artistic bridges, extensive lawns and multitudinous flower beds, with 20,000 rose bushes in full bloom, the grounds in daylight presented a very pretty sight, and at night thousands of glowing electric lights made the Exposition a glorious and brilliant panorama of sparkling fountains, flowers, trees, terraces, lakes, lagoons and massive and picturesuue buildings. The exhibition buildings were the forestry building, Oriental exhibits, European exhibits, agricultural, liberal arts, mines

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PORTLAND.

and metallurgy, fine arts, machinery, electricity and transportation.

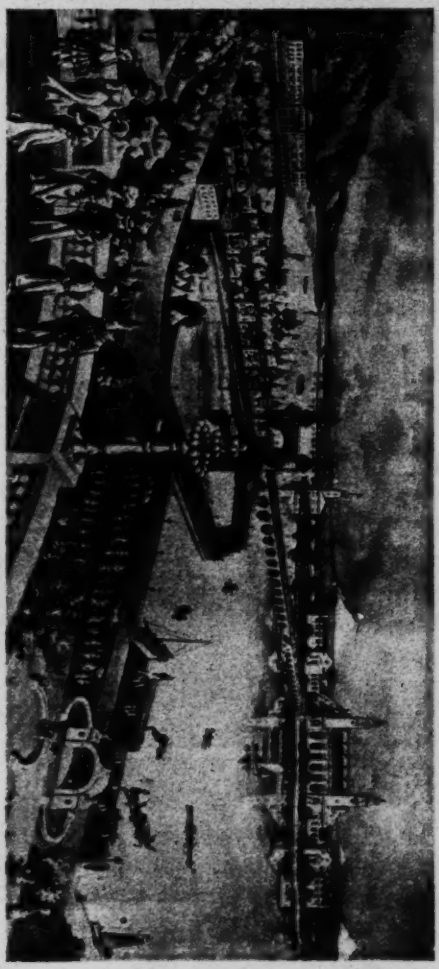
The entrance to the grounds was through a stately and ornate colonade. The exhibition booths were crowded with interesting displays, and the Oriental departments were unusually attractive and complete. The palm for the largest and richest Oriental display was carried off by the wiley Japanese. The United State Government had a fine large building, located on an island in the center of the lake, in which they made a handsome display from all the departments of the General Government, there being espec-

ially complete exhibits in the Army and Navy branches of the service. There was also a fine exhibit of cruisers and battle-ships anchored at the exhibition door in the Willamette River. The usual "Midway" and "Pike" were present under the name of "The Trail." There was gathered all the side-shows of the Fair. Some of them were very amusing, but others were poor. The star feature of "The Trail" was the celebrated gray mare "Princess Trixie," owned by W. H. Barnes, of Sioux City, Iowa, which in its tricks and feats of intelligence and dexterity, did almost everything but talk, far exceeding any equine wonder we had ever seen. There were large daily attendances at the Exposition, considering the far distant location and the population of surrounding states. In all almost 3,000,000 people visited the Fair. On the evening of June 27th President Goode, of the Exposition Association, assisted by other members of the official body, and a bevy of handsome ladies, tendered our party a most brilliant and thoroughly enjoyable recep-



THE LIGHTHOUSES AT THE MOUTH OF COLUMBIA RIVER.

tion at the New York State Building, on the grounds. Our party, during our short stay, made the most of our time in seeing all the points of interest in the Exposition. The Lewis and Clark Exposition celebrates the 100th anniversary of the exploration of the Oregon country, which embraced the territory now the states of Oregon, Idaho, Washington and parts of Montana and Wyoming, made by Captain Merriweather Lewis and Captain William Clark, under a commission from President Thomas Jefferson, in the year 1803.—Many hardships and great privations were endured by Lewis and Clark in



LAKE FRONT, EXPOSITION.

SEAL OF THE EXPOSITION

their travels, and many perils were encountered from wild beasts and savages. A pretty romance was connected with this expedition. The two explorers were lost in the vast wilderness and were unable to hit the trail.—Suddenly there appeared before them a beautiful and graceful Indian maiden, who, by signs, made them understand that she was their friend and would lead them to a place of safety. The name of this dusky maiden, who was a princess among her own people, was Sacajawea. She conducted the explorers out of the forest to the village of her father, where they were kindly received and guides furnished them to contine their explorations. The seal of the Exposition has on its face a medalion of the Indian princess Sacajawea walking between Lewis and Clark, with her arms around their necks, lovingly leading them towards the realm of the setting sun. On the Exposition grounds stands a heroic bronze figure of Sacajawea, representing her as a beautiful, youthful and graceful Indian

STATUE OF MERIWEATHER LEWIS

STATUE OF WILLIAM CLARK

maiden. If the original was as entrancing as her bronze counterfeit it is no wonder Lewis and Clark were captivated by the forest princess. The Exposition was certainly worthy a visit and a long journey, and the knowledge gained and pleasure and entertainment of all who saw it were adequate compensation for any inconveniences that may have have been incurred. After we had exhausted the Exhibition we turned our attention to the city of Portland and the surrounding country.

Portland has become known to fame as the "Rose City," due to the fact that roses are grown there in the greatest profusion and in the greatest perfection of bloom and perfume of any place in the world. The roses are grown out doors all the year around, owing to the open and salubrious climate, there being no extremes of heat or cold and no snows and frosts. The Cascade range of mountains protects the city on the east from a rigorous climate, and the air is tempered to a wonderful mildness by the balmy breezes which sweep landward from the ocean on

GRAND STAIRWAY TO TERRACE OF STATES

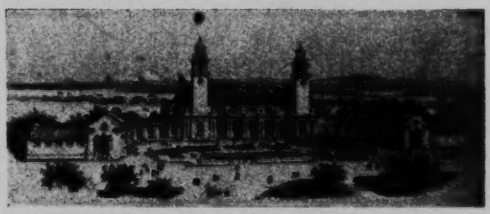
on the west. Frequent rains during the winter months and spring-time serve in keeping the rose bushes green and their bloom prolific. Portland has a fine location on the Willamette River, a short distance above the stream's junction with the Columbia River. Large craft of all kinds ascend from the ocean to Portland wharves, making it one of the chief sea ports of the northwest. The United States Government is making improvements in the Columbia and Willamette rivers which will result in allowing the largest ocean vessels to dock at Portland, and will increase the city's importance and prestige as a receiving and shipping port. The city has a population close to 150,000 people, the majority of whom are former easterners, who have gone there and

THE ENTRANCE AND ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

A PORTION OF CENTENNIAL PARK.

become hustlers and shouters for Portland's increase and prosperity. The city's location is ideal, having plenty of lowlands for business locations and beautiful hills and heights for the residental portion of the city. The city is very progressive, has fine business buildings and public improvements. It has an ample water supply and a complete system of electric lighting, and trolley cars which wind around, in and out of the city, for 164 miles. The streets are well paved and sewered, and an efficient and courteous police department looks after the public safety. It has a record of commercial and manufacturing results for the year 1903 footing up to $271,000,000, and the bank clearings for the same year amounted to $176,000,000. The city has ample accommodations for all its guests. The chief hotel is the palatial Portland, which was erected at an expenditure of $1,000,000, where all the comforts of life may be had at

INTERIOR OF THE FORESTRY BUILDING



U. S. GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

a good round price. Everything there is done to the queen's taste; and you can have it all if you only have the price. Another side trip us was one made to Fort Vancouver and the city of Vancouver, Washington, only 8 miles by trolley across the Columbia River from Portland. Vancouver was first established in 1792 by Lieutenant Vancouver, an English explorer, and here in the year 1806 the Hudson Bay Company, under the noted McLaughlin, established a trading post for trading with the Indians and buying furs. Later the place came under the control of the Americans, and here on May 23d, 1849, the United States founded Columbia Barracks, and the stars which was much enjoyed by

SCENE IN CHINATOWN.

and stripes floated in the breeze on the banks of the Columbia River. The name of the military post was, in 1853, again changed to Fort Vancouver and has since remained the same. Here our famous generals, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, received some of their best early training. The boys in blue at the fort present a brave and inspiring sight when they turn out on dress parade on the espalande, in front of the quarters, at five o'clock each afternoon. Our girls were much impressed by the sight of the brass buttons, but we brought them away without any seriously broken hearts.—Returning to Portland we spent the night and devoted the next day in farewell views of the city and partings with newly-made friends. We had expected to leave Portland early in the afternoon of June 29th over the line of the Oregon Railroad

THE FORESTRY BUILDING.

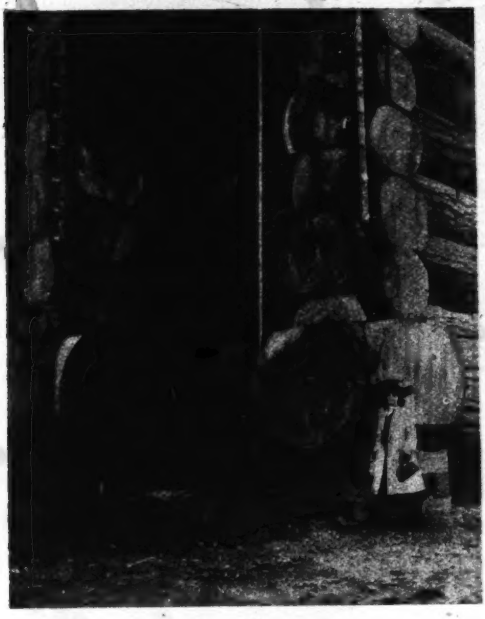
ORIENTAL EXHIBIT BUILDING.

and Navigation Company, so that we might view all the rugged and romantic beauties of the upper Columbia by daylight, but the plans were suddenly changed, and our special did not leave until late that night, much to our regret, and thus we missed seeing the grandest of the river scenery. While we were wandering around Portland we were invited into the United States Court House, and there we saw the venerable United States Senator John I. Mitchell being tried for land frauds. A few days later we read in the papers that his gray hairs and high position did not save him. The jury had convicted him. It was a sad commentary on the vicissitudes of life. Here was a man of fine commanding figure, kindly countenance and courteous manner, who had risen by his own efforts from humble circumstances to be a man of wealth and great influence, only, in his old days, to fall a victim to unlawful graft. Senator Mitchell's example should serve as a warning to

EUROPEAN EXHIBIT BUILDING.

AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

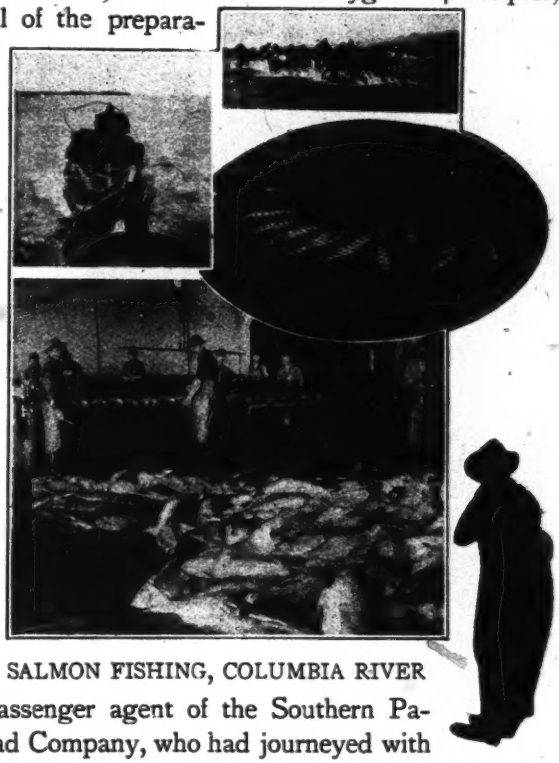
young men of our day and generation to pursue the straight and narrow path, knowing that honesty is still the best polity. An appeal was taken from the verdict to the Supreme Court of the United States in the hope of saving the offender from entering the prison gates, but before that tribunal could act, on December 8th, 1905, Senator Mitchell was seized with a hemorrhage of the teeth while in a dentist's office and died a few hours later in the Good Samaritan Hospital at Portland.—Ten miles below the city of Portland the waters of the Willamette River enter into the mighty tide of the Columbia River and rush a 100 miles farther on to join the Pacific Ocean. There are many interesting side trips that can be made cheaply, and in a few hours from Portland.



A CORNER OF THE FORESTRY BUILDING

Many of our party took the steamer down the Columbia River to Astoria, one of the oldest towns on the coast, where we saw the mighty Columbia salmon taken from the

river and in a few minutes turned into the choicest table dainties. Each editor took a can of salmon away from the cannery as a souvenir. The canneries are mammoth establishments, and are conducted on hygenic principles, every detail of the preparation of the fish being done with the most perfect cleanliness. Just before the train left Portland our party appreciated the attention, kindness and courtesy of Mr. A.C.Jackson, the traveling passenger agent of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, who had journeyed with us from the first hour of our entry into California to the parting of the ways at Portland, sprung a surprise on that gentleman. Mr. Jackson was at all times attentive to the wants of our party, and continually alert to point out all places of interest and beauty along the road, thus gaining



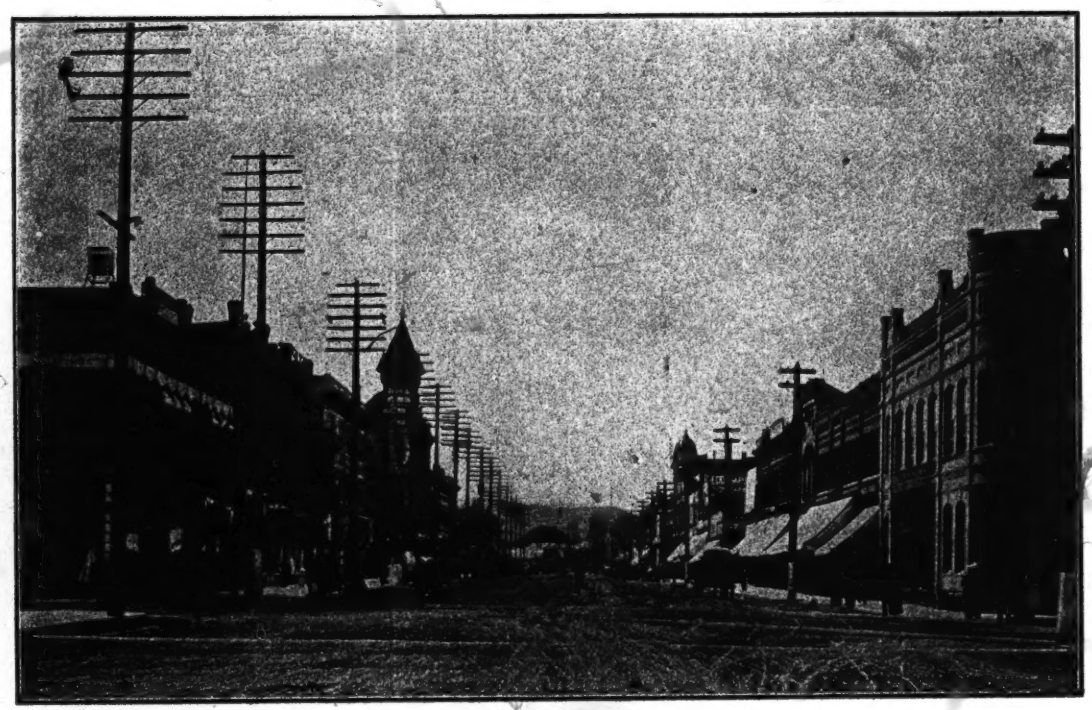
SALMON FISHING, COLUMBIA RIVER

the admiration and good will of us all. The remembrance of our party to the genial agent took the form of a beautifully engraved silver service. The gift was a total surprise to Mr. Jackson, and he made a brief speech expressive of his heartfelt appreciation of the generosity and admiration of our party toward him. Then we parted with mutual good wishes and adieux.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE LA GRANDE VALLEY—HOT LAKE—BAKER CITY—BOY THROWS GOLD AT A DEER.

THE night of June 29th passed away with the clouds and the morning of June 30th dawned brightly, with a fresh and exhilerating air. During the night we had skirted the Columbia River and rushed past the dashing Dalles and their romantic scenery. The Columbia is a mighty river, and flows over 450 miles before it loses itself in the Pacific. The morning found us moving swiftly through one of the most beautiful and fertile valleys east of the Cascade Mountains—the La Grande Valley. It is truly a "grande" valley, as its name indicates. On all sides were the evident signs of its richness and fertility in the vast stretches of wheat fields, pastures and orchards of rich and luscious fruits. The valley embraces 300,000 acres, and all kinds of fruit are raised there with the greatest success, from the finest cherries to the largest apples. Thousands of sheep feed in the green pastures and gambol along the babbling brooks, furnishing the finest lamb and mutton chops that go upon the epicures' table. Even the oldest mutton retains its tender juiciness when it graces the menu of the stylish restaurant. At La Grande we ate our breakfast, and a most generous and hearty breakfast it was, for it was late in the morning, like the French de juner. On our way north we had seen the rugged and stern moun-



STREET SCENE, BAKER CITY, OREGON.

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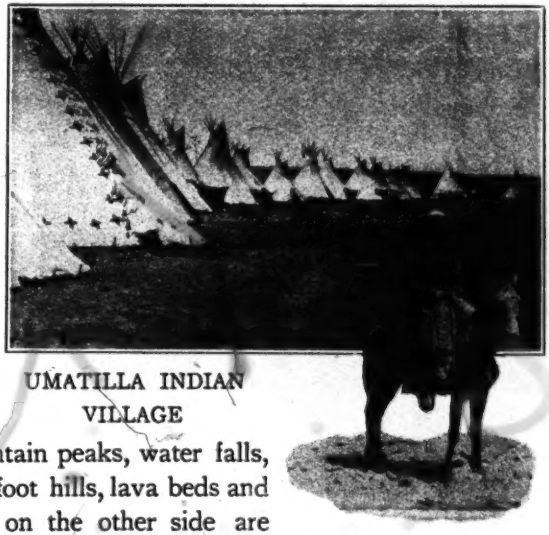
tain scenery of Oregon, and now, as we moved southward, the scenery had changed and the valley regions were to be traversed and inspected until we leave the State. No matter what kind of scenery the tourist or traveler may desire Oregon has it. The Cascade Mountains divide the State into two grand divisions. On one side are the rivers, the Pacific Ocean, the snow capped mountain peaks, water falls, lakes, bays, foot hills, lava beds and caves, while on the other side are the green, fertile and undulating valleys burdened with crops and teeming with pastoral life, while the brooks and rivulets, singing their songs of gladness, run hither and thither over the valleys like streams of glistening silver. The far distant rugged mountains, with their dark green fir covered sides and snow capped summits form a beautiful frame for this entrancing picture, the pure, clear air bringing each beauty spot out with vivid distinctness and carrying the vision for a 100 miles away. In these rich valleys are grown the largest and sweetest strawberries, blackberries and raspberries in the greatest profusion. As we passed



UMATILLA INDIAN VILLAGE

swiftly along we saw acre upon acre of towering dark green vines upon wire trellises. Upon inquiry we learned these were some of Oregon's famous hop fields. The sight of the hop vines was marvelous, and we never dreampt they were raised upon such an enormous scale. We were told that Oregon is the greatest hop producing State in the Union, if not in the world. We were also informed that the annual production is about 30,000 pounds and the crop is worth about $6,000,000. There being so many hops raised in that State, there is no excuse for the brewers not making pure malt and hop beer. The National Government should do as the foreign governments do—look into this question, and see that our drinks are of a standard of purity, as well as the foods we eat.

Oregon is also a large grower of wheat, barley and grains, flax and flax seed and sugar beets. The exports of flour and bread stuffs from the State annually amount to about $10,000,000. Her production of lumber amounts to the gross sum of $35,000,0000 each year, and she has billions of feet of timber still standing. The Oregon red cedar shingles has been a familiar sight on the eastern markets for many years past.

The United States Government has commened to look to Oregon, and is carrying out the motto, "Save the forests and store the floods." There are already many very large government forest reservations in Oregon, embracing several million acres. The State has untold mineral wealth, which has attracted but little attention as yet, and has been but poorly developed. It is a State of vast resources. The following data of Oregon is interesting: Land area in square miles, 94,560. Exploring expedition proposed by President

CASTLE ROCK ON COLUMBIA RIVER.

Jefferson, December 4, 1783. Columbia River discovered, May 11, 1792. Explored by Lewis and Clark, 1805-06. Astoria founded, April 12, 1811. Organized as a territory, August 14, 1848. Admitted as a state, February 14, 1859. The name Oregon first appeared in print in Jonathan Carver's "Travels Through the Interior Parts of North America," which was published in London in 1778. The origin of the name is one of the enigmas of history. Carver professed to have received it from the Indians in the country of th Upper Mississippi, where he had pushed his explorations. The Indians, he says, told him of the River Oregon flowing to the Western Ocean, but how much of the tale was his own invention it is impossible to say. Jefferson used the

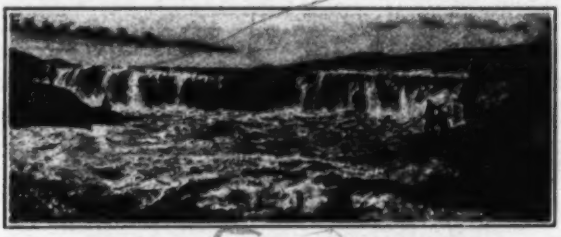
word in his instructions to Lewis and Clark, showing it was beginning to have a vogue before "Thanatopsis" was written, but it was Bryant's solemn poem, with its sonorus verse, which appeared in the year 1817, that famailiarized the word Oregon, and soon put it on every tongue. Various other accounts of the Lewis and Clark expedition had

SUNSET ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

appeared both in the United States and Europe before the appearance of "Thanatopsis," but undoubtedly it was Bryant's expression, "Where Rolls the Oregon," that first spread the name before the world.

Oregon is the sportsman's paradise. The rivers and lakes teem with the gamey trout, pickerel, bass and wall-eyed pike, while the valleys and foot hills abound with grouse, quail, golden Chinese pheasants and other wild birds; ducks and geese flock to the lakes and afford rare sport. In the mountains are found black, brown and grizzly bears, the mountain lion and deer and antelope. The mild cli-

mate, with a mean annual temperature of 51 degrees above zero, permits camp life, with the greatest comfort and pleasure, all the year around. The State still has plenty of public lands for settlers, there being now no less than 18,374,732 acres open for homestead settlers. The country is being rapidly filled up with the best class of settlers from the middle west, and they do not seem to have any of the low grade immigrants from Europe so common in Pennsylvania, especially around coal mines, stone quarries and railroad operations. The railroad track work in Oregon is done principally by Chinese and Japanese of the coolie class, with white men for bosses. That seems to be the



CELILO FALLS, COLUMBIA RIVER.

most satisfactory kind of labor they can secure for railroad construction there, as the white laborer has higher aspirations, and refuses to engage in that kind of work, save only in rare instances.

We were surprised to find the sentiment of Oregon quite tolerant of the Chinese, but this condition of the public mind is accounted for by the fact that they must have them to do the drudgery work on the rallroads.

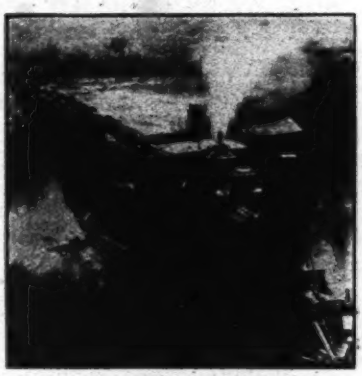
On our way south from La Grande we passed the famous Hot Lake. There are the largest hot springs known, and are the most remarkable fountains on earth.

The lake is 313 miles east of Portland, on the main line of the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company. The lake embraces an area of eight acres, formed by the crater of an extinct volcano, supplied by a large geyser of volcanic heated water. The springs flow about 3,000,000 gallons of water a day, and the temperature is 198 degrees. The waters are an absolute specific for all forms of rheumatism, rheumatic gout, stomach and liver troubles, nervous ailments, blood and skin diseases. There are at Hot Lake the most modern hotel, bath and hospital accommodations for the comfort and treatment of patients at the springs.

Our next stop was made at Baker City, the county seat of Baker County, and the metropolis and center of the mining district of Eastern Oregon. Here we were well treated and shown the sights of the town. Baker City is a town of about 10,000 people and has a commanding position in the valley, standing at an elevation of 3,440 feet above the sea level. The climate is most invigorating. The town is surrounded with rich agricultural lands, underlaid with an untold wealth of minerals and precious metals. The mining district surrounding Baker City embraces about 15,000 square miles, and is larger than the combined areas of the states of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. There are both quartz and placer mines in the district, and all are worked on a paying basis, although the mining industry is in its infancy, and has attracted but little attention from the outside world. In 1904 the gold output of the State of Oregon amounted to $4,000,000, and a large portion of this come from the Baker field. Placer mining is what is known as pocket mining. That is, the free gold has been washed down from some cliff or ledge

and collects in a hole, more commonly called a pocket, where it is found by some fortunate prospector. At Baker City we were told a mining story that made us feel like remaining a few weeks and to flirt with the fickle goddess of fortune.—Three weeks before our arrival an 18-year-old Baker City boy was out in the mountain with his gun and dog hunting deer. He had shot and wounded a large buck, and endeavored to make his dog chase the animal, but without success. In a fit of passion the boy reached down to pick up a stone to throw at his stubborn dog, but just as he was about to hurl the supposed stone he noticed it had a peculiar smooth smooth feeling which caused him to pause and examine it more closely, when he discovered he held in his hand a nugget of pure gold. Of course it was not thrown. The gust of passion was succeeded by a lust for gold, and the boy abandoned the chase and turned his attention to seeking the pocket

CITY HALL, BAKER CITY.



LOGGING TRAIN NEAR BAKER CITY.

A QUARTZ GOLD MINE NEAR BAKER CITY.

from which his nugget had rolled. He succeeded in locating it in a short time, and it proved to be a rich one. He carefully concealed all traces of his discovery, and returning home informed his brother of his rich find. The next day the two returned to the spot and staked off claims. Inside of two weeks they dug out $40,000 worth of pure gold, and later sold their claims to a company of capitalists for $100,000. A fortune of $140,000 in a period of three weeks is not such a bad record of sudden wealth. Such good fortune comes to few. Many prospectors work hard for months and find only enough to make fair wages.

There is plenty of wealth hidden in those mountains and foot hills of Oregon waiting to enrich the persevering and lucky prospector. Nearly all our editors would have

A PLACER GOLD MINE NEAR BAKER CITY.

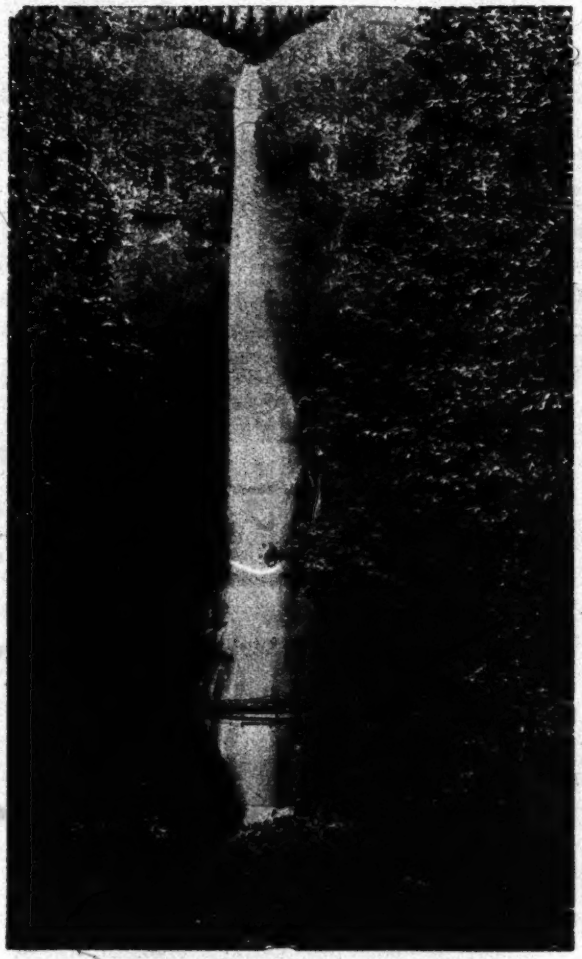
been glad to have grub staked a miner or two in that section had they not been short of funds. The gold fever certainly attacked a few of the boys, and they departed most reluctantly from Baker City. Even the beautiful carnations and luscious cherries furnished us by the amiable ladies of Baker City did not banish the thoughts of gold from their minds. Our next stop, after leaving Baker City, was Huntington, 404 miles east of Portland. It was interesting from the fact that there ends the line of the Oregon Navigation and Railroad Company, and commences the Oregon Short Line Railroad, a branch of the Union Pacific Railroad. It is destined to become quite a railroad town, and it has the noise and bustle of a railroad center. In addition to the railroad communication, the town carries on a heavy stage and wagon trade with several adjoining counties and also the mining districts, which are still beyond the reach of the

THE ROOSTER ROCK, COLUMBIA RIVER.

iron horse. The town is located in a low basin surrounded by high and rugged mountains, but beyond the mountains are large and fertile valleys which help to support the town and whose people make Huntington their trading depot. The town has good schools, first-class hotels and enterprising business houses in all lines of trade.

At Huntington a new crew and a new engine took our train, and we gave a new hitch to our watches, setting them one hour ahead, as we were passing another time meridian. There are, according scientific method, five time meridians in the United States, called Atlantic time, eastern time, central time, mountain time and Pacific time. As the traveler starts west from the Atlantic Ocean he turns his watch back one hour as he passes each meridian, and as he comes eastward he sets his watch forward one hour as he crosses each of these time lines. Thus when it is noon in Philadelphia it is only nine o'clock the same day in San Francisco, and

in London, England, it is five o'clock in the afternoon of yesterday.



THE MULTNOMAH FALLS, 1,024 FEET HIGH.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IDAHO—THE SNAKE RIVER CANYON—THE BEAR RIVER IRRIGATION.

SHORTLY after leaving Huntington our train crossed the Snake River, and we were in another State—Idaho. The Snake River rises in the Yellowstone National Park, in the upper corner of Nevada, flowing westward from the boundry line of the states of Idaho and Oregon, and then is finally lost in the Columbia River. The Snake River well deserves its name, for it is extremely serpentine in its windings, and we crossed it many times before we lost it. Our train, therefore, rushed in and out of Oregon a number of times before we came to a stop at Nampa, Idaho, for our supper. Nampa, with its quarter million dollar hotel and numerous other fine public houses and good restaurants, furnished a very fine evening dinner, which we all enjoyed, as we had not had anything to eat since our 10 o'clock breakfast at La Grande. As we rested a few hours in the cool of the evening the Nampa Spielers took us in charge, and they outdid the Edison graphophone in the beautiful songs they sang us of the present and future greatness of their city and surrounding country. The beauty about their stories is the fact that there is much truth in what they tell you, and each fellow thoroughly believes his town is just the greatest place on God's green earth, and he

hustles for it all he knows how. Even now railroads from Nampa run west to Portland, east to Salt Lake, north to Emmet, south to Murphy and northeast to Boise, the capital of Idaho. The country around about the city is to be benefitted by the national system of irrigation, and the United States Government has already made arrangements to build in that vicinity a mammoth reservoir to cover 10,000 acres of land. As a result of this gigantic plant over 400,000 acres of the Boise Valley will be brought under cultivation, and will be made to blossom and bloom like a rose. Idaho, with its 84,200 square miles of land and 510 square miles of water, presents limitless opportunities for the capitalist, settler, miner and farmer, for the State has but a small population, and the development of its vast resources of all kinds is in its infancy. Fortunes there await the hardy, venturesome and strong, who are willing to spend their efforts in subduing the rugged sides of nature.

During the night our train traversed almost the entire width of the State, and on the morning of July 1st we stopped at Pocatello, in the southwestern section of Idaho to have a dining car attached to our train. The one diner was not sufficient to feed our party very rapidly, and it was late when the last of us had our breakfast that morning. But the delay was taken philosophically by the most of us, and the kickers kicked in vain and had to wait their turns. Going south from Pocatello, Oregon, to Ogden, Utah, we passed through some very rugged and curious scenery for many miles along the Snake River. We saw gigantic walls of stone placed there by nature to confine the river. In many places these rocky cliffs, with layer after layer of stone piled, wall fashion, one above the other, looking not

unlike the pictures one sees in prints of the great Chinese wall, which for thousands of years encircled the great Celestial empire. As we rushed along we could see numerous holes the gold miners had dug all along the mountain sides with more or less success. Crossing the mountain divide we reached the canyon of the Bear River, and followed the river for many miles through very romantic mountain scenery. After leaving Franklin we crossed the Idaho State line into the empire of the Mormon State—Utah. Passing down through the Bear River canyon we saw exemplified the genius of man in harnessing the powers of nature to do his work. A large dam of solid masonry had been flung across the Bear River, high up in the mountain, collecting millions upon millions of gallons of water for irrigation and commercial purposes. From the dam, on both sides of the canyon, large canals led the water to the low lands and valleys below, where it was utilized to generate electricity for power and light, and also to irrigate the arid valleys, so that they would blossom and bear the greatest abundance of fruit. The canals are marvels of engineering skill, being cut through the solid rocks of the cliffs bordering the canyon, and where the river took sudden turns tunnels were bored through the rocky barrier to conduct the water on its downward course. The expenditure of time and money to construct these canals was enormous, but it was fully justified, for by means of the water so imprisoned and conducted hither and thither at the will of man, thousands of acres of Utah desertr were converted into fertile and productive farms. The only thing needed to make those deserts produce the best grain, juiciest fruit and prettiest flowers was water, and it has been supplied by the ingenuity and skill of man.

CHAPTER XXIX.

UTAH—THE MORMON STATE—ITS EXPLORATIONS AND HISTORY.

TO-DAY Utah, with her 82,190 square miles of land and 2,780 square miles of water, produces magnificent crops of wheat, corn, oats, mammoth potatoes and acres of beautiful flowers, while from her mountains come millions of dollars annually in gold, silver and copper.

The first explorations of Utah were made by the Spaniards in 1540. The first settlements were made by the Mormons under the famous Brigham Young, at Salt Lake, in 1847. The Mexican government claimed the territory by right of Spanish exploration, but in 1848 Mexico ceded Utah to the United States. September 9th, 1850, Congress passed an act creating the territory of Utah. In the year 1896 Congress passed an act admitting Utah as a state to the Union.

The first stop we made in Utah was at Ogden, the railroad center of the State, and the largest and most influential city in the State outside of the famous Salt Lake City. Ogden is a hustling city of about 25,000 people, with a large percentage of "Gentiles," as the non-Mormons are called. Among the prominent railroads centering there are the Union Pacific, the Oregon Short Line, the Denver and Rio Grande Railway and the Salt Lake and Southern.

As our train was much behind time we did not have time to see the whole of Ogden, our special waiting only long enough for lunch and a change of crew and engines. At Ogden our train was switched onto the tracks of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, which was to take us all the way to Denver, Colorado.

It is interesting to note that the settlement of Utah by the Mormons, under Brigham Young, was exceedingly romantic and picturesque. Brigham was one of the leaders of the Mormon sect at Nalvoo, Illinois. One day in February, 1846, he informed his followers that he had had a vision, in which the Lord appeared to him, directing him to lead his people forth to the westward, to the land of promise; that they should journey westward until they should come to an exceeding high mountain, upon which was traced the sign of the Cross, and there they should stop, dwell and become a mighty nation, The Mormons arose; girded up their loins, gathered their household goods, cattle and horses in one immense caravan, consisting of cows, sheep and horses, and great covered wagons called prairie schooners, drawn by horses and oxen; with men, women and children, started on their long, wearisome journey, with full reliance and confidence in their leader and guide. They journeyed by day and rested at night. They traveled over plains, crossed mighty rivers, passed along valleys and through rugged mountain fastnesses, penetrated unexplored wildernesses, harrassed at every step by cruel, bloodthirsty savages. Thus journeyed they for days, weeks and months, foot sore and weary, continually attacked by hostile Indians; with undaunted courage and undisturbed confidence in their leader, ever westward they went, until they had left behind

them 3,000 weary miles. The dawn of the morning of July 24th, 1847, revealed to them the white, glistening and mighty Cross fastened high on the rugged mountain side before them as they stood on the bank of a river, and they knew their journey was done.

The river they called the River Jordan, and the country the Land of Promise. The land was then an uninviting desert, but it was theirs by right of settlement, and, as they believed, chosen for them by the Lord, for was not the sign of the glorious Cross on the mountain, just as had been foretold? Under adverse conditions and circumstances, deemed almost insurmountable, they have converted the barren wastes into fertile fields of great value and usefulness. They caused the deserts to blush and bloom like a rose. To-day the people of Utah are most prosperous, happy and contented. The Mormons have achieved marvels in social, commercial and material development of that country, and to-day they produce wonderful crops, while their orchards grow as fine fruits as are seen in the world, and their mines scientifically developed pour forth millions of dollars annually to the wealth of the world. On every side are seen signs of the energy, thrift and perseverance of the Mormons.

A short run from Ogden brought us to Salt Lake City, the Zion city of the Mormons. Our train stopped and we found ourselves in one of the most interesting and handsome cities of America. It is the headquarters of the sect who are pleased to call themselves the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and is the capital of Utah, the largest, most populous, wealthiest and most important city in the State. The city is situated on the banks of the River Jor-

dan 12 miles distant from the southwest shore of the great Salt Lake, at an altitude of 4,200 feet above sea level. It nestles at the very base of the Wasatch Mountains, which rear their lofty snow-capped peaks 8,000 feet above, displaying their varied beauties of canyon, crag, pass and cone, and as they stretch far southward, bounding for over 200 miles a grand valley, the paradise of the farmer, horticuralist and fruit grower. To the west lies the silent, mysterious Great Salt Lake, with its health-giving miniature sea breezes and exceptional bathing facilities.

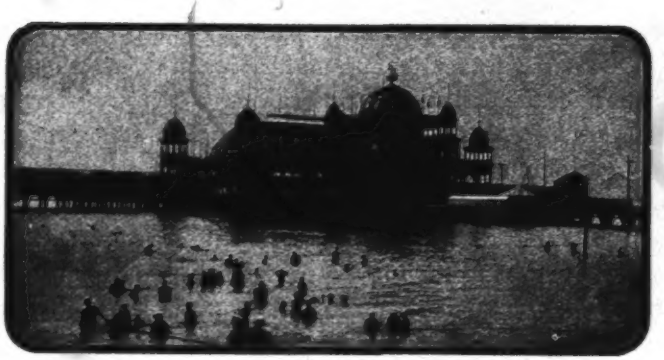
CHAPTER XXX.

SALT LAKE CITY—THE GREAT SALT LAKE—THE TABERNACLE—THE TEMPLE—THE MORMONS.

THE area of Salt Lake City is about four miles from east to west and three miles from north to south. Its thoroughfares are traversed by 100 miles of street railways. The streets cross each other at right angles, are 133 feet wide (including sidewalks 20 feet wide) and are lined on either side by a uniform succession of beautiful shade trees, and washed at either curb by cold and sparkling streams of water which flow down from the distant mountain canyons, giving the whole city the appearance of a huge grove, whose luxuriant foliage covers an attractive collection of business marts, rich men's palaces, cottages and villas, with here and there a steeple, dome or tower standing out boldly from the mass of trees. Each street presents the appearance of a long avenue of poplar, locust, box alder, catalpa and other ornamental shade trees. The streams of pure, clear water running along the streets present a novel sight and temper the heat of the hottest day in summer. The houses of the city have gradually crept out to the foot of the Wasatch Mountains. The climate is agreeable and salubrious, the air dry, clear and bracing, not unlike that of Northwestern Texas and New Mexico. The mean summer temperature is about 74 degrees above zero, and the winter

temperature about 32 degrees above, although there are days when the mercury falls much lower.

Within the city limits are several warm and hot springs which have wonderful curative properties. These springs are connected with sanitariums and bathing establishments where the invalid may bathe and be treated. Our first concern on reaching Salt Lake City was to provide our noonday lunch, which was somewhat delayed. After satisfying the cravings of the inner man our party boarded a special train of the Salt Lake and Los Angeles Railroad that was in waiting to convey us to Saltair, on the shores of the Great Salt Lake, some 12 miles distant. A dashing ride of 30 minutes brought us to our destination, though long before we reached it our lungs were filled with the refreshing and bracing salt air. Here we were landed at the largest casino and dancing pavilion in the world, built out over the waters of the lake, 4,000 feet from the shore, and supported by 2,500 10-inch piles. The buildings are of Moorish style of architecture and were built at an expenditure of $350,000. The length of the building is 1,200 feet and the extreme width 355 feet. The lower floor is used as a lunch and refreshment bower, and will seat 1,000 people at the same time. The second floor has a dancing hall 140 by 250 feet. Connected with the pavilions are 1,000 modern bath houses, each equipped with fresh, cold, running water piped from the distant mountains. As we stepped forth from the pavilion there, spread before us, were 2,500 square miles of the greatest, most majestic and mysterious sea on earth—the Great Salt Lake—a dazzling, glittering, scintillating jewel of the desert. There, 4,210 feet above the level of the sea, rippled that mysterious lake whose ori-



SALTAIR BEACH AND PAVILION.

gin no man knows. In those waters are no living thing; only deep, dark mystery and death dwell beneath those briney waves. Here is salt enough to give savor to the whole earth. The waters are almost one-fourth (22 per cent.) salt. On one of the banks where the water had receded were immense deposits of salt which were being dug up with pick and shovel by workmen, loaded on cars and hauled to the factories to be purified and refined.

A bath in these alluring and mysterious waters was the desire of us all. We soon parted with our "two bits" (25 cents) and received in exchange a straw hat and a very abbreviated bathing suit. As we went to the bathing houses we found the walks and steps coated thickly with pure salt. A word of caution to us on the saltiness of the water caused us to enter very slowly and circumspectly. The water at the shore was shallow and deepened very gradually as we went farther into the lake. The deeper we got we found an increasing tendency of our feet to rise up from the bottom, and when we reached a depth of five feet they abso-

lutely refused to stay down. Then we discovered all we had to do was let our feet go and we found ourselves safely floating on the surface of the water without any effort on our part. It was a queer and startling sensation to find that we could not sink beneath the surface of the water, no difference how much we tried to do so. We also found that the water, with its 22 per cent of salt, was a nasty thing to trifle with, for when it got into your mouth it almost strangled you, and when dashed into your eyes it would almost blind you, burning like fire. Yet, when we finally emerged from the briney waves all our fatigue and cares had vanished, and we felt refreshed and rejuvenated, but covered with a thick coating of salt, like a frosted cake. A shower bath of the fresh water soon relieved us of the saline deposit. After exhausting all the novel sights and pleasure of bathing at the Great Salt Lake, the special train of open observation cars took us back to Salt Lake City.

Upon our arrival there trolleys were waiting to take us to the famous Mormon tabernacle. That immense and interesting building is one of the first edifices that attracts the eye on approaching the city. It is oblong, or eliptical, in shape and is 250 by 150 feet. The roof consists of a single wooden arch, supported by 46 pillars of cut sandstone, which, with the space between, used for doors, windows, etc., constitute the walls. The roof is the largest self-sustaining roof in the United States, except that of the Grand Central Depot, New York. The ceiling of the roof is 63 feet above the floor. The tabernacle is used for church purposes, as well as other large gatherings, and will seat about 15,000 people. In the west end of the edifice stands the great organ, pronounced by musical critics the finest in

the world. None equal it in variety of construction and massiveness of tonal quality. The original organ was built about 40 years ago, and many of the metal pipes were carried over the plains by the Mormons in their early flight, but the organ has been thoroughly reconstructed and all the known improvements added until it stands to-day without a peer. It is 53 feet high, 30 feet deep and 33 feet wide. It has 108 stops and 5,000 pipes ranging from 2 to 32 feet in length. We were treated to the most exquisite musical feast here we ever enjoyed. The great organ was presided over by Professor J. J. McLellan, a musical genius and matchless performer, who stands without a peer in this country. After we had entered the building the doors were locked so that none could enter and interrupt the concert. Then the keys were gently touched by the master hand and sweetest sounds gently rose in a perfect and entrancing harmony. From selection to selection the performer passed with the greatest ease, carrying his hearers along in a bewilderment of delight. The artist made the great instrument fairly talk and sing, and when he used the "voce humana" stops we could hear the beautiful voices blending so harmoniously and sweetly with the music of the other stops that we could scarcely believe all the sounds came from the organ and not from human throats. We were so charmed and captivated by Professor McLellan's music that when he stopped, after playing an hour and a half, we could scarcely believe the concert was more than a half hour long, and we could readily believe that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

The acoustic qualities of the tabernacle are so perfect that we heard the sound of a pin dropping in one end of

the building, 250 feet distant. In front of the great organ are the seats for the choir, which has a membership of 250 singers, none of whom are paid. At the close of the organ recital, Apostle John Henry Smith, of the Mormon Church, and the editor of The Desert News, the church paper, made an address of welcome, and incidentally told us the Mormons were all good Americans, and that they had been much maligned; that they are trying to be good citizens and support the United States Government. The anti-Mormon party is very bitter in its attacks upon the Mormons, and several of the members in the city told us that we should not trust the Mormons, that they were insincere, etc. We doubtless saw the cleanest side, for the Mormons did not invite us to their homes, nor reveal any of their church secrets to us. They claim that poligamy is being done away with.

Upon leaving the tabernacle we saw the great Mormon temple before us, but we entered not therein, for it is not permitted that any but the apostles and good orthodox Mormons shall enter its mysterious portals. It is here that all the secret and mysterious rites, such as the "holy marriage," are administered. The temple is a magnificent and imposing structure of dark granite, and was, like Solomon's temple, 40 years in building. It was commenced in 1853, by Brigham Young, and was completed and dedicated in 1893. It is 186 1-2 feet long and 99 feet wide, its walls being 16 feet thick. It has six towers, three at each end. The central tower is 222 1-2 feet high, and is surmounted by a golden figure of the Angel Moroni bringing the gospel. The figure is made of hammered copper and is covered with pure gold leaf. It is 12 feet

THE TEMPLE AND TEMPLE SQUARE.

5 1-2 inches high, and surmounting its crown is a 100 candle power incandescent light. The temple covers an area of 21,860 square feet and cost $4,000,000.

Nearby the temple is Assembly Hall, built of white granite at a cost of $150,000. It will accommodate an audience of about 3,000, and is used for small meetings by the State priesthood. All the three described buildings are located in what is known as Temple Block, a square containing 10 acres, and surrounded by a high adobe wall built in 1854.

Just east of the Temple Block is one of the most important church offices, called the Tithing House, and here it is, each season, that each member of the Mormon Church, be he poor or be he rich, takes one-tenth of his crops or

business to be used for the Lord—otherwise the Mormon Church. We saw a poorly-clad Mormon with his mule team and share of grain drive up to pay the church. Is it any wonder that the church is wealthy and powerful with such sinews of war continually coming in? The Gentile churches might well take profit by that example of liberality, and then we would no longer hear of church debts and poorly paid parsons.

The Brigham Young houses—the Lion House, the Bee Hive House and the Amelia Palace are nearby. The Eagle Gate still stands guard over what was the entrance to the spacious grounds, which contain the many homes of the late Brigham Young. A little farther down the street is the colossal statue of Brigham Young. The most mammoth business emporium in the city is the department store of Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution. This store does a business of $5,000,000 annually, and employs 350 hands, selling anything from a pin to a four-horse wagon.

THE EAGLE GATE.

After leaving the Temple Block the trolley cars were waiting to convey us all around the beautiful city. Each car had its guide with his megaphone to direct our attention to all the public buildings, places of interest and palatial homes of its many millionaire citizens. The city, with

its high elevation of 4,218 feet above sea level, and its salubrious and exhilerating climate has attracted many wealthy stockmen and mine owners to build their magnificent homes there. The people of the city are not all Mormons. In fact we were surprised to learn that more than one-third of the citizens are Gentiles, or non-Mormons. The force and power of the Gentiles and independent Mormons was strikingly illustrated on Tuesday, November 7th, 1905, when they carried the city by a handsome majority over the Mormon organization, electing a mayor and city council.

The grandeur and magnificence of the public buildings, and the size and stability of the business blocks excited our wonder and admiration. Three miles out from the city and 700 feet in the air, above the city, Uncle Sam has located a military post, with a strong garrison, called Fort Douglass

At the conclusion of the trolley ride we scattered to get our dinner, to meet later at the railroad station to resume our way southward. Everything was soon in readiness, and we left Salt Lake City about eight o'clock in the evening of July 1st, over the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. Just before leaving we planned and carried out a pleasant surprise on our genial, able and most efficient secretary, Mr. William A. Ashbrook, of Johnstown, Ohio, who had planned the itinerary of our tour, and so successfully managed the trip. The testimonial was an elegant ring of Masonic design, set with a beautiful diamond. The gift was a complete surprise to Mr. Ashbrook, and he highly appreciated it on account of the good will and friendship which suggested its bestowal.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ON THE WAY TO COLORADO—GLENWOOD SPRINGS, THE WONDERFUL—THE MINERAL SPRINGS AND VAPOR CAVES.

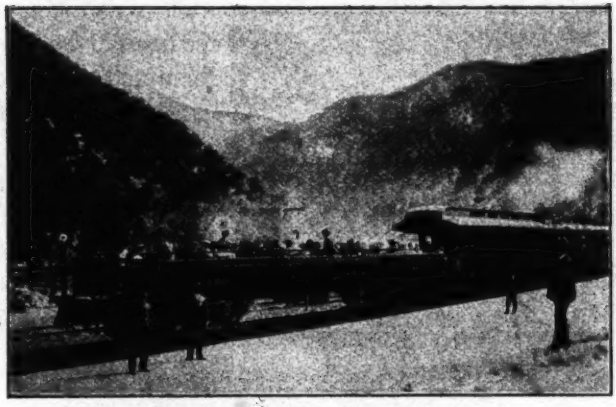
THE Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, which had us in charge from Salt Lake City to Denver, a distance 741 miles, is an ideally managed road, and is the grandest scenic route in the world. The officers of the road are gentlemen in every sense of the word, and they treated us with the greatest courtesy and kindly attention, and did all in their power for our comfort and pleasure.

The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad ascends rapidly soon after leaving Salt Lake City. After we had ran about two hours it became necessary to attach three additional locomotives to pull our train up the mountain, we having three engines in front pulling and one behind pushing, until at Soldier Summit, Utah, we had reached an altitude of 7,460 feet and then commenced to descend for a couple of hundred miles. During the night we passed through the remaining portion of Utah, leaving it at Utahline. The next morning, Sunday, found us in the Centennial State, Colorado. The joyful word was passed that we would soon reach the famous Glenwood Springs, where we would have our Sunday breakfast.

Glenwood Springs, besides its well-earned reputation

THE VALLEY OF THE GRAND RIVER, COLORADO.

THE HOTEL COLORADO, GLENWOOD SPRINGS, COLORADO.



OPEN OBSERVATION CAR.

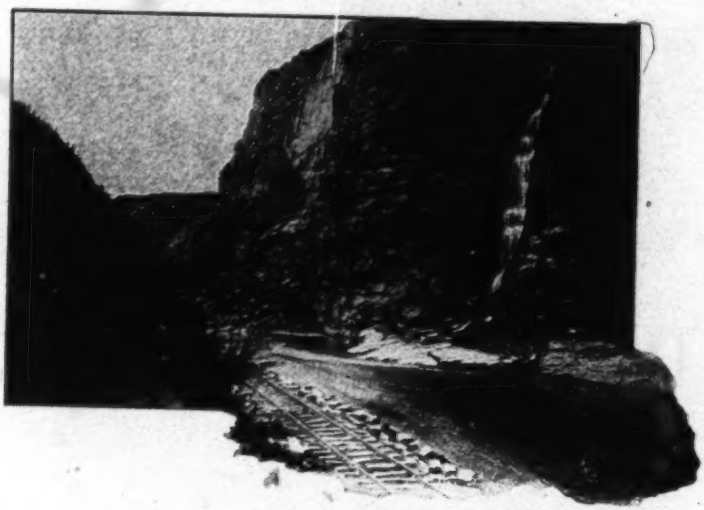
by reason of its hot springs, is noted as a favorite outfitting station for the hunters who delight in going after big game. Here it was that President Roosevelt stopped last spring and made his preparations to penetrate the mountain fastnesses and forests in search of the grizzly bear and other large game. Teddy got the big bear, and they tell many stories of his prowess and bravery.

After running some time by the side of a dashing, tumbling mountain torrent, our train rushed past a projecting hill and Glenwood Springs and the valley of the Grand River was before us. We made a dash over the high bridge spanning the river to the Hotel Colorado, one of the finest, most perfectly appointed and successful resort hotels in the country. Here we were given a breakfast with a long menu at $1 per head, but owing to the short time at our disposal some of us were unable to eat the worth of our money. Glenwood Springs is located in a

CASTLE GATE.

most romantic spot in the heart of the Rocky Mountains at an elevation of 5,600 feet above sea level.—These hot springs have been called the Kissingen of America, because their waters are very similar in composition and effects to those of the noted springs in Kissingen, Germany. The most famous of the springs is called the Yampah, having been so named by the Indians generations ago, when the dusky aborigines brought their sick and wounded braves to the hot springs to bathe and be healed by the "Spirit of the Waters," as they called the carbonic acid gas which is given off in great quantities from the waters. The early white settlers learned of these hot mineral springs from the Indians, and their fame has gone on increasing ever since. In addition to the hot springs there are three large natural caves in the sides of the mountains which are filled with steaming hot gaseous vapors. The caves have been fitted up with marble seats and modern comforts, and there can be taken nature's hot vapor baths. The Yampah spring flows 1,700 gallons of hot water per minute. Nearby is the great swimming pool, 600 feet long and covering about an acre. The water pours into it from the spring at a temperature of 172 degrees Fahrenheit, but is reduced to a pleas-

THE YAMPAH SPRING, GLENWOOD SPRINGS, COLORADO.



CHIPETA FALLS, UTAH.

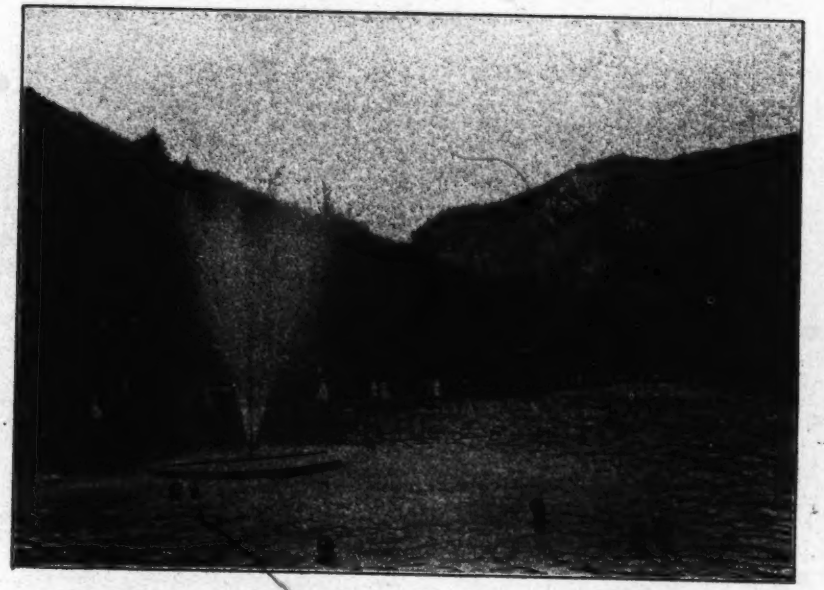
ant temperature for bathing by the mingling of cold water from the mountain streams. The waters of these streams are especially efficacious in all stomach troubles and nervous diseases. The sufferer of chronic diseases of the blood and skin, rheumatism and catarrh find relief and cure at these baths. Here all kinds and conditions of people can enjoy the benefits of the waters. There are many moderate priced hotels and boarding houses, and there are bath houses for even the poorest of humanity to use. The famous Hotel Colorado is 224 feet front and 260 feet deep, and is built around three sides of a large court. The hotel is constructed of peach blow sandstone and Roman brick, modeled in Italian style after the famous Villa Medici in Rome. The Colorado can accommodate 600 guests and provide them with all the modern comforts of life.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE CANYON OF THE GRAND—THE MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS—THE ROYAL GORGE.

FROM Glenwood Springs commenced the most romantic picturesque part of our ride down through the canyon of the Grand River. The valley at Glenwood Springs was wide, but soon after leaving that station the valley disappeared and we were in the midst of the canyon. At one side the railroad was cut out of the rocks at the base of the cliff; next the railroad was the Grand River and on the other side of the river was a narrow and winding drive road cut out of the rocks at a great expense by the State of Colorado, which was called the Taylor State Road. It did not seem wide enough for two teams to pass, and two horsemen riding abreast seemed to fill it up.

As we passed along a huge black bear was seen to come down a ravine, cross the Taylor road and leisurely drink from the stream. Perhaps bruin thought the editors were poor shots and he was in no danger from the party. The train did not even stop to let us have a shot at him. We now entered the canyon which is celebrated for its sublime beauty and grandeur. The canyon is so narrow and its sides so precipitous that there is not room for both the river and the railroad, so in many places a resting place for the iron rails had to be cut out of the rocky face of the



THE MAMMOTH SWIMMING POOL, GLENWOOD SPRINGS.

UP MARSHALL PASS, COLORADO

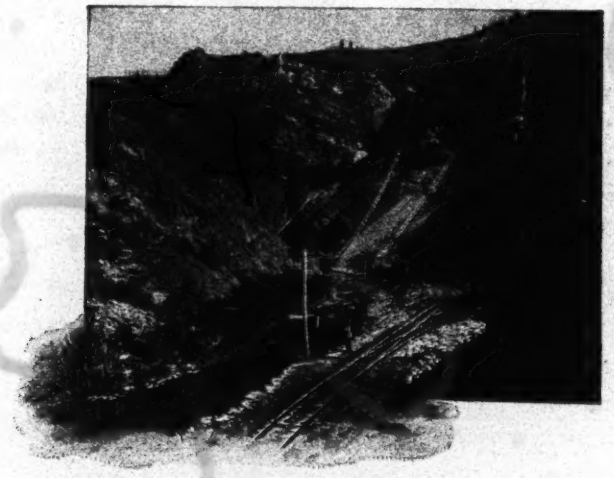
cliff—an unparalled engineering feat. The river rushes along in a raging, turbulent and thundering torrent, slowly eating its way down through the adamantine bed; while above its foaming and leaping waters tower the mighty granite sides of the canyon seemingly reaching to the skies, being in places from 2,000 to 3,000 feet high. Yea, in places those walls of granite are so lofty and the canyon so narrow that the glorious sunshine never penetrates to the bottom, and there it is always "dim and religious twilight." We gazed with awe, wonder and admiration upon those mighty walls, which stand up like the towering battlements of some great fortress, lavishly painted in the colors of the rainbow by nature's artist hands. The blending of the maroon, vermillion, green, yellow, brown, purple and gray are most wonderful. The beholder can scarcely believe his eyes

when he sees that wonderful and mysterious blending of colors; it does not seem possible that they are real and placed there by nature.

The richest colors from the artist's palette are there in generous and harmonious profusion, such as feeble man would vainly attempt to imitate. The dim shades and lights in the bottom of the canyon, the dark blue waters of the river, the gray and rugged boulders pushing up out of the stream, the lofty cliffs, with their beautiful colorings, and the clear sky, with its wonderful azure are combined to make the most marvelous and beautiful picture we ever beheld, and one that will linger long on the films of our memory. Mere words are poor and weak and entirely inadequate to paint the sublimity and grandeur of the scene.

In many places the summits of the canyon's sides have shot up in rocky pinnacles closely resembling the towers, minarettes and steeples of mighty temples. The walls in many places are pierced with deep and dark caverns, in which man or beast may dwell in safety. At other places there are peculiar openings and formations in the sides of the canyon which did not look unlike the homes of the cliff dwellers. In many places the river took such sharp and sudden turns that the railroad had to be run through tunnels in the projecting cliffs, and at one place we passed through a natural tunnel which the river, in ages long gone by, had bored through the granite shield. The ride through the canyon is one continuous panorama of nature's most sublime pictures, which awe, yet delight the beholder, and fill him with wonder and deep reverence for the Creator of all this beauty.

Some miles farther on the canyon widens out and we



EAGLE RIVER CANYON

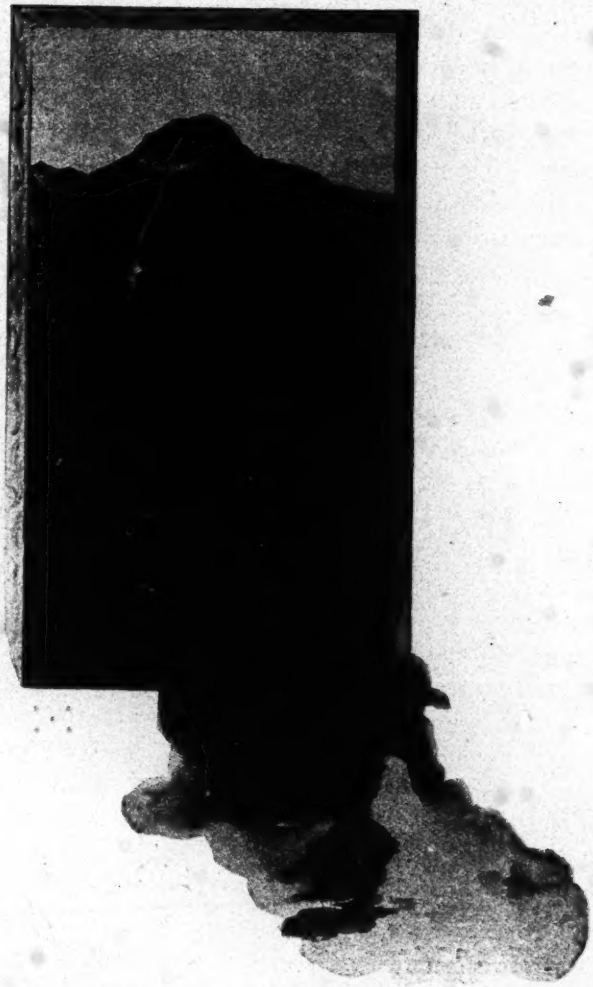
pass through the "lava beds." For miles and miles, on each side of the tracks, stretch the black lava deposits in fantastic shapes, which were cast there in the dim and misty past by some violent volcanic eruption. It is said that in these very lava beds the Indians were wont to take refuge when too hotly pursued by the troops.

Later we entered the valley of the Eagle River where we saw many ranches and farmers cultivating crops and herding cattle. At Minturn station our train was cut in three sections to ascend the very steep grades starting there up over the mountain and through the beautiful and romantic scenery of the Eagle River canyon. It is July 2d as we thus ascend the mountain toward Tennessee Pass. The people in the east are sweltering in the heat, but just before we reach the pass we run into a fierce snow storm and the temperature gets unpleasantly cold. The scene is wonder-

ful—here we are at an altitude of 10,240 feet above the sea level, within 3000 feet as high as Pikes Peak, and on all sides are seen lofty, snow-clad mountain peaks. The brakeman of our train informed us that it was a very common thing to run into snow storms at the pass, and that two years previous, in August, he had frozen his ears in crossing the pass.

Tennessee Pass, Colorado, is said to be the highest point reached by a railroad, except one or two points in the Alps. Some of our party were made weak and drowsy and caused to bleed at the nose by the high altitude, while others were unaffected. At Tennessee Pass we rushed through a tunnel half a mile long and emerged on the Atlantic side of the Rocky Mountains. Our train was united here and we sped down the mountain hauled by a single engine. The waters on this side of the mountain flow toward the Atlantic Ocean, while on the other side of the pass they rush towards the Pacific Ocean.

A short time later our train stopped and we alighted to gaze off in the distance at a mountain peak rising its lofty head above the sea. It is the Mountain of The Holy Cross. There, high on the side of the mountain, was the large white cross, bright and brilliant, its top almost reaching to the peak and its foot hundreds of feet down the mountain side. There, centuries ago, perhaps at the creation of the world, God planted in the very skies, and in the center of the continent, an indestructible sign by which all mankind should be reminded of Him who died to save the fallen race. One writer standing before that mount exclaimed: "Humble thyself, O man! Uncover thy head and acknowledge thy weakness! Forget not that as high above thy

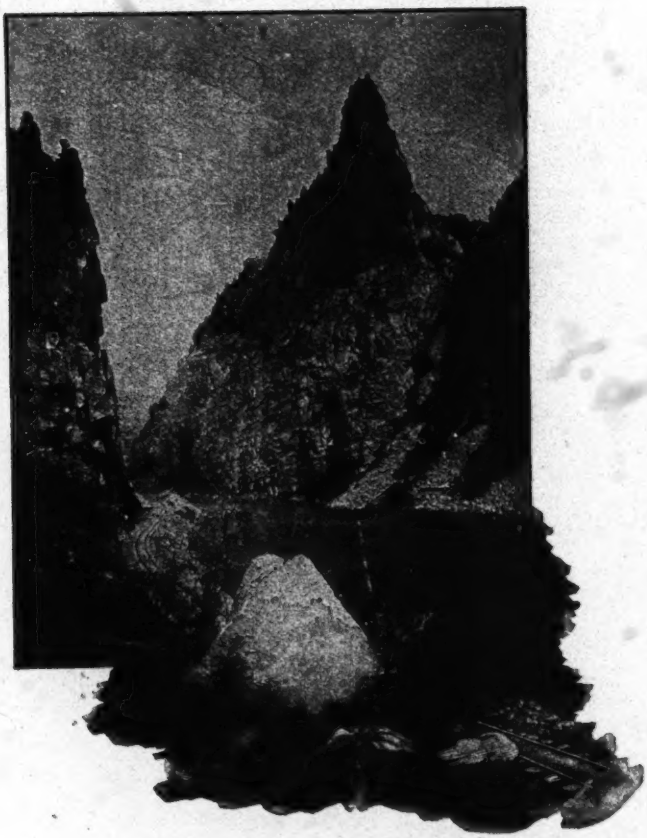


MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS

gilded spires gleams the splendor of this ever-living Cross, so are My thoughts above thy thoughts, and My ways above thy ways!"

Some miles back, at Rifle, an old fashioned stage, with leather springs, such as the colonial fathers rode in, which was drawn by four white horses, met the train. The stage line runs from that point — miles back over the mountains to Meeker. It takes 24 hours to make the journey, and you have to pay $8 for riding in the antiquated coach that far, with an occasional hold up thrown in by way of variety. Some of us climbed into the coach and decided that it would be a very easy and comfortable conveyance.

At Leadville Junction we were a couple of miles from that famous place of gold mines, and could see some of the town, but as the route mapped out for our journey did not include Leadville, we passed it on the side. We soon approached the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas River. This gorge is only seven miles in length, but is one of the grandest spectacles of nature in the world, no other canyon presenting the same features of grandeur. As we entered the gorge and penetrated farther into it, the walls grew higher and higher, until they were 3,000 feet in heighth—over half a mile, straight up from the waters of the river toward the sky. There we were in the twilight, in the bottom of the gorge, while high up on the summits the noon day sun shone brightly. Here were the massive walls of stone, at the bases dark and gray and toward the tops tinted with the rich blendings of purple, brown, gold and silver, with a strength and majesty that defied both time and man. As our train moved along the canyon grew narrower and narrower, until there seemed scarcely room for both river and



THE CURRECANTI NEEDLE, FIFTEEN HUNDRED FEET HIGH, ON DENVER & RIO GRANDE RAILWAY

THROUGH THE ROYAL GORGE.

railroad. The river flowed in a deep channel scarcely 50 feet wide, dashing and lashing the rocks in its fury at being so confined and restrained. At length we came to a place where there was in reality no room or foundation for the railroad, and the river flowed along in an almost fathomless, dark and turbulent stream—not unlike the river Styx. The ingenuity of man rose superior to the might of the river, and a hanging bridge was tied to the granite sides of the canyon, and the deep gulf spanned. When the train came to this hanging bridge it stopped and we alighted. From

the edge of that Stygian stream we looked up to the summits of the canyon and vainly sought to see the brilliant sun above. We stood awed, impressed and speechless at the sublimity and grandeur of the scene. The trainmen examined the condition of the bridge and then we passed over in safety.

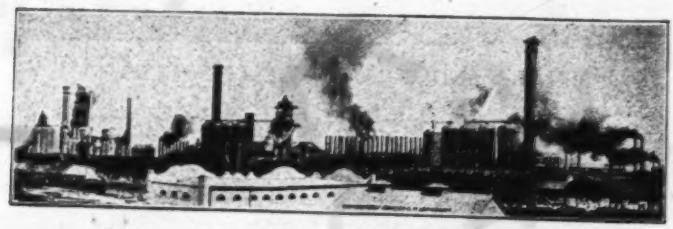
It is told that when the engineers constructing the line of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad came to this spot in the Royal Gorge where there was no foothold for the tracks, and found the river so deep and its current so fierce and strong they thought their labors lost, and that the work would have to be abandoned. One daring spirit suggested the idea of a hanging bridge. The idea was quickly grasped. So a number of workmen were taken miles around to the top of the canyon, and a brave employe was then lowered 3,000 feet down over the face of the cliffs to cut holes in the granite walls to which the first supports of the swinging bridge were anchored. The rest of the construction was easy. The greatest and grandest scenic railway in the world thus became a possibility, and soon became a reality. Since then thousands upon thousands of travelers have passed in safety over that trembling bridge without a single tremor. We left that scene of sublime beauty with keen regret.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PUEBLO—THE PITTSBURG OF THE WEST.

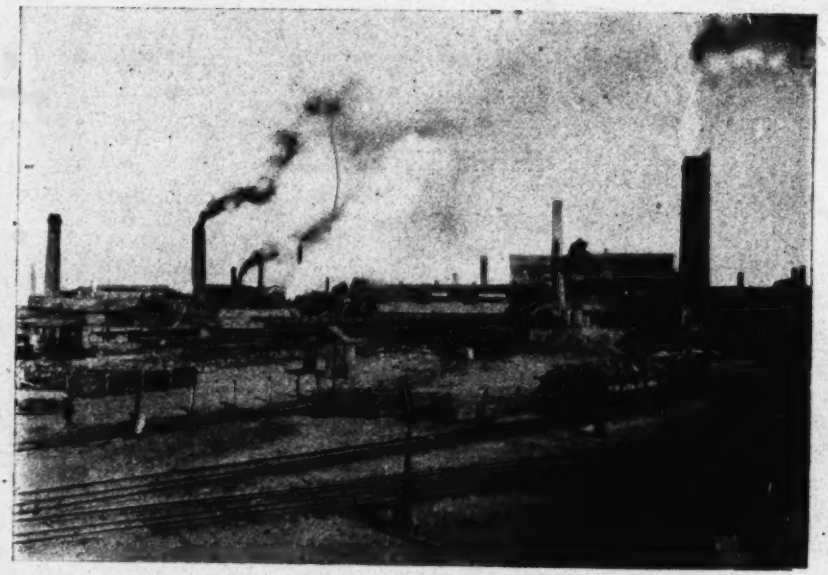
EMERGING from the Royal Gorge we reached Canyon City, the county seat of Fremont county, and the seat of the Colorado State penal institutions. That city has also become noted as a health and pleasure resort. From that city we passed through some grazing and farming lands.

We arrived the same evening at Pueblo, Colorado, in



THE MINNEQUA STEEL WORKS, PUEBLO.

time for supper at the Union station dining room. After supper the most of our party strolled about the city. Although it was Sabbath evening we found many shops and stores open, except the large commercial and mercantile establishments. Pueblo is an important and progressive city of about 36,000 people. It is far in advance, commercially, of many other western cities, and is full of large and grow-



SILVER AND GOLD SMELTER, PUEBLO

ing manufacturing industries. There are so many steel and iron works and manufactories in Pueblo that it has become known as the "Pittsburg of the West." The city has great wealth, fine business blocks, magnificent houses, complete railroad facilities, excellent public improvements and utilities. Many of the wealthiest, most progressive and public spirited of Pueblo's citizens are former Pennsylvanians, and they still have a warm spot in their hearts for the Keystone State and her people. This may account for the city's material prosperity and advancement into the ranks of the manufacturing and cosmopolitan cities.

The motto of Pueblo is "Watch Our Smoke," thus directing attention to their several hundred manufacturing

MAIN STREET, PUEBLO

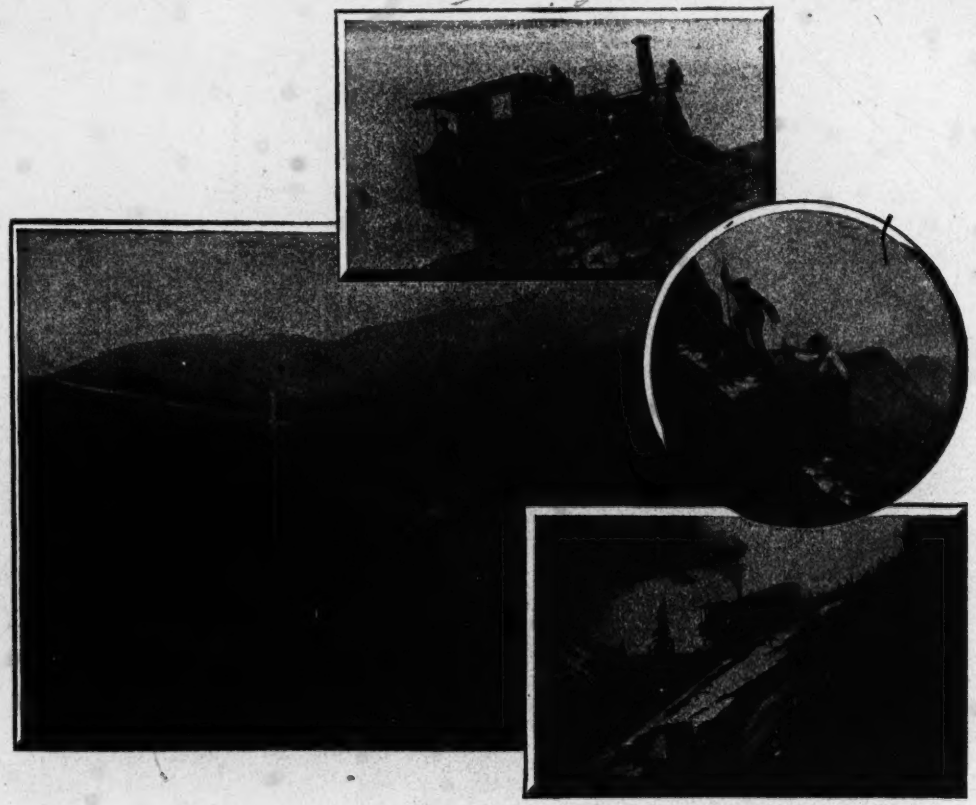
industries and silver ore smelters, which annually turn the raw materials into millions of bright golden dollars. The business of the city is of great magnitude, and last year the smelters and manufactories did upwards of $100,000,000 worth of business.

The monthly wages of the city's workmen exceed $1,500,000, while the toilers in the steel mills earn each month about $350,000. That much cash put into business circulation each month greatly stimulates the retail trade. The nine trunk line railroads entering the city are put to their utmost endeavors in handling the enormous volume of freight entering and leaving Pueblo. The city has over 600 wholesale and retail business houses. There are 13 up-to-date newspapers and publications in the city, 49 churches and two libraries—the beautiful McClelland Library and the handsome new Carnegie Library, just completed. Pueblo is full of secret orders, lodges and clubs.

UNION AVENUE, PUEBLO

The principal ones are the Pueblo Club, the Minnequa Club and the Elk Club, all of which have handsome and imposing quarters. The park system is well planned and ably administered. There are nine of these beautiful pleasure grounds. There are many beautiful and magnificent homes within the confines of Pueblo, where generous hospitality and open-hearted friendship reign supreme. The architect, the artist and the landscape gardner have all done their best for Pueblo's homes.

A great future apparently lies before Pueblo and its people. We regretted that our time did not allow us to visit Trinidad and other interesting places in Southern Colorado.



COG WHEEL RAILROAD ASCENDING PIKE'S PEAK

CHAPTER XXXIV.

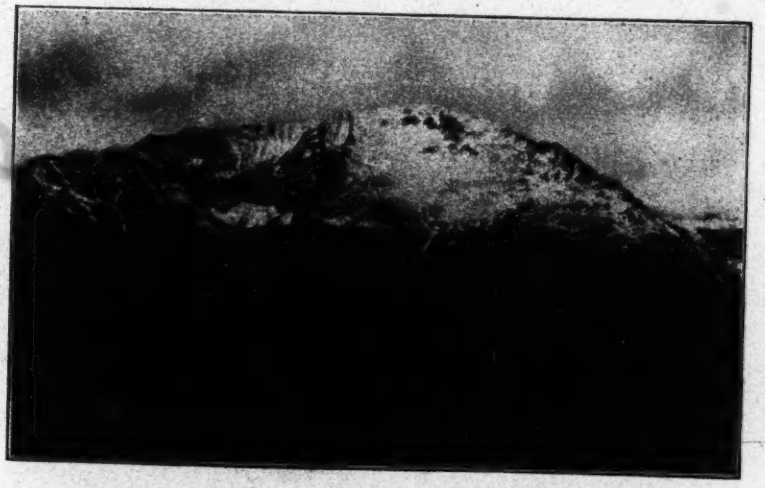
COLORADO SPRINGS—THE SCENIC SPOT OF AMERICA—PIKE'S PEAK, THE SUBLIME—MANITOU, THE PICTURESQUE.

AT 9 o'clock Sunday night our special train pulled out for Colorado Springs, arriving at that city at 10 o'clock the same evening. Some of our party remained over night in Pueblo and rejoined us on Monday morning at Colorado Springs. Of the Colorado health and pleasure resorts Colorado Springs is the best known and most famous. The city has a population of 30,000 people, and is surrounded by some of the greatest scenic wonders of the world. At its very doors the great Pike's Peak rears its snowy and sun-lit top in the midst of strange rock formations, mighty canyons and sparkling mineral springs. The city is located on a large plateau 6,915 feet above the level of the sea, and its climate is most wonderful—never too hot nor too cold, but always dry, bracing, refreshing and health-giving, with 315 days of the year brilliant sunshine and gentle breezes. It has

HOTEL ANTLERS

CASCADE AVENUE

been appropriately called "The City of Sunshine." Colorado Springs is becoming so well known and famous that no trip to the West or the Pacific Coast is considered complete without a visit to the Springs. The winter climate is said to be even more glorious and bracing than that of summer. The city is the center of attraction of the grandest Rocky Mountain scenery. Three miles away to the south is the entrance to the beautiful and romantic South Cheyenne canyon. The same distance to the north we find the entrance to the picturesque scenery of North Cheyenne canyon. Farther on is Cheyenne Mountain, crowned by the Seven Lakes. Five miles to the west is Manitou, with its famous and health-giving iron and soda springs, which the Indians of old believed were blest and troubled by the spirit of Manitou for their healing. Thirty miles southwest, reached by the Cripple Creek Railroad through mountain



VIEW OF PIKE'S PEAK FROM COLORADO SPRINGS

scenery of unequalled beauty, is the famous Cripple Creek, a gold mining city of 50,000 people, whose mines last year produced $25,000,000 worth of gold. Three miles to the northwest is the marvelous "Garden of the Gods."

Colorado Springs is well supplied with hotels, large and small, and many boarding houses to accommodate the thousands of tourists who visit them annually. The swell hotel of the place is the Antlers, erected at an expense of $500,000, with all the comforts of life so much demanded by the fastidious and wealthy tourists. The hotel is of beautiful and massive architecture; is built of buff brick and sand stone, and is entirely fire-proof. It has a ball room 50x85 feet, with a stage, so that it can be used as a theatre. Its rotunda is 53x90 feet, and the dining room 50x90 feet. The hotel can accommodate 500 guests. The Antlers is conducted in the most modern and skillful manner by

BRODAMOOR CASINO, COLORADO SPRINGS

Mr. L. A. Kittredge, formerly of Kenilworth Inn, Biltmore, Ashville, North Carolina. The Alta Vista Hotel, the Alamo and the Plaza are other modern hotels catering to a large class of patrons at Colorado Springs.

The first thing the tourist wants to do at Colorado Springs is climb to the snowy summit of Pike's Peak, which has an elevation of 14,147 feet, and is one of the highest mountains in the world. There are three ways of ascending Pike's Peak, by foot, (tedious climbing) on horseback or by burro and by the cogwheel steam railroad. The favorite plan is to go up early by the cogwheel route and see the sun rise from that lofty perch. This plan was adopted by most of our party. They arose early and went to Manitou, the starting place of the railroad, determined to "Reach Pike's Peak or bust." From the starting point to the top of the Peak by rail is 91 miles of slow, tedious and

COG ROAD STATION, MANITOU

torturing riding. That little bit of crooked road was built with great difficulty, and at an outlay of half a million dollars of very hard cash.

Half way up the mountain an enterprising newspaper "devil" has located a small press and publishes daily The Pike's Peak News. Before the train leaves Manitou the names of the visitors are 'phoned up to the editor, and by the time your car reaches the half-way house the sheet is published, and in it appears your name as one of those who had that day ascended Pike's Peak. You willingly part with ten cents for a copy of the paper. The Daily Pike's Peak News has proven a veritable gold mine to its publisher. Notwithstanding the early rising of our editors the sun had arisen before they gained the summit, yet none regretted their lost sleep, labor and fear in ascending the Peak, for there spread before the vision was one of the grandest and most beautiful sights the eyes of mortal man ever looked upon. What a mighty picture it was. There spread out was a mighty panorama of 60,000 square miles

THROUGH THE DEVIL'S DOORWAY,
PIKE'S PEAK RAILWAY

of mountains, plains, valleys and vales, dotted here and there with cities, towns and villages, with rivers and rivulets tracing their threads of silver in serpentine lines in all directions, while the lakes looked like unto silver mirrors framed in brown and green, and the railroads in the far distance, with their toy-like trains, looked like the work of midgets. The Ratoon Mountains and Spanish peaks of New Mexico, the glistening, snowy crests of the Sangre de Cristo range and many high peaks from 60 to 150 miles away, are seen clearly. Just think of being able to look down on such a glorious panorama, almost a third again as large as the entire State of Pennsylvania! Such a sight once seen will never be forgotten.

Pike's Peak is history—a strange, hushed romance. Oblivion veils its mystic past. No crumbling parchment hints its thrilling tales. Yet it is older, so scientists relate, than regions that are thus gazetted. Men lived and wrought in the long ago. The great white mountain

MESA ROAD AND ENTRACE TO GLEN EYRIE, COLORADO SPRINGS

watched it all and locked the mighty secrets in its breast. Authentic lore of this monument of the continent dates from November 13th, 1806, when Major Zebulon M. Pike, a gallant soldier and a daring adventurer, then heading a small exploring party of United States soldiers, sighted the mountain's whitened crest, when many miles distant upon the plains. It cost him ten days' marching to reach its

IN THE UTE PASS, OVERLOOKING MANITOU

base, and after vigorous attempts to scale it, Pike abandoned the project with the declaration that "No human being could ascend to its pinacle." That was long ago. There have been many wonders since. The United States has one of its most important signal stations on the top of Pike's Peak, where most valuable observations are made and hearlded to the world. The time to return eastward came all too quickly, and loath to depart our party took a last lingering look at the grand master piece.

The party left the cogwheel train at Manitou station, and the greatest trip of their life was a thing of the past. The situation of the Manitou health resort is one of beauty and grandeur, nestling at the foot of the mighty snow-capged mountains and surrounded by the everlasting hills. It has delightful parks, romantic, winding paths, cool, shaded and arcaded nooks, a very world of scenic beauty crowded

ON THE BEAR CREEK CANYON ROAD

all about. There are many fine hotels and hundreds of good boarding houses to accommodate the pleasure-seeker, as well as the ones in search of health. We even saw one hotel with the familiar old name Juniata House blazoned in gold over its doors. We tarried, drank copiously of the clear crystal waters from sparkling and effervescent fountains, were refreshed and received our share of health. A band gives concerts in the park afternoons and evenings. A number of our party took advantage of the occasion of a delay at Colorado Springs to journey up over the Cripple Creek Railroad. It is a road of great engineering feats. There are many and most tortuous curves, climbing steadily up the mountains, fairly leaping the gorges from peak to peak; over canyons and crags from the time it starts until it reaches the "Land of Gold," 45 miles away, at Cripple Creek. It is a glorious trip, ever increasing in

CITY HALL, COLORADO SPRINGS

beauty and grandeur as the rails reach higher and higher and higher toward the clouds. It is climb, climb, all the time until the train reaches an altitude of 9,490 feet above the sea at Cripple Creek. We passed through the romantic Bear canyon, the gigantic rocks at Point Sublime arose before us, and far below, nestling at the foot of the mountains, we could see Manitou, Colorado City and Colorado Springs. On the right extends the beauties of North Cheyenne canyon, while hundred of feet above spring the Silver Cascade Falls, whose waters, in the early morning light, look like the silvery tresses of the Frost Sprite. A little further on the railroad winds around the sides of St. Peter's Dome—that majestic peak, not unlike in shape to the famous St. Peter's Dome, of Rome, towers thousands of feet in the air, and the massive pile of granite stands out alone as if guarding the innermost secrets of the mountains.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS—THE ENCHANTED INDIAN TEMPLE OF THE GREAT SPIRIT MANITOU.

OF all the grand, sublime and striking natural scenes among the mountain marvels of the "Land of the Turquoise Sky" (Colorado) none is more peculiar, more interesting, so awe-inspring and more frequently visited than the world-famous Garden of the Gods, near Colorado Springs. The Garden of the Gods is easily and quickly reached by carriages or trolley cars from Colorado Springs or Manitou. Around this most remarkable locality cluster many beautiful, poetic and weird legends.

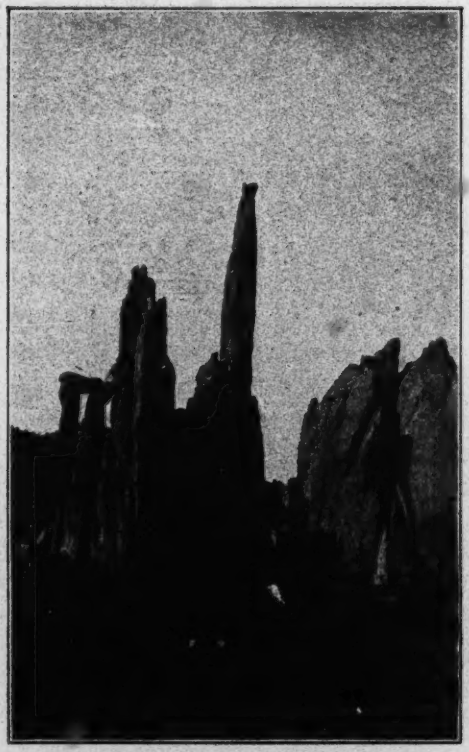
The Garden of the Gods was so named because, in the ages past, it was the worshiping place of the mighty Indians—the Temple of the Great God, the Great Spirit Manitou, and of all the host of lesser divinities. Here came the grave, silent and dignified Indian warrior in the panoply of paint, beads and feathers, with all his important petitions, supplicating the favor, support and protection of the Great Spirit Manitou for his success in the chase and victory in war over his foes. To the fanciful and superstitious redskins the strange and weird figures, into which the God of Nature had fashioned and moulded the towering rocks, were his divinities, and in the mysterious sounds in the Echoing Cave he heard the voice of the Great Spirit Manitou

ENTRANCE TO THE GARDEN OF THE GODS

giving reply to his earnest prayers. After hearing some of these weird legends the white man approaches the Garden of the Gods subdued and awed by the strange mysteries clinging around the spot. The entrance, or the gateway, as it is called, is most impressive to the beholder, and one pauses ere he enters therein. On either side of the passageway stand two immense and mighty slabs, or pillars, of red sand stone, soft, warm and beautiful in color, which tower over 300 feet up into the air, as if forbidding the mortal from entering the sacred precincts of that temple. A huge boulder, rusty with age, stands just a little way within the entrance, as if rolled back at the command of the Great Spirit Manitou to allow his worshipers to enter there. It is said that during the famous campaign in Egypt the great Napoleon, to impress his soldiers and excite the "Old Guard" to their best and most valiant efforts in the ap-

BALANCED ROCK, GARDEN OF THE GODS

proaching battle, told them that 4,000 years looked down upon them from the ancient pyramids; but here in the sentinels of the gateway of the Garden of the Gods, untold ages look down upon, awe and impress the beholder with their might and mystery. The mossiness of the rocks, the rich colorings of dark reds, light reds, purple, bright yellow, orange, bronze and green, all in harmonious blendings, excite the wonder and admiration of the spectator. Once



CATHEDRAL SPIRES, GARDEN OF THE GODS

the Gateway is passed fresh wonder after wonder greets the gaze of the impressed beholder as he advances inward. All manner of strange shapes and forms are seen in the massive, isolated rocks which stand out on all sides—here the "Cathedral Spires," with their high, massive and wonderful shapes, excite our admiration and wonder, and we can well imagine them to be like unto the mighty towers fronting on ancient and beautiful cathedrals. There, on all

sides, in the still rocks, are observed weird figures of men and animals strikingly true to nature—the Kneeling Camel, the Dolphin, the Lion, the Griffin, the Bear, the Seal, the Kissing Camels, the Statue of Liberty and so on. The interest, beauty and grandeur increases as one progresses through the garden, wonder following wonder, marvel succeeding marvel, until the farthest end is reached, and we come to a great mass of red sand stone weighing thousands of tons—the Balanced rock—standing upon a small pinnacle. It looks as if some mighty giant hand in past ages had cast it down from the mountain summits above, and it fell there immovably fixed, looking insecure and ready to topple over; yet neither the power of man, nor the might of wind, nor the tempests in all the ages that have come and gone have been able to shake or hurl it from its resting place. There it stands in its majesty and in defiance of all the powers that be, a mighty monument.

The ghostly voices in the Echoing Cave gave one a feeling of oppressive awe and fear, and we wondered not that the superstitious and fanciful Indian imagined that he heard therein the voice of the Great Spirit Manitou.

From that most interesting and remarkable place we departed deeply impressed by the wonderful and mysterious workings of Nature's God.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SOUTH CHEYENNE CANYON—THE SPOT OF POETIC BEAUTY AND ROMANCE.

OF all the beauty spots close to Colorado Springs we found South Cheyenne Canyon to be the most entrancing and romantically beautiful. No visit to that neighborhood can be complete, or satisfactory without a visit being made to South Cheyenne Canyon. Its beauty has been sung by poets; lecturers have vainly struggled to portray its beauty in words, and painters have mixed in vain their colors trying to transfer its beauties upon the canvas. So loved Helen Hunt the spot that while at death's sombre portal she thought of it with loving longing, and made the request that her body be laid to rest on the high mountain overlooking the Seven Falls. Her dying wish was complied with,

RAINBOW FALLS, UTE PASS

AT THE HEAD OF THE SEVEN FALLS

and her body was borne forth by sorrowing friends and laid to rest in a rocky grave on that lonely mountain-top with only the Seven Falls to stand guard there.

We visited South Cheyenne Falls under the most favorable circumstances. The day was perfect, the sky was of the deepest blue and the air was dry, exhilarating and bracing. We choose, as we thought, the only proper way of seeing the canyon—to go on foot, side by side with

THE HELEN HUNT FALLS

nature, with no hurrying jehu to rush us along, or any guide hired by the hour to hurry us past the things we wanted to look longest at, or to give us a glibe story about some rock and knock all the romance out of it. The canyon is a little over three miles long and the ascent is gradual along the well-made road, but the paths up and over the mountain sides are high and toilsome. The entrance to the canyon is a scene of peace, harmony and beauty.

There was a babbling brook singing merrily over the moss-covered stones, while on the banks sweetly sang the wild birds in their happy liberty. By the pathway sprang all manner of beautiful wild flowers of every hue and tint, raising their sweet faces to the brilliant morning sun, chief among them being Colorado's State flower, the beautiful, stately and fragrant columbine, with its petals painted a lovely blue to match the eyes of the sky. The graceful bushes and the tall pine trees with their dark green foliage against the dark granite cliffs, made a picture of wonderous beauty. The road follows closely the windings of the brook, curving and turning thro' the forest until it emerges at the very portals of the the canyon. Here a picture of majestic beauty confronted us. The granite mountain stands before you cleft in twain as though the mighty hand of a giant Titan had parted it that we might walk through and see the beauties and wonders within. On the right is a high and massive peak of beautiful colored granite called Eagle Cliff, because on that high

THE SEVEN FALLS

ON THE DRIVEWAY, NORTH CHEYENNE CANYON

elevation the lordly eagle has seen fit to build his home. In front of you is Mount Cutler, another granite giant of the ages, on whose rugged sides are two peculiar rock formations, the one called the "Vacant Chair" and the other the "Hindoo Baby."

At the gateway of the canyon we found in front of us two lofty granite peaks towering up 1,300 feet into the sky, standing apart just far enough to allow the brook and the

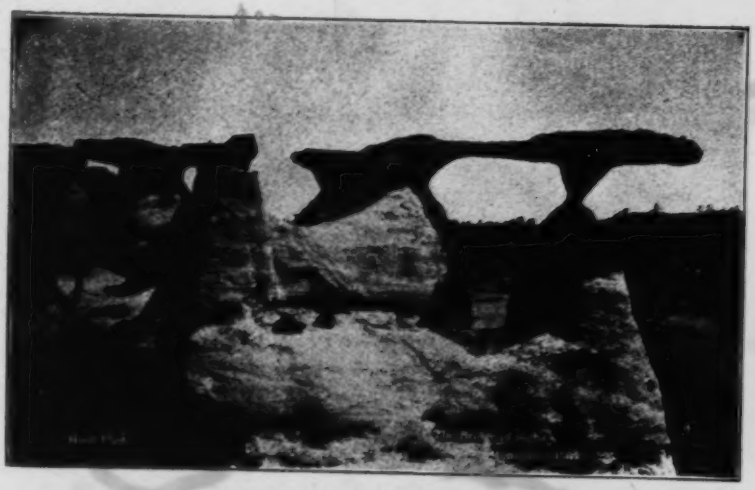
ON BEAR CREEK CANYON ROAD

road to pass between. These gigantic pillars, thus guarding the portals of the canyon, have been rightly named the "Pillars of Hercules." By these mighty resting supports of Hercules mere mortal man seems little, insignificant and impotent. Passing between the pillars on the left may be seen the high summit of Observation Point whence a fine view may be had of the canyon and lands below. A short distance beyond we came to a place in the canyon of rended and shattered rocks, looking as though some volcantic eruption had shattered and tossed them about.

To the left a bridle-path crosses the crystal brook, winding back and forth along the edge of the canyon and over the side of Observation Point, until the summit is finally reached, where is found the romantic grave of the poetess, Helen Hunt Jackson, like unto that lonely grave on Mount Nebo's lofty heights. We passed through the narrows,

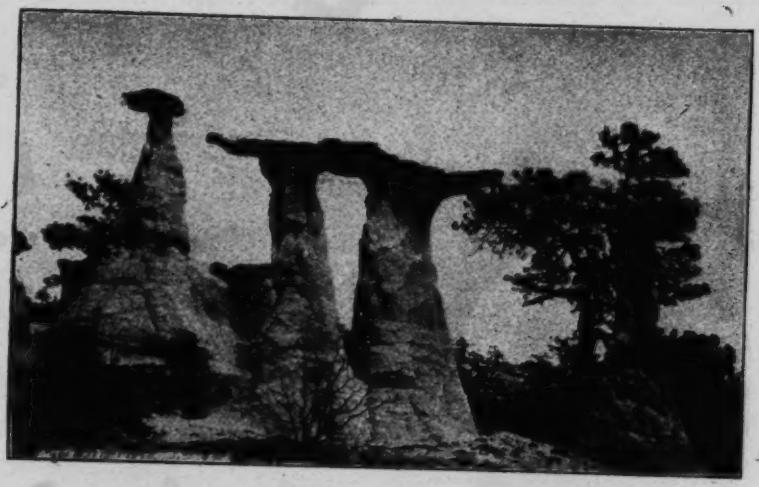
WEIRD ROCK FORMATIONS, MONUMENT PARK

with their massive, lofty and frowning cliffs, which seem to defy the warfare of time and the elements. Passing by the bridle-path, proceeding up the canyon, along the main drive-road, we soon entered a mighty ampitheatre surrounded by high, frowning granite cliffs. At the farthest end is the beautiful and magnificent display of the Seven Falls, whose silvery streams plunge in a foaming, glittering torrent from the rocks 234 feet above, in seven distinct leaps



BRIDGE OF SIGHS, MONUMENT PARK

to the pool below. These falls have a peculiar beauty and grandeur all their own which appeal to and strongly move the most stolid and unpoetic mind. And these are the falls that Helen Hunt Jackson loved so well. The owners of the South Cheyenne Canyon have built a safe and easy stairway up the side of the cliffs, so that one can mount to the summit of the Seven Falls and view the beauties of the dashing and leaping waters from above. We climbed those 300 steps. Farther along the stream are seen the graceful Bridal Veil Falls, the Midnight Falls and the silvery Juaniata Falls. The west branch of the stream is fed by the melting snows of Mount Rosa, and flows through Arapahoe Pass. The brook there flows over giant rocks and through mossy banks dotted with the most fragrant of wild flowers. There is fragrant columbine in white, blue and yellow; the gaudy tiger lily, the modest primrose, lady slippers, shoot-



THE COLONADE, MONUMENT PARK

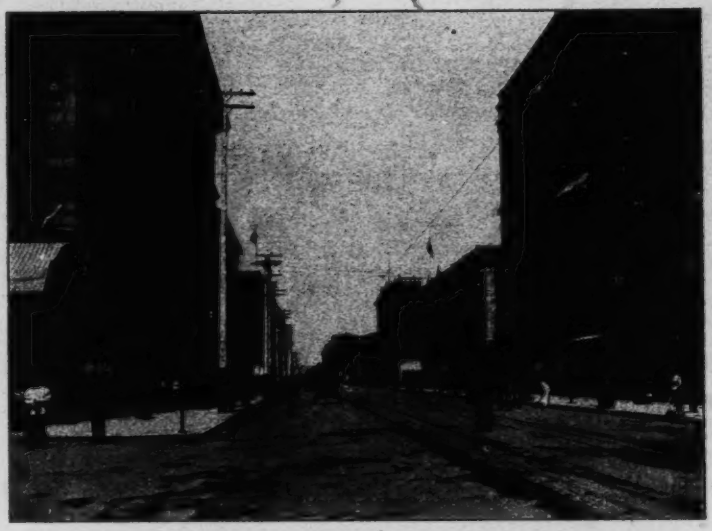
ing stars, buttercups and sweet violets. The place is one of alluring beauty, quiet and enchantment. Had the time permitted we would have penetrated farther along the stream seeing new features of beauty at each step, but we had there to pause and retrace our steps to Colorado Springs.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

DENVER—THE CITY OF SUNSHINE—THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

REACHING Colorado Springs the special train was in readiness to carry our party on to Denver, and we were soon rolling northward. Some distance north of Colorado Springs we passed Palmer Lake, which has grown to be a very popular and attractive summer resort. In the 75 mile run up to Denver over the rails of the Denver and Rio Grand Railroad we passed many very flourishing ranches, with hundreds of sleek cattle grazing on the ranges. On our arrival Monday afternoon, July 3, at the Union station, Denver, we were met by a committee of the Chamber of Commerce. Headed by a brass band we were conducted to the palatial Hotel Savoy, Denver's newest hotel, where we were served with an elaborate luncheon. This was the most enjoyable luncheon served on the entire tour.

Mayor Speer, of the city, the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, and other notables made addresses of welcome, giving us the keys of the city and ample police protection. The response for the editorial party was made in a very felicitous manner by Mr. Addison B. Burk, of Philadelphia. At the conclusion of the speeches we entered the special cars in waiting and spent two hours in seeing all the best sights of the city, being much interested, pleased



VIEW OF SIXTEENTH STREET, DENVER

and surprised at the beauty, extent and thrift of the progressive city. Denver, the capital of Colorado, is a wonderful city. It is the most progressive, substantial and cosmopolitan city of the west. It fact it looks just like a substantial eastern city picked up bodily and set down out on the plains, there to be a shining light and example for the rest of the western country. There is nothing shoddy about it. The State capitol is a beautiful, massive structure. All its public buildings are substantial and imposing structures. The business blocks are large and of the best style and character in the land. Its manufacturing plants are large and well conducted. The city is full of palatial homes of the rich, and the people of moderate means have handsome and well-designed houses. Not a single frame house is

VIEW OF SEVENTEENTH STREET, DENVER

allowed to be built in the city. Each house stand far back from the street with a beautiful lawn in front. The parks are many, large, well planned and beautiful. The streets are wide, well paved, well kept and adorned with fine, luxuriant shade trees. The public utilities—the electric light, gas, water works and street car lines are all modern, complete and well managed. The city is full of hotels from the highest priced down to the most modest hostlery, which are capable of taking care of the largest conventions that enter its gates. While we were there thousands of the members of the Epworth League of the United States were gathering in the city for their annual convention.

The Denverites are great home shouters. They say "Denver is the most desirable residence city in the world." Here every breeze bears health upon its wings. It has no blizzards, no biting winds, no drizzling rains, no slush and

UNION STATION, DENVER

no fog. They have 304 days of sunshine every year. It is a city of the plains, but has a mighty bulwark of protection on the west in the majestic ranges of the Rocky Mountains, shielding it from the fierce winds. It stands on a plateau a mile above the level of the sea. It is a curious and not generally known coincidence that Denver sits in the same altitude as the famous cities of Pekin, China; Naples, Lisbon, Constantinople and Bokhara. Many easterners have gone to Denver in search of renewed health, or on a visit and were so infatuated with the beautiful city and its glorious climate that they stopped, tarried and continued to stay on there forever. We have tasted its pleasures and attractions and know that it is a good place to stay in. We were loath to leave, but the schedule compelled our party to start that night.

The special train was broken up that night so that the

UNION DEPOT, PUEBLO, COLORADO

various members of our party might more conveniently reach their distant abiding places. Some of the cars went east over the popular Burlington route; some journeyed by the old standby, the Union Pacific; some hastened over the famous Santa Fe, and the Pennsylvania and Ohio members were rushed over the interesting Rock Island to St. Louis. The trains were somewhat delayed by floods which had badly washed the tracks in a number of places in Kansas. The entire 4th of July was spent rushing through the vast corn fields of Kansas, which cannot be called "bleeding Kansas" any more, for that immense corn crop meant gold dollars by the bushels to the farmers to cure their "bleeding" ills.

The Pennsylvanians, the Ohio boys and some New York orphans were not be cheated out of their old-fashioned

Fourth of July celebration, so speeches, songs and fire-works were the order of the day on the cars, and the fitting climax of it all was the following impromptu original poem delivered by our poet, Mr. James H. Potts, of The Times, Troy, New York:

THE PILGRIM'S FOURTH.

Is this our country's natal day,
And we upon the pilgrims' way?
Where are the festive hours we know
In homes we left long weeks ago?

The din that rose with morning's sun
Leave us in quiet, every one;
For cannon's mouth at break of dawn
The echoes of the cannon's yawn;
For powder grains that flew like hail
The brief torpedo of the rail;
For Chinese cracker and its wheeze
The other kind, that came with cheese;
For the revolver's warning bark
Revolving wheels in day and dark;
For proud drum major shining far
The modest captain of a car;
No blood that bids the surgeon pause,
But "bleeding Kansas'" watery laws.

And yet the glory of the sun
Is brighter than the rocket's run.
The breadth of meeting land and sky
Grander than the fire-works of July;
And here where merges South and North
We celebrate the patriot's Fourth.

Who can with keener sight than we,
The travelers from sea to sea,
Discern the wonders wrought for men
When flowed the Declaration pen?

RAMBLES IN THE FAR WEST.

From states that know the Atlantic's surge
We crossed the Mississippi's verge;
Saw Oklahoma peering far,
Await the rising of its star;
Like boys who from the table rise
The Texan wondered at his size;
El Paso strode the stream below
To kiss the maids of Mexico;
While Arizona's torrid beam
Proved the mirage was not a dream.

Will ever California's breath
That wooed us from the Vale of Death
Be lost to memory's deep grand state?
Not till Heaven opes its Golden Gate.
Midst ancient spires that seek the skies
An exposition's towers arise;
Lewis and Clarke a century greets
From palace homes and busy streets.

The whisper of the Mormon hall
Swells to a roar while pledging all
To make of Utah such a state
As, pure and loyal, must be great.
As Shasta's glistening summit high
From redwoods rose to azure sky,
So Colorado's colors true,
Soil red, white mountains, heavens of blue.
No loiterers we on foreign strand,
We're in the heart of Union land.

Nor have the giants of the past
Vanished from out the picture vast;
The fathers had their Washington,
We glory in a later son,
And all the pride the patriots felt
Glows at the name of Roosevelt.

Between his death and burial lies,

Where tinged with gloom are festal skies,
One who from our own writing guild
Was in diplomacy most skilled.
Lo! pendent from the flag
Grief's streamer for the death of Hay!

Westward let empire take its way,
We're going East, perhaps to stay;
But East and West, with South and North,
Proclaim an undivided Fourth.
Pacific union is our boast,
Union Pacific now our host;
And though like wise men from afar
We traveling seek home's guiding star.
The day, the place, we understand;
July the Fourth! our dear land!

St. Louis, Missouri, at last was reached, and the party separated to go each his own way to his beloved hearthstone. After five weeks of journeyings with genial companions, traveling over 10,000 miles of railroads, big and small; seeing the greatest, grandest and most sublime sights of Nature in the greatest Empire on the face of the earth, viewing the manifold and wonderful works of man; tasting the delights of life, and experiencing unbounded courtesy and generous hospitality of our brethren of the western part of our mighty Empire, the most glorious journey of our Association was done. We parted with the tablets of our minds stored with the most beautiful pictures, and in our memories happy recollections of unalloyed pleasures.

THE END.